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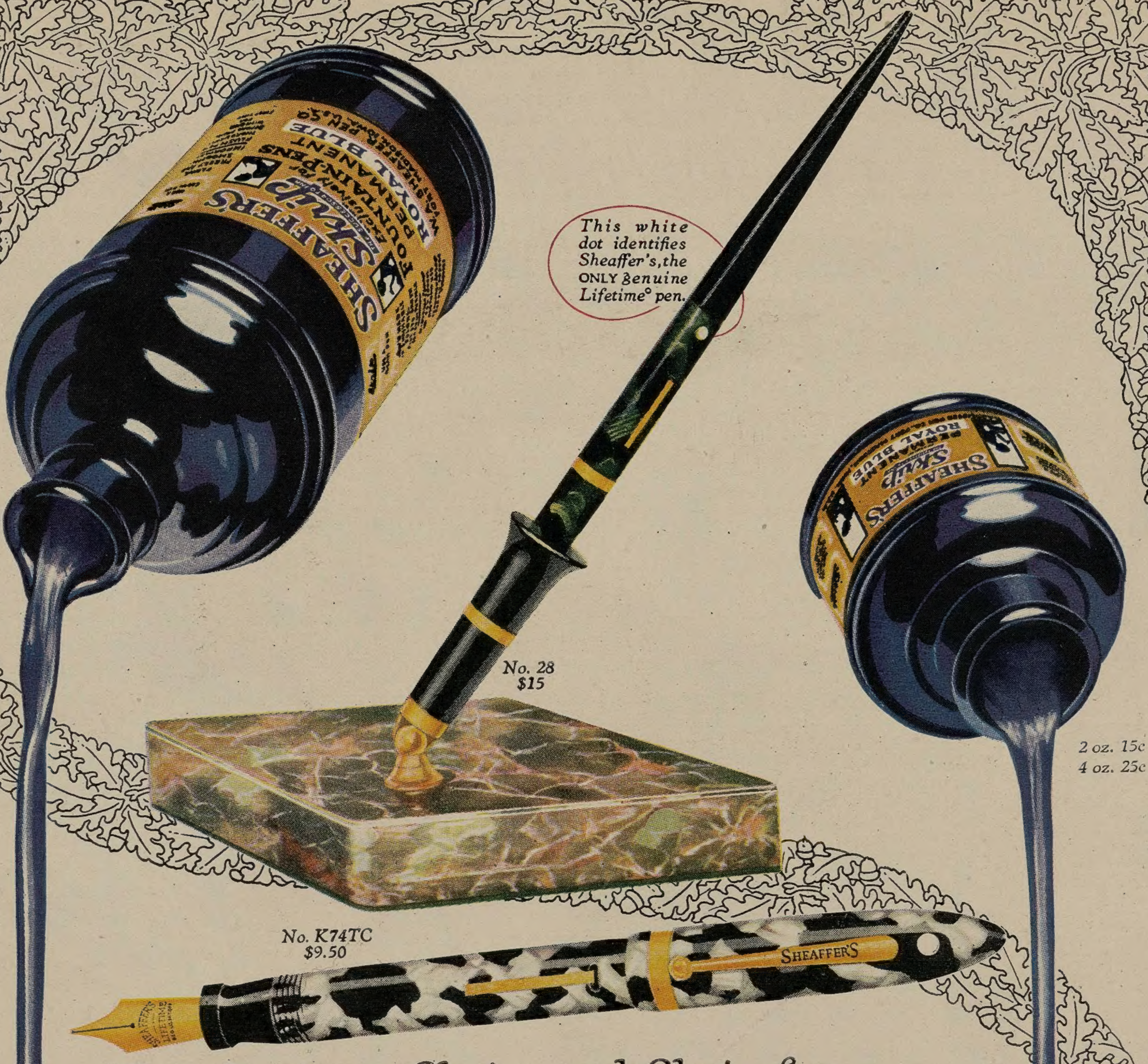

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

THE WORLD DOES OWE US A LIVING

It is usually the idle man who says, "The world owes me a living," and that being the case, we usually smile when we hear the statement.

But the statement is true. The only trouble with the idle man who propounds it is that he has no right to apply it to himself.

The world does owe a living to the man who wants to work.

Everywhere today, except perhaps in France, we see unemployment. That France is an exception may be due—though some won't like to admit it—to the fact that the French practice birth control and so don't have too many workers.

There is widespread unemployment in this country, in Germany, and in England, as well as in the more backward nations.

England has been giving doles to men and women out of work, and has about 2,000,000 people depending on them for a living.

This country has met the situation by saying, "It's too bad." That has been our policy up to now—no doles.

But something different in the way of a policy was discussed the other day at the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor—something different and, we believe, of very great importance.

The Federation was asked to declare itself for a five-hour day and a five-day week, with pay at the present eight-hour rate or higher, and with industry geared to two or three five-hour shifts daily.

The reason advanced is that machinery has gone ahead so fast in recent years that in five hours a day, five days a week, men are able now to produce as much as they produced not so long ago with an eight-hour day and a five-and-a-half or six-day week. And it's true. A lot of people can agree to it in theory who don't want to observe it in practice.

Here are some interesting figures on the subject:

Statistics of the Federal Bureau of Labor indicate that if all blast furnaces were as efficient as the most efficient, the present production of pig iron could be attained by the work of 3,000 men instead of 28,000. If sawmills were correspondingly efficient, 45,000 men could do the work now being done by about 300,000.

And in agriculture, if all farms were administered as efficiently as the farms of Illinois, 3,500,000 farmers and farm laborers could produce what now requires the labor of 8,000,000.

All over the world from fourteen to sixteen million people are out of work. England recognizes its debt to its jobless citizens with doles, and we may have to come to it. We can't let our people starve to death, if it comes to that.

But if payment must be made to the unemployed something should be required of the recipients. Even the task of moving stones from one place to another and back again is better than absolute idleness and the encouragement to loaf with pay.

Completely useless labor probably would not be needed. We could no doubt build roads better than the present generation requires, or public works greater than are yet needed, thus providing employment for the present and benefit for the future.

And even that may not be the best way.

Overproduction is a fact. With our modern machinery we are producing more than we need. This has been done by keeping people at work eight hours a day, five and a half days a week.

What then? Shall we cut ourselves down to a few mills and factories and farms? Obviously, when you consider the effect of doles, any scheme that will keep people at work is better than that.

Of course this is all a discussion in principle. Readjustment can't be made in a day.

But the industrial leaders of the country must face the facts, as Henry Ford has already faced them. And one way of facing the facts is to grant that a plan for reducing hours of labor is not necessarily a thing to be resisted.

Labor should be gainfully employed. The worker cannot purchase unless he has money.

Giving him money in the form of doles is clearly bad. How much better it would be if a scheme—any scheme—to keep all the people at work could be devised.

Mr. Hoover might almost consider whether he can afford to take the lead in a matter of this sort, instead of leaving the initiative entirely with organized labor.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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"don't experiment with beauty"

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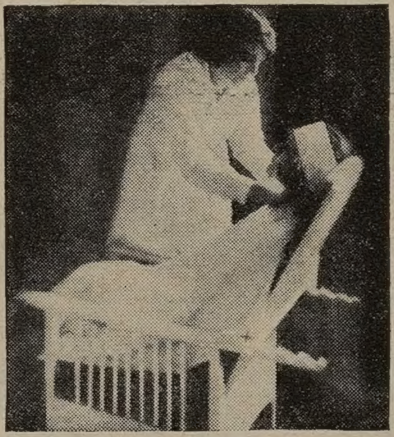
Pierre speaks from experience. For over thirty years he has been one of New York's leaders of beauty culture. His smart modern salon, in the fashionable Plaza district on 57th Street, is visited by women of social distinction who entrust all their beauty problems to his expert care.

To them Pierre says: "Don't experiment with beauty. It is too precious. Use Palmolive Soap to keep your skin lovely."

This preference expressed by the famous Pierre you will find is repeated by 23,723 leading experts all over the world. Of all cleansing agents, these experts find Palmolive safest and best for regular home use. And this is why.



23,723 beauty specialists in this country and abroad advocate home cleansing with Palmolive as a basis for professional treatments.

Nature's finest cosmetic oils

There are certain oils which, for generations, have been proved the finest natural cleansers. These are olive oil and palm oil. And it is these oils of which Palmolive Soap is skilfully blended. This facial soap contains no free alkali to irritate sensitive skin. It is not artificially colored. It requires the addition of no heavy perfumes. No wonder experts advise its daily use. This is the treatment recommended:

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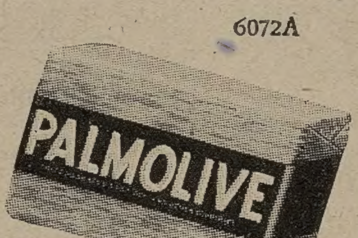

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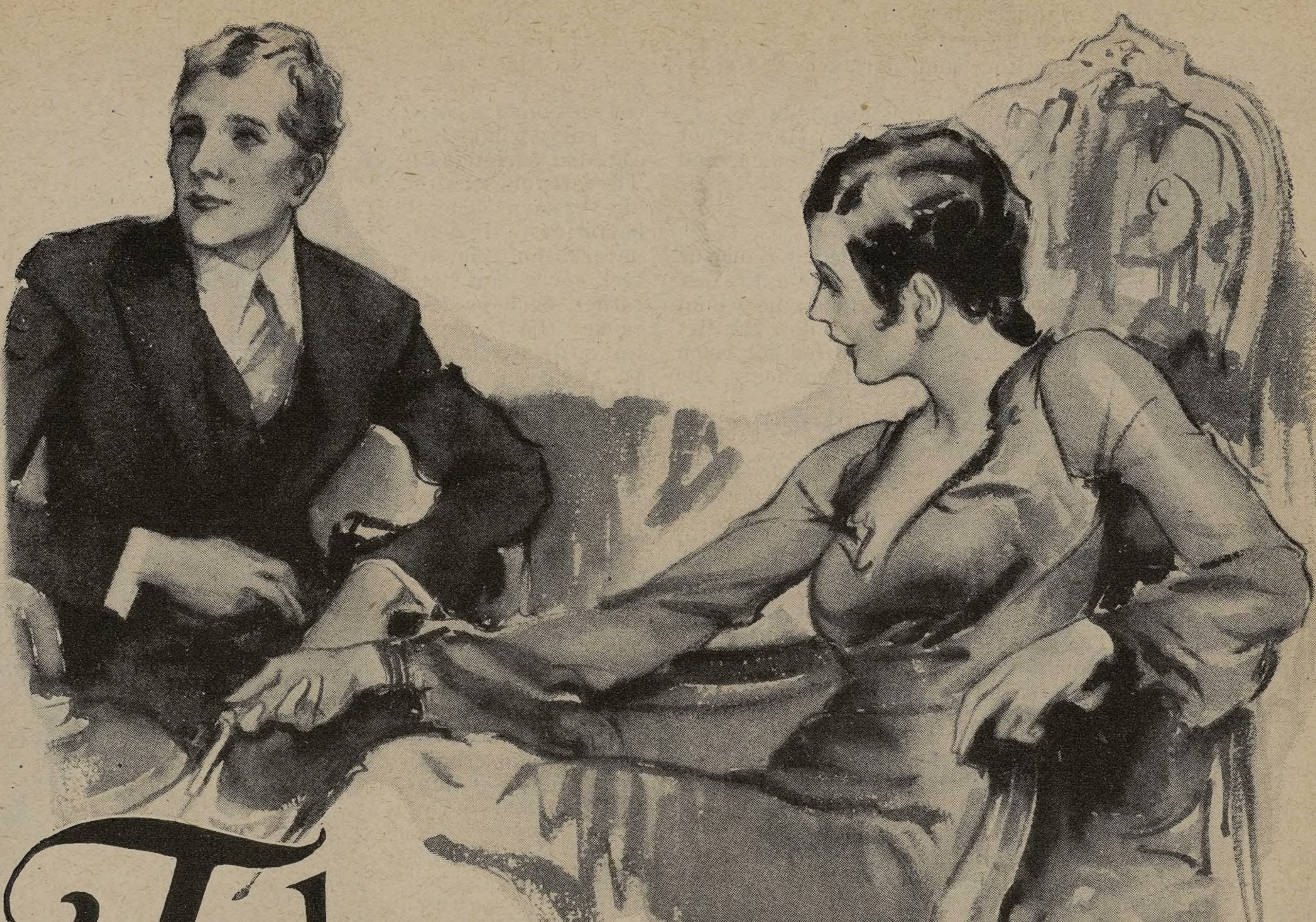


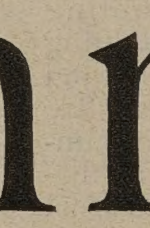
He came formally, a little diffidently, and sat in her salone.

Three Fools

A Story of Love's Last Laugh

By

WARWICK DEEPING



Englishman, physician (for one year, in his youth), soldier in Gallipoli, Egypt, and France, and author of many novels, including "Sorrell and Son" and "Doomsday."

Pictures by LESLIE BENSON

(Reading time: 22 min. 37 sec.)

HE had one of those hard and narrow faces of which the cheeks are as flat as two boards, a beak of a nose, and a mouth that was almost lipless. Energy, ruthlessness, rectitude.

The reception clerk of the Hotel Savoia, bowing, washed his fat hands in invisible soap.

"Yes, sir. The rooms are ready, sir. May I hope you had a good journey, sir?"

The elderly Englishman glanced at him as an eagle might look at a chick.

"Have my luggage taken upstairs."

He was that sort of man, abrupt, authoritative. He looked at the world through eyes of frosted glass. Even when climbing a flight of stairs he had the air of calculating how much carpet had been needed to cover them. The lift waited for him, but as he was about to enter it another passenger appeared, a woman, youngish, very much *à la mode*, and smelling of some French scent.

He stepped aside to let her enter, and she smiled upon him.

She had a very noticeable smile, jocund, oblique, humorous; brown eyes and white teeth. Undoubtedly her nose was too broad and her mouth too capacious, but

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THREE FOOLS
Continued from page seven

there was about her something that attracted, a vitality, mischief, white skin and red lips.

“Just arrived? Well, the weather's exquisite.”

The man stared at her and became aloof. He was not accustomed to being addressed by strange women, and with such frankness.

He said, “I never notice the weather.”

“How nice to be like that!”

She gave him yet another oblique and jocund glance as the elevator stopped at the first floor and he got out. Yes, obviously he would belong to the first floor; he would occupy a suite; his hard head was imperial. The lift carried her on to the third floor. She entered her room humming one of Schubert's songs, and suddenly she began to laugh.

“How funny! The English in Italy. Some English. And he doesn't notice the weather.”

A very suave floor waiter presented the usual document to the man of the flat cheeks.

“I am sorry, sir. It ees necessary.”

The man sat down, produced a fountain pen, and with an air of disdain completed the details. He recorded himself as Sir Matthew Irons—Bart. His age was sixty-one. He had the air of regarding the inquisition as impertinent and superfluous. The name of Irons went all over the world. It carried Birmingham to Bokhara and Batum.

Mrs. Carteret, the lady of the jocund smile, saw him again at dinner. One of the masterful men, a chief, a money king—yes, obviously. But what was he doing in Italy when the weather did not matter to him and the blue of the sea had no kinship with the gray northerliness of his eyes?

Mrs. Carteret was a widow, unencumbered, somewhat adventurous. She looked rapid, and was more romantic than her smile. She enjoyed life so far as a very limited income allowed her to enjoy it, and perhaps she enjoyed it all the more because of her financial limitations. She had discovered both the fool and the greedy child in man. Her conversation suggested that she had no illusions, yet the woman who is incapable of creating new illusions does not exist.

Standing on her little balcony next morning she saw below her Sir Matthew getting into a carriage. He was going to Portofino, that most exquisite crevice on the coast, but he was not visiting it for its beauty. Sir Matthew had a son living at Portofino, an only son, Osbert Irons. Osbert was the son of his mother who had died fifteen years ago, and though the baronet had made every effort to brand Osbert with the Irons' trade-mark, the young man had disappointed his father.

Sir Matthew was obliged to leave the carriage where the coast road ended in the steep way going down into the little town. He walked across the piazza and up the path past the church. Italian women, sitting at their doors to sell lace, looked at his granite face and refrained. He climbed toward the headland where the green of cypresses and pines divided the turquoise of the sea.

THE baronet came to a gate in a hedge. It was locked, and he rang the bell. A middle-aged Italian woman with two moles on her face came to open it.

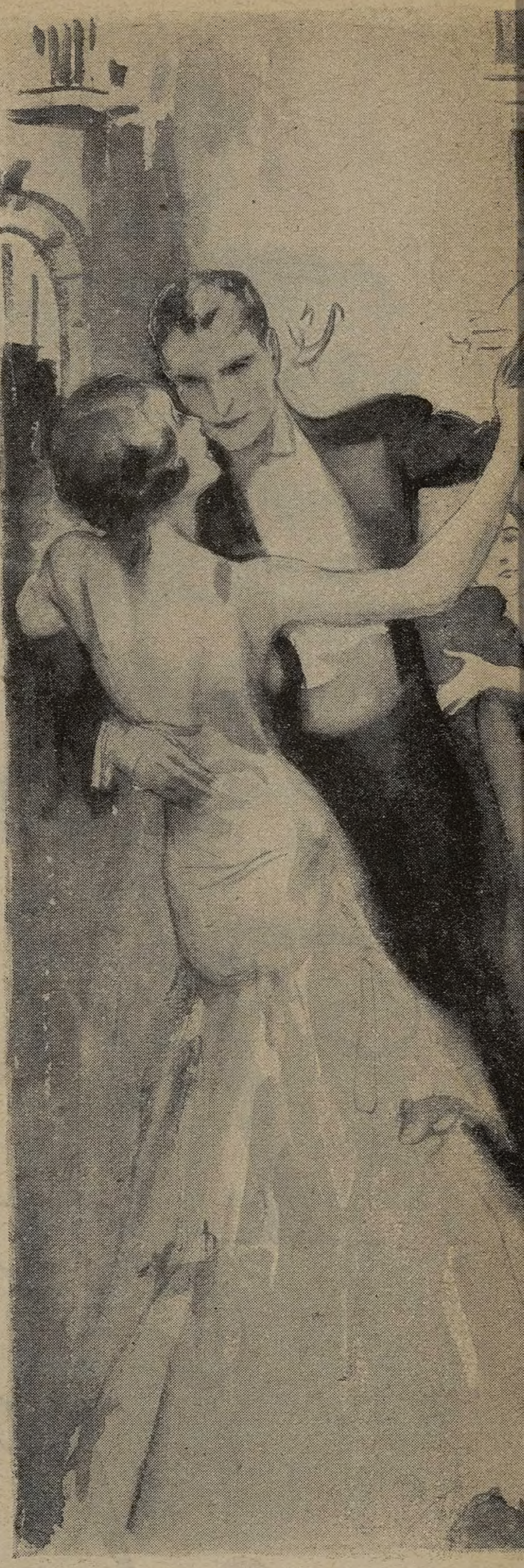
He walked through and past her. He had no Italian, and he would not have used it had he been a master of that language. A winding path went down to a little white villa with a terrace overhanging the wash of the sea. On the terrace a young man wearing nothing but a taffeta shirt and white flannel trousers lay in a deck chair, reading.

Young Irons got out of his chair.

“Hallo, pater!”

But there was no warmth in the welcome. He was a long and a loosely made young man with a sensuous mouth and whimsical blue eyes. He had repeated his mother both in the flesh and in the spirit.

Sir Matthew observed his son's loafing attire. He sat down in the chair which his son had vacated. He extracted a cigar from the breast pocket of his coat, bit off the end, and lit it. As yet he had not uttered a word.



She happened to sit by him.

Osbert balanced himself on the balustrade, his feet dangling in white canvas tennis shoes. He knew what the occasion portended. The same old squabble, the same old exhortations. He had never been able to feel sorry for his father, perhaps because the father was so disappointed in the son. Sir Matthew spoke:

“Glad to see you have shaved. That is something.”

Osbert swung his legs. So that was the mood of the morning. Birmingham rushing out on the Rome Express to chastise him with steel rods.

“Well—yes, pater, that—is—something. And so is a shirt with a loose collar. I like life unbuttoned.”

HIS father observed him. Frivolous young waster, scribbling poetry and dabbling in water colors, and loafing through life with his collar undone. And all because a damned fool of a woman had left him a thousand a year.

He spoke with sarcasm:

“Yes, I see you retain the same ideas. If you heard what other men said of you.”

“What men?”

“In Birmingham.”

Osbert smiled. His eyes were whimsical.

“But I have tried to convince you that I am not Birmingham, though Birmingham is a most excellent city. Supposing you were to ask some of the women—”

Any such suggestion was particularly exasperating to old Irons.

“Exactly. You're an effeminate fool. You ought to have been a girl.”

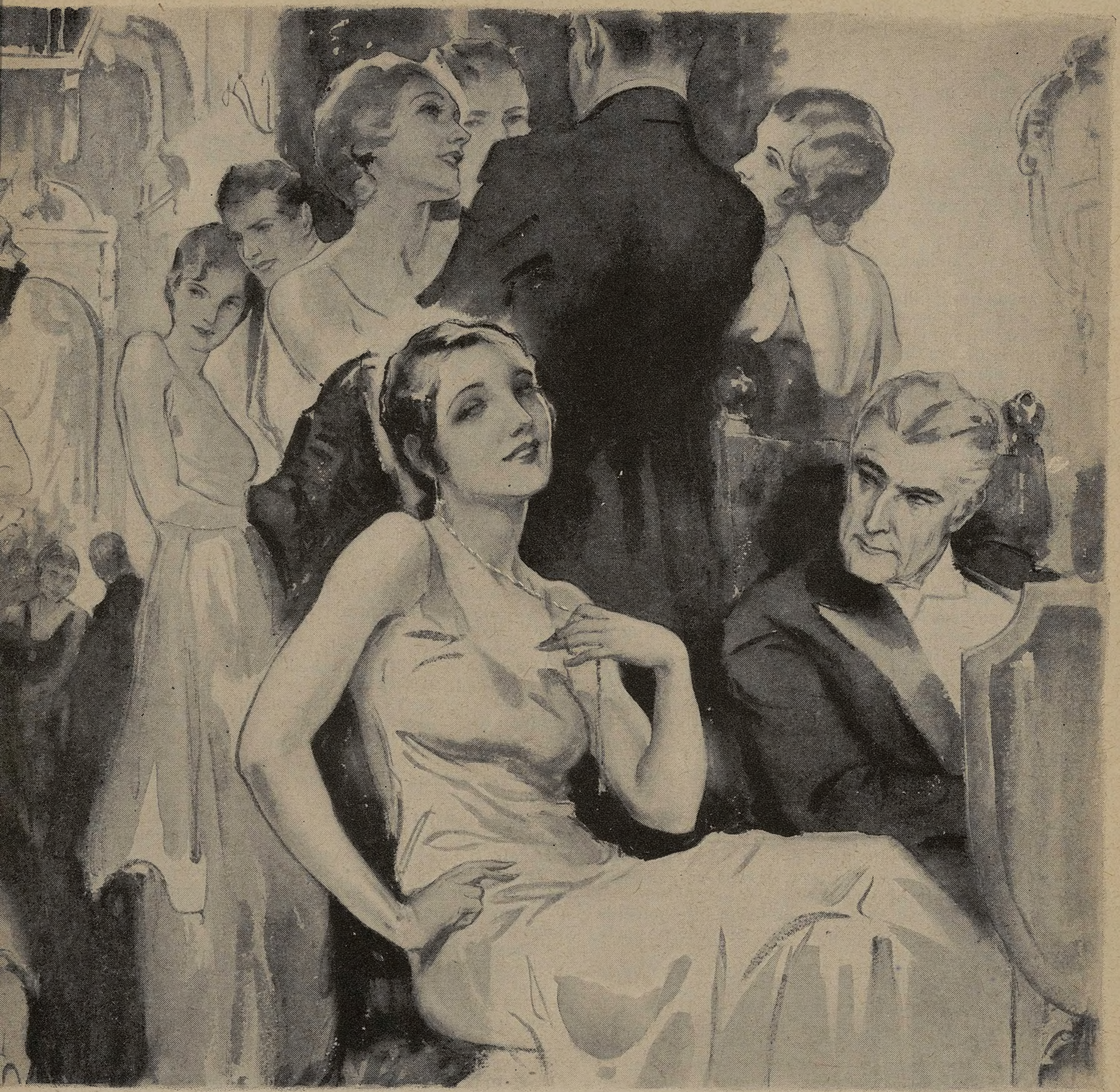
“I am a bit of a woman, you know, pater. In some of us the sexes are mixed. I'm fifty per cent female. You, of course, are a hundred per cent male. That's what makes it—”

Sir Matthew cut him short:

“Precisely. I am Irons. My father was Irons and so was my grandfather.”

“Fire irons, pater.”

“While you—well, what are you? Sugar and water. A dabbler, a loafer, a fellow not fit to be an office boy. And yet you've got brains, plenty. But no character, no guts. I have given you every chance. I wanted an Irons to carry on after me.”



They conversed, and she talked a great deal of frank and sophisticated nonsense.

Said the son: " Might I suggest that you marry again, and attempt to produce the proper and characteristic Irons?"

His father flashed a gray glance at him.

" Facetious, are you! Well, look here: I've come down to give you a last chance. I don't want my son's name to be a byword in Birmingham. I'm pretty proud. Now, either you come back to England and buckle to, or I'll cut you off."

Osbert looked at the blue sky above the pines.

" Well, that's final. I suppose you can't understand a man chucking half a million, or whatever it may be. Life is being yourself, pater, for you and for me. I'm going to be myself. I'm sorry, but that's all I have to say."

Old Irons threw his cigar over the balustrade into the sea.

" A washout. You young fool!"

Sir Matthew drove back to Santa Margherita and the Hotel Savoia, but he did not take the next fast train back to Paris. He delayed his departure, not because of the sunlight and the sea, but because he—of all men—loathed obstruction and defeat. Life had obeyed him. Moreover, he was enraged by the futility of his son's pose. He was convinced that it was a pose that would not be permanent, and that the day would come when Osbert's eyes would open to the magnificence of money and the power that money conferred. He would wish to cease fooling and become Irons.

For Sir Matthew could not conceive of any other intelligent state than that of Irons. Energy, ruthlessness, rectitude.

He spent the day wandering rather disdainfully about Santa Margherita. He dined. He was aware of young Mrs. Carteret floating past him in a saffron-colored frock. That evening they danced at the Hotel Savoia. Mrs. Carteret danced, and very gracefully and with an air of making mischief among the men. Mostly they were elderly. Sir Matthew sat and watched her. His views upon women

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THREE FOOLS
Continued from page nine

were as definite and rigid as his views upon commerce.

Yes, she was that sort of woman, a bit of an adventuress—probably quite capable of appreciating the value of money.

She happened to come and sit by him. She smiled upon him.

"Don't you dance?"

Now, was it likely? But he did not snub her. A sudden and almost fantastic idea had found its way into his hard head. He was exploring woman as a financial persuader, a petard, dynamite. They conversed.

She amused him. She talked a great deal of frank and sophisticated nonsense. Possibly she tried to shock him a little, not realizing that old Irons' dynamic plan demanded a woman whose morals might be shocking.

He invited her to the Savoia's American bar and gave her little drinks. He satisfied himself with a brandy and soda. He allowed her to be inquisitive.

"No, I'm down here on business. My name is Irons."

She had a sense of the dramatic.

"Not—the—Irons? Sir Matthew Irons?"

"Yes."

"How thrilling! Why—you are a household word!"

The ice of him glittered. He was pleased.

"Yes—I may say we travel everywhere."

"Of course you do. How fascinating and absorbing it must be! Big business, finance."

She might appear a little too ecstatic, but Sir Matthew forgave her her enthusiasm. He approved it. Here was the sort of woman who understood the significance of success. He sipped his brandy and observed her shrewdly.

"Most absorbing thing in the world. Thinking in millions."

"And are you doing it down here?"

He gave her a little frosty smile.

"I am trying to persuade someone else to do it."

He would advance no further for the moment, and she digressed and began to talk about herself. She chattered with a lively candor. Sir Matthew learned that she was a widow with no children and a very limited income, and that she felt her limitations. She said that irresponsible drifting was beginning to bore her and that she was aching for some sort of job.

"I'm ambitious, you know. I'd simply love to be in the big things."

Sir Matthew had no doubt but that she would. Spending much money. Yes, he gathered that she was that sort of woman. But it was growing late, and he was regular in his habits. He went to bed, and lay reflecting upon the situation. He had done business with all sorts and conditions of people, and it seemed to him that he might do business with a lively and fascinating young widow. She would know how the bread was buttered. Oh, yes, she was sharp enough. Supposing you let Eve loose upon Adam?

BEING an Irons of the old order, he was thorough. He went again to Portofino, but not to see his son. He sat on the hotel terrace and talked to Kitty Carteret. He explored her; he catalogued her. He extracted from her information that would enable him, if necessary, to trace her antecedents and to have her and her reputation discreetly investigated. More and more was he inclined to use her. On the third day he dropped a hint:

"My business down here is a son."

Her inward gaze began to narrow.

"For his health?"

"Physically, he is in perfect health. It is a question of mental outlook. I am sorry to say my son has the mind of a loafer. No ambition, no drive. It is a great trouble to me."

She allowed him sympathy.

"It would be. Is it—that he is not interested?"

"He prefers to scribble poems and to loaf in the sun. I have tried to rouse his ambition and his pride. I have no use for a slacker, especially as my son."

"An only son?"

"Yes."

"How very—hard—for you, Sir Matthew!"

As a business man old Irons knew that risks have to be taken and that the running of the biggest risk may produce the most phenomenal return. It appeared to him that he was faced with a dead loss in the person of his son and that a gamble might be justified. His problem was to extract Osbert from that villa at Portofino and provide him with experiences that might teach him the value of money, to so work upon him that he might begin to desire much money, and so become moved to make it. An incentive, a temptation.

DIPLOMACY? He allowed himself a frosty chuckle. This was a business affair, and therefore his rectitude would have to shut one eye. And, after all, it was for the boy's ultimate benefit.

He approached Mrs. Carteret. He did not attempt sentiment. Very wisely he dealt in hard cash.

"Have you any desire to make a thousand pounds?"

What a question to ask!

"A thousand pounds! But how? Are you going to give me a tip? Stocks and shares?"

"No. You could earn it."

"Oh, do tell me!"

He looked at her shrewdly.

"Perhaps you will be insulted."

"How could I be? Not by you."

"Then—I take it you are a woman of the world."

"Well, yes—in a way."

What was the old rascal meditating? She looked wise.

"Do tell me!"

"I want someone to teach my son a lesson."

"A lesson?"

"Yes. I want someone to teach him the value of money, teach him to want money. A woman could do it, especially a fascinating woman."

He watched her. Was she going to pretend that he was suggesting an outrageous thing, or was she the sort of woman he imagined such a woman to be? He moistened his thin lips.

"Shall I explain? Well, there is a villa vacant next to my son's. I might propose to take it and furnish it for a season and present it to my agent, who, of course, would undertake—"

She looked him squarely in the face.

"You mean—me?"

He nodded.

"Your idea is that I should get to know your son, and disgust him with poetry and seclusion?"

"Not—disgust him."

"Inspire him—with the desire to make money?"

"Exactly."

"By persuading him to spend much money?"

"Precisely so. A little subtlety, obstruction at the right moment. So that he should realize suddenly that without money—"

There was a pause. For the moment she did not know whether she was going to laugh or turn and rend him. Ingenious, cynical old scoundrel! But what a proposition!

She said: "And supposing your son showed an inclination to marry me?"

He nodded.

"The decision would rest with me."

"You mean—that you would keep the key of the safe?"

"Exactly."

She took a day to think it over, and then she accepted the proposition—upon terms: "I want to see your son before I decide." Sir Matthew explained to her that any suggestion of collusion would destroy the romance, and she said, "Of course, but I suppose you could ask your son to lunch here and I should be in the background."

Old Irons agreed. He telephoned to Osbert and indulged in a few harmless inexactitudes. He said that the weather had persuaded him to remain for a few days at Santa Margherita, but that he was returning to England immediately, and would Osbert come to lunch? Young Irons had a nice nature. His father had called him a fool on so many occasions that he could overlook the last occasion, and he walked over to lunch. He wore a tie, and Mrs. Carteret beheld him and listened to his voice and was satisfied.

She accepted the adventure. Instructed by Sir Matthew she proceeded to take and furnish the villa next to Osbert's. Old Irons had written her check for immediate expenses and had proceeded on his way to England. He warned her to keep in touch with him, and she supposed that he was the sort of man who would employ some person to observe her behavior. She visited the Villa Violetta and, looking over its garden wall, realized how near was the neighborliness, for she could see Mr. Osbert sitting on his terrace with a book.

She went to Genoa and bought furniture. She engaged two Italian servants. Within a fortnight she was in occupation of the villa, while Old Irons was saying to himself that a woman can always be got rid of when money is plentiful.

Incidentally, Kitty Carteret hired a piano. She had a beautiful contralto voice and it had been well trained. With windows open wide and the sun pouring in she sang.

Young Irons, scribbling on the terrace after a dip in the sea before his coffee and rolls, forgot his inspiration and listened. He was astonished, curious. By gemini, what a voice! He had heard that someone had taken the villa next to his, and he had been annoyed.

But this voice? It sang Schubert, and suddenly it ceased. Oh, wise bird, elusive and wayward!

Mrs. Carteret had a window that overlooked Osbert's terrace and the loggia with its vines and roses. Each morning after her burst of song she went to that window and looked out from behind a curtain.

She discovered in her neighbor a significant restlessness. She discovered him walking up and down the terrace. He looked up at her villa. His face was the face of an expectant and perturbed child.

She began to sing a little in the evening, and suddenly ceasing she went up to that window. She caught him with his head over the wall. He did not realize that he had been seen.

Each morning he swam. Both the villas had little stairways going down to a tiny bay which they shared. She decided to share it in person before he should scale her wall, but she did not go down dressed for the sea. She knew that nothing can be so unseductive as a woman in a bathing dress. She wore amber, and sat on a rock in the sun and waited.

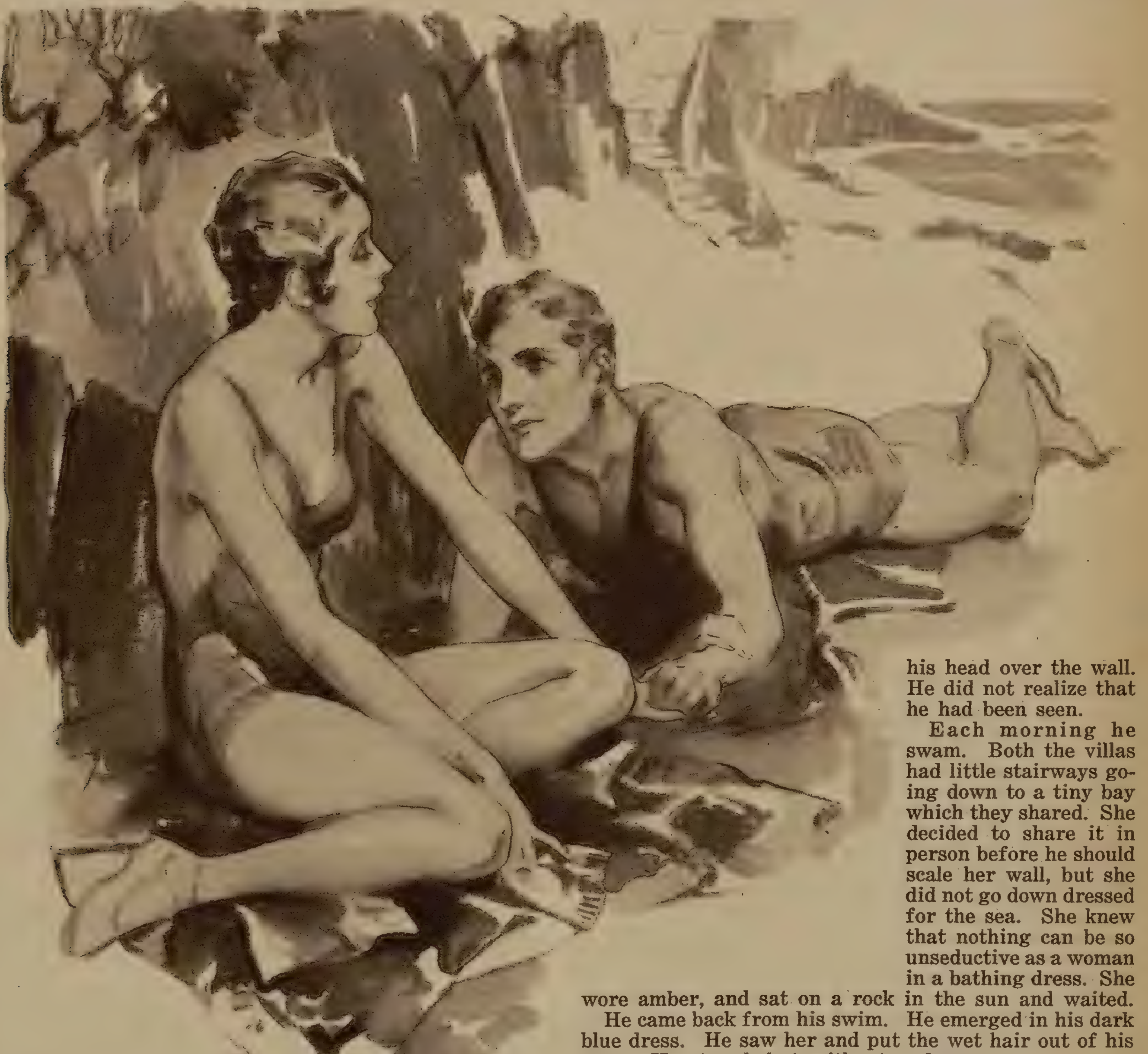
He came back from his swim. He emerged in his dark blue dress. He saw her and put the wet hair out of his eyes. He stared, but without rudeness.

She spoke:

"Good morning! Is it quite safe to bathe here?"

He smiled. He had a very pleasant smile. He assured her that it was quite safe.

She returned his smile.



THE young people were bathing together; they wandered about the cliffs together; they sang together.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THREE FOOLS
Continued from page eleven

"Thanks. You won't mind my asking you, will you?"

It was obvious that he did not mind it at all. He came a little nearer and looked at her. He was shy.

"Excuse me, but are you my new neighbor?"

"I suppose so."

"I think I must have heard you singing. Was it you?"

"I hope I haven't disturbed you."

"Oh, not at all. I mean—I hope you will go on singing."

"How nice of you to say that."

"Oh, not nice. You've got a gorgeous voice. It just seems to suit this place. Last night you sang that thing from Bitter Sweet."

And suddenly he blushed.

"Damned cheek of me, of course. My breakfast will be waiting. You'll excuse me."

"Of course."

She liked his damned cheek and his shyness. He was the world's eternal boy.

Next day he called on her. He came formally, a little diffidently, and sat in her *salone*. Without being in the least egotistical, he explained to her who he was, and why he lived at Portofino—because Portofino had escaped being modern. No airplanes, no motors. Thank God, there was no road to the headland! Yes, there were a few motor boats in the harbor, but they were not very offensive motor boats. He assumed that this exquisite piece of coast was to her what it was to him.

"I'm a sort of kid that likes to play in the sun. Yes, and dream. Growing up seems to be a dreadful business."

She agreed that it could be a dreadful business. Sir Matthew had grown up rather like a steel pylon.

"So, you don't get bored here?"

His blue eyes were innocent.

"Bored? Well, hardly. It's so jolly good to be alive. I know half the boatmen in Portofino, and the lacemakers, and the police, and quite a number of babies. There is quite a lot to laugh at. As for looking at things, there's the sea. Always changing. Better than staring at reënforced concrete."

He laughed. His laughter was infectious.

"Do you ever help to bathe the babies?"

"They don't do that much in Italy. I've nursed them. Jolly little beggars—Italian kids."

Next day she returned his call, both formally and frankly. His eyes and his laughter had made up her mind for her. She was not going to poison the cup for so happy a warrior.

"I have a confession to make. Let's get it over at once. Possibly you will think it rather horrible, but it is not so horrible as it sounds. Your father commissioned me to convert you."

HE looked so perturbed and puzzled that she hastened to explain:

"You see, I presume your father thought me a thoroughly sophisticated person, a commercialized female. I am and I'm not. No woman is sophisticated—under certain circumstances."

He looked flushed, angry.

"The pater's a damned old fool, and one of the world's great men. I say—I'm awfully sorry."

"Don't worry. I am writing to Sir Matthew Irons tonight to tell him I am throwing up the job."

"But, I say, need you?"

"Of course."

"Oh, yes; I know how you feel. But—really—it's a priceless setting. I'm not afraid of listening to your voice."

His smile was whimsical.

"Really, I'm awfully obliged to the old man. Don't you think we might give him a little run for his money? After all, if this is a missionary society, what's the harm? The pater is a hot supporter of missions. I believe we used to sell the heathen cheap guns. Now we sell them motor bikes and gramophones."

He laughed, and she had to laugh with him.

"But—false pretenses?"

"Oh, nonsense! We'll preach to each other. You shall pretend to be Paris and I'll be Portofino."

She looked troubled.

"But, don't you see—if I'm not sincere—I'm not playing the game by Sir Matthew?"

"Was he playing the game with either of us?"

"Well, I'll stay on for a week. I shall feel a most disgraceful humbug."

Presumably, Sir Matthew Irons had sent out some confidential creature to watch the lady, and this gentleman had matters to report. The young people were bathing together; they wandered about the cliffs together; they sang together. They could be seen in Portofino itself, very friendly with the natives. They were wearing string shoes and the simplest of clothes. Sir Matthew's private Peeping Tom seemed to have misunderstood the inwardness of the great man's plot, for he spoke of Mrs. Carteret as a woman who appeared to enjoy the simplicities of Portofino.

Old Irons was not alarmed. His young widow was no fool.

He received letters from Mrs. Carteret:

"Osbert and I are very good friends. I think you are very fortunate in your son."

Sir Matthew did not quite approve of that sentence. She should have said that the son was very fortunate in the father.

WEEKS passed and Mrs. Carteret's letters ceased; but one day, much to his astonishment, the baronet received a check from her. A short note accompanied it:

DEAR SIR MATTHEW IRONS:

I am refunding you the money spent upon furnishing the Villa Violetta. The rent I am paying myself. I feel this is due to you, for I am afraid the experiment has proved a failure.

Yours truly,
KITTY CARTERET.

Old Irons took the Rome Express, and in a very nasty temper. He arrived at Santa Margherita late at night and, putting up at the Hotel Savoia, ordered breakfast at half past seven and a taxi at eight. At half past eight he was crossing the piazza at Portofino. He took the path to the cape and, finding the iron gate of the Villa Violetta locked, he viciously rang the bell. An Italian maid answered it.

He could not make head or tail of the woman's Italian, but from her gestures he gathered that the signora was not at home. Not at home at nine in the morning! Probably she was in bed, and Sir Matthew pushed his way past her and walked toward the villa. He heard a sudden sound of laughter and then a voice singing:

"Hark, hark! the lark—"

These sounds of joy appeared to come from the next garden, and Sir Matthew set out to explore. He found a stone wall, and looking over it discovered a pretty picture—his son and the widow having breakfast together on Osbert's terrace. They raised their coffee cups as though toasting each other and began to sing in chorus:

"Hark, hark! the lark—"

Sir Matthew's face was choleric and red. His voice interrupted the duet:

"Stop that row!"

It ceased. They got up out of their chairs and stood side by side, looking at him. They did not appear in the least ashamed.

"Hallo, pater; you—are—early. Had breakfast?"

Sir Matthew shouted, but a little less loudly:

"I want to speak to that woman."

His son smiled upon him.

"Are you referring to my wife?"

Old Irons' steel jaw dropped. He stared at them.

"What do you mean, you young fool?"

Kitty answered him:

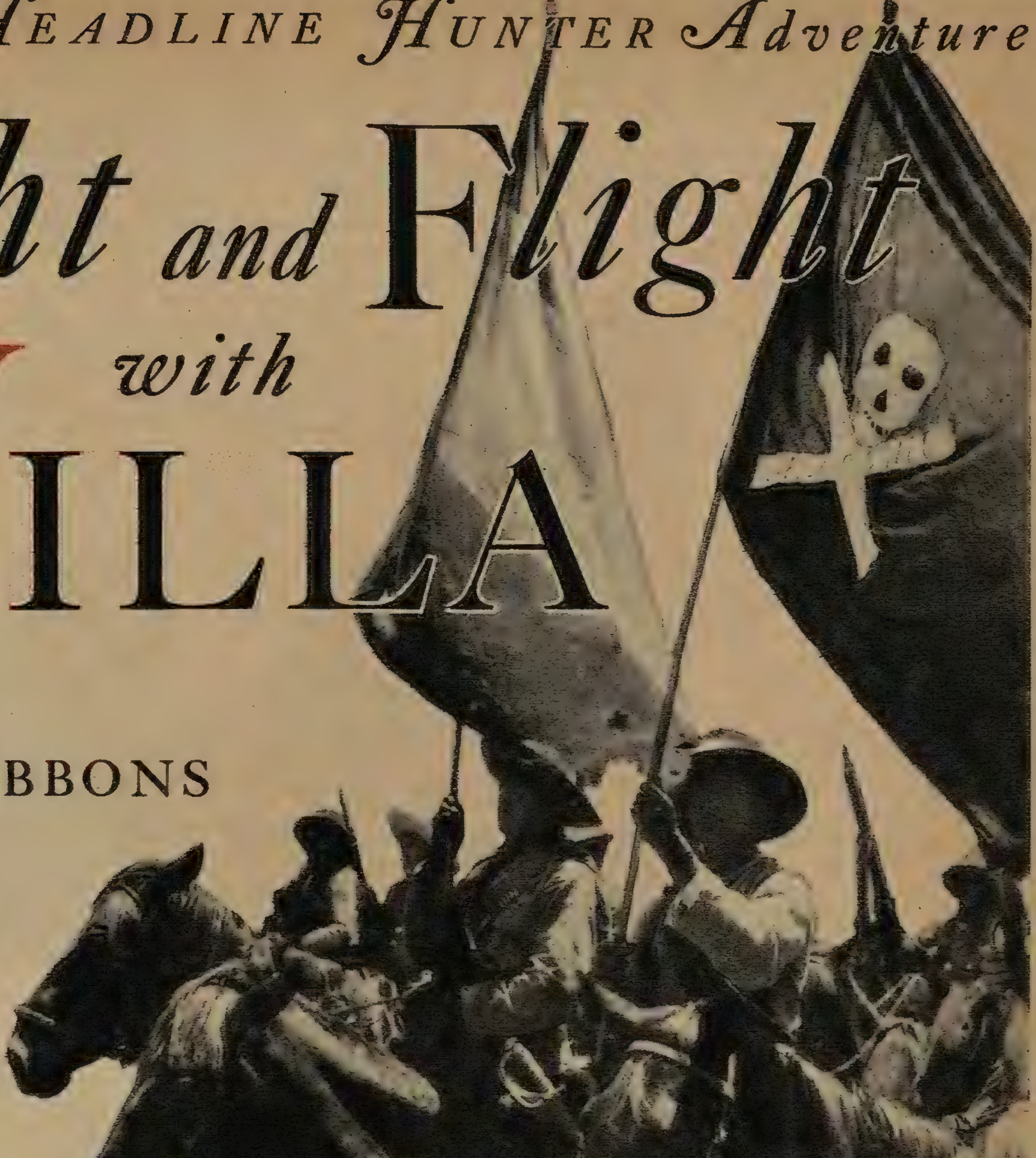
"I'm awfully sorry, Sir Matthew, but the mission to fools failed. Instead of converting, I became converted. I have joined the fools. You see—we have fifteen hundred a year between us. We find that we can be fools quite nicely on that."

THE END

Another HEADLINE HUNTER Adventure

Fight and Flight with VILLA

By FLOYD GIBBONS


Brown Brothers photo

Next to himself Pancho Villa liked these hard-boiled hombres best. They are members of his personal escort, who guarded his life with their lives and took their pay in loot.

(Reading time: 18 min. 25 sec.)

HELLO everybody! VILLA'S ARMY ROUTED IN PICTURESQUE NIGHT BATTLE—that headline carries me back fifteen years. I can picture it still. Impressions go dashing by like the words in a moving electric sign, between dots and dashes. Women digging their fingers into the hot carcass of a steer—Villa handing me, the camp tenderfoot, a chunk of the tough meat and laughingly watching tears come to my eyes as I swallow some dipped into the hot condiment—Villa in a temper shooting a splendid horse dead because it failed to stand still or smiling childishly from the observation platform of his special train when poor come to greet him—the pathetic sight of seeing the ruler over a vast territory trying pitifully to spell out the words on a typewritten sheet—that bodyguard of 200 murderers, cutthroats, and robbers whose ravages on citizens in captured villages were never questioned by the chief—that battle in the night, ammunition running out, shrieks, fleeing refugees, citizens, riderless horses—Villa's army in flight. This and more comes back to me as I think of those days in Mexico with one of the greatest personalities of his time, an illiterate son of the poor, who through sheer courage and vitality lifted himself into power.

It was April, 1915, and we were far down in the state of Guanajuato, in Mexico, with General Villa and his army of some twenty or thirty thousand men, in front of the little town of Celaya, which was occupied by a slightly larger number of Carranzista soldiers under the com-

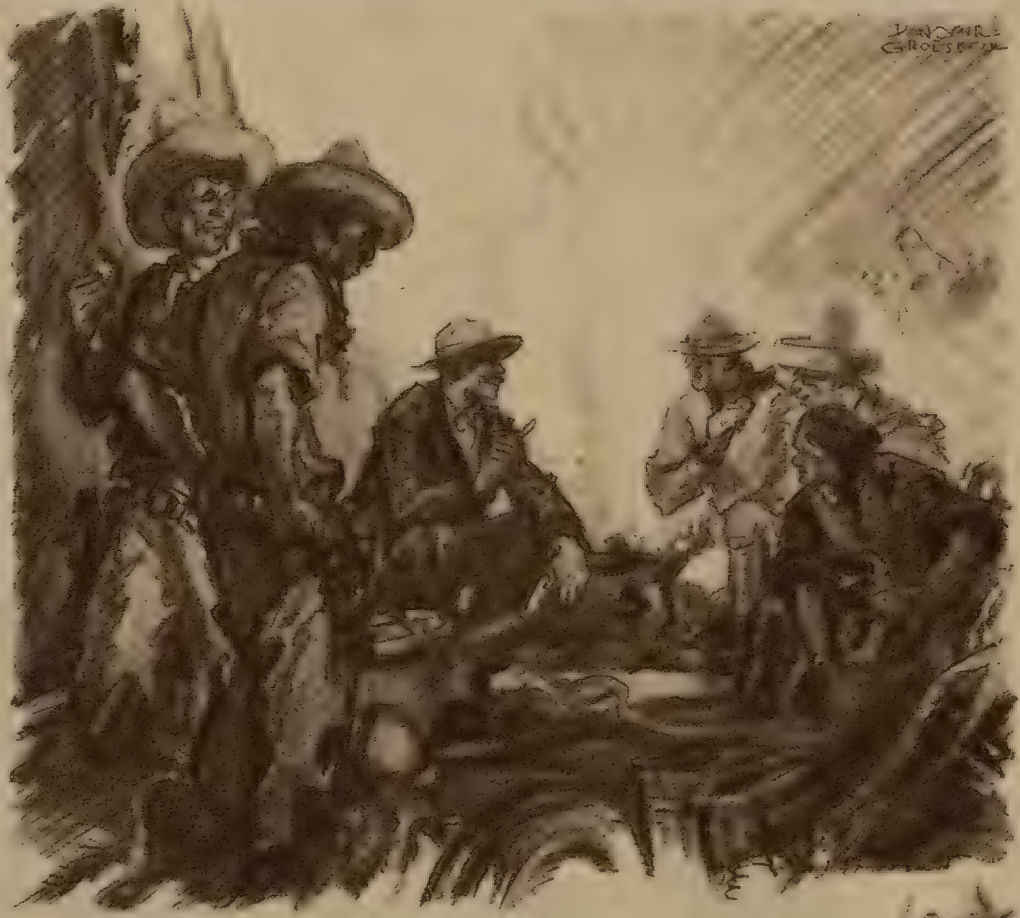
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FIGHT AND FLIGHT WITH VILLA
Continued from page thirteen

mand of General Alvaro Obregon, who later became President of Mexico and who met his death by an assassin's bullet.

Villa was trying to prevent Obregon's forces from advancing northward to the railroad junction town of Irapuato, where Villa's communications joined with the lines of his forces who were holding the old city of Guadalajara. This section of Mexico contains some of the richest agricultural and mining regions of the country. For many generations Guadalajara has been one of Mexico's wealthiest and most cultured cities. The state was colonized by the Andalusians, from the aristocracy of old Spain. The people say that the pure strain of their blood has been carefully preserved.

That was the kind of country that Pancho Villa was trying to hold under his control. It is a rich and a beautiful country, with strawberries as large and luscious as plums, and small earthenware crocks of thick yellow cream. And there is a good wine there also.



Pictures by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

It was the general's favorite prank to introduce to his guests the hottest chili in all Mexico.

THE battle had been in progress ten days when Villa told me that he expected to take the town of Celaya in four days. That night he advanced the date a bit and he told me he had changed his plans—that we would be in the besieged city some time the following day. Celaya has a reputation in Mexico for a certain kind of candy—a sort of gooey fudge that looks like axle grease and is sold in round wooden boxes that look like the boxes Camembert cheese comes in. That evening Villa told me through an interpreter, " Tomorrow morning we enter the city—to eat the sweets of Celaya."

The Mexican bandit leader's change in plans was for a reason that I did not know at the time. The fact was that his army, after futile charges against the enemy, had not only lost severely in numbers, but was fast running out of ammunition.

Obregon, knowing that Villa was essentially a dashing cavalry leader and, like all men of action, was impatient of delay—Obregon, knowing this, had entrenched himself strongly within the town and adopted purely defensive tactics. He played a waiting game and permitted Villa to hurl the finest Villa cavalry against the barbed-wire entanglements and flooded irrigation ditches which formed the defenses of the town.

Villa's line of communications ran back a thousand miles or more to the border city of Juarez—just across the Rio Grande from El Paso, Texas. His army's entire supplies of cartridges and shells and all forms of muni~~tions and explosives had to be brought down by~~ rail that long distance from the border. Villa had stationed in Juarez his own brother—Hypolito Villa, whose duty it was to buy the ammunition and forward it to the general in the field. Hypolito was not the same type of man as his famous brother. He drank too well and not wisely. He was the playboy of the dance halls and cabarets of Juarez. His automobile was always the largest one attending the races in Juarez, and most frequently it was filled with dark-eyed, dazzling *señoritas*. Hypolito also played faro and roulette, or any of the other diversions of chance offered by the glittering gambling establishments of Juarez.

And in the middle of the battle of Celaya, Hypolito failed to forward the necessary munitions and supplies to his hard-fighting brother in the field. With his ammunition sadly diminished, and no further supplies in sight, Villa made the ill-advised decision to risk all on an immediate onslaught on the besieged city. That night he told his staff officers that he could vanquish the Carranzistas even without ammunition. He reminded them that he—a poor peon with eight companions, with no money, with no backing, with no railroad equipment, with no service of supplies—had been able to raise the flag of revolution in the north of Mexico and drive the federal army before him like sheep.

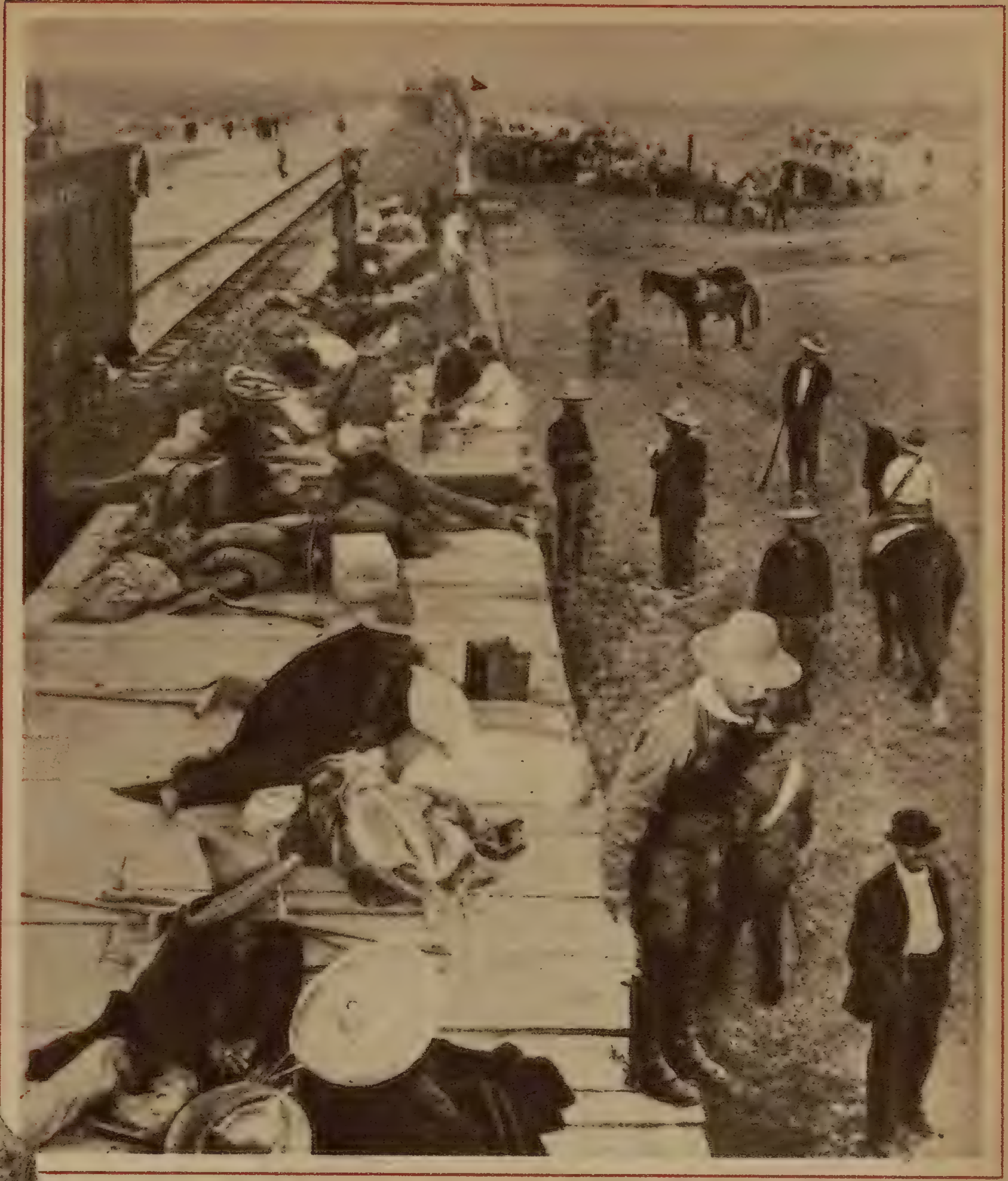
We dined on the general's decision. A steer was led up to the place beside the railroad track where Villa and his staff and his escort were standing. The animal was shot, and as it stumbled to the ground, knives went to its throat. Other knives attacked the hide, tearing it off in strips. And then came the women, who dug into the hot carcass with their fingers and tore off chunks of the still quivering flesh. In ten minutes the fires were gleaming and the pots were bubbling. And Villa—squatting on his haunches—was tearing morsels of the tough fresh meat with the finger and thumb of his right hand, while in his left hand he clutched a freshly opened pint can containing his favorite condiment. He handed me a piece of the meat, and when I tried to take it from his hand he held on to it until an interpreter advised me, or explained to me, that he was not offering me all of it, but wanted me to take hold and tear a piece off. I took a fresh grip, and the leathery stewed substance parted.

VILLA took the portion he retained and dipped it into the can of condiment, and offered the can to me to do likewise. I doused the chunk of meat down into the can—washed it around in the liquid—withdrew it, and transferred the chunk of meat to my mouth. As I chewed it and swallowed, I looked up to find the bandit leader's eyes watching mine sharply. The reason for his intent gaze became apparent only too soon, as a perfect holocaust of fire started in my throat, and tears poured from my eyes. And Villa laughed. And his staff officers laughed. And the escort laughed. And all of the women laughed. It was the general's favorite prank and pride to introduce to his guests the hottest chili pepper sauce in all Mexico. I learned that Villa ate cans of this fiery sauce and enjoyed it intensely. It was the nearest thing to straight

Tabasco I have ever tasted.

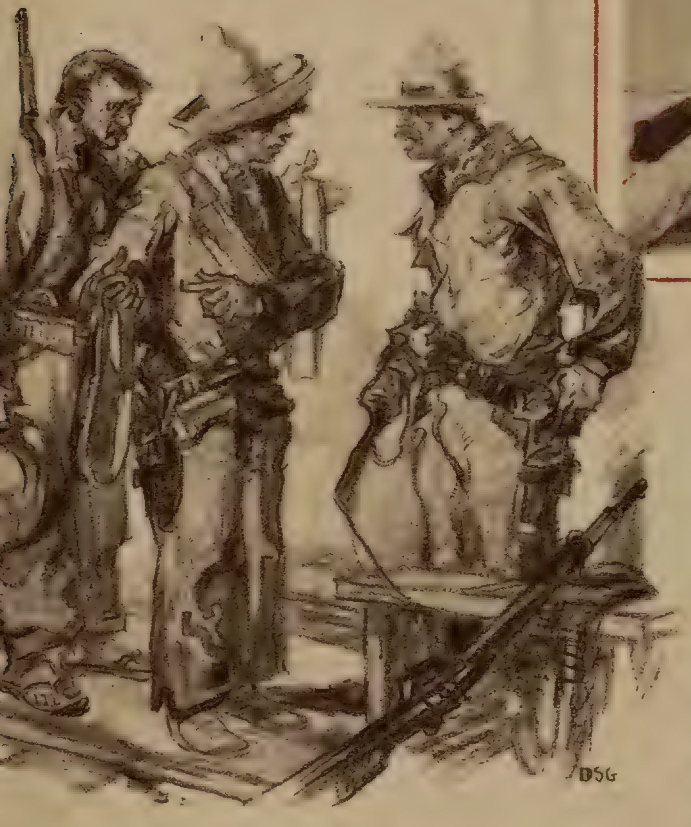
After that meal we flung ourselves down on the ground and, with our heads on our saddles, rolled up in our blankets. We were about three-quarters of a mile behind the front line. The rifle fire from the Villista forces was only intermittent—desultory—but the three-inch Schneider guns kept barking away throughout the night. I could see the shells exploding over the roof tops of Celaya. I saw a fire curiously starting in the steeple of an old church in the center of the town. Above, the stars blinked down with a kindly light.

VILLA slept on the ground in the darkest shadow of a derailed box car beside the tracks. Immediately around him were his staff officers, similarly stretched out on the ground, and beyond them, the circle of his *escolta*—his *dorados*, or golden ones, as he called them. They numbered about 200 of the hardest boiled eggs in Mexico. Most of them were murderers, cutthroats, and robbers that Villa had liberated from the penitentiary in Chihuahua City several years previous when he took that place from the federals. Each wore a golden disk on the front of his sombrero. Their loyalty to their chief was unquestioned, and Villa himself never questioned the crimes of pillage and rape, of cruelties and drunken orgies, perpetrated after each victory by the members of his *escolta*. It was the very crudity of the man that made him select these outlaws of his own type to be his personal bodyguard.



American Press Association photo

How wounded Villistas were removed from a battlefield by railway. The picture was taken at Ojinaga, state of Chihuahua.



The stragglers took without a whimper the cut of a whiplash across the face and the epithet of coward.

Villa's own comprehension and admission of his crudity was a characteristic that was first to appeal to those who met him. Handicapped by a pitiful lack of education and forced to grapple with ever rising suspicions against those upon whom he depended, Villa for almost a year had been administering the civil and military affairs of a territory as large as that part of the United States east of the Mississippi River and north of the Mason and Dixon line.

The multitudinous details of this work, no matter how much the execution of it may have been criticized, Villa had carried in his head. He had no recourse to books or records. He was unable to read or write beyond a laborious and painful deciphering of the most simple sentences and the equally slow scratching of his name with a pen. Letters and telegrams had to be read to him by his secretaries.

LYING there on the ground that night before the battle, I recalled seeing Villa take a typewritten page and gaze curiously, intently, pitifully, upon it while his face betrayed the fact that he was receiving as much enlightenment from the paper as if it were a wall of Egyptian characters. He was obliged to turn the document over to some inferior to read to him.

This assistant might have been inferior in rank, but Villa realized that the man was superior in educational training. Villa knew, further, that he was in the power of that assistant who was able to make words out of the page of mystery. Villa, with his inherent Indian suspiciousness, had to place himself in this man's hands and believe what he said.

Surround such a man as Villa with clicking typewriters and telegraph instruments, financial problems and diplomatic questions, foreign complications and internal disturbances, and reports from civil departments and military detachments—and you have the picture of a primitive human being hemmed in with the hateful

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FIGHT AND FLIGHT WITH VILLA
Continued from page fifteen

horizon of things he can't understand and dreads to trust. Villa was so surrounded, and the extent to which he accomplished his ends was beyond what one could expect.

In his private car at times I have seen him raise his hand wearily and stop his secretary in the midst of reading some paper. As if in despair he would walk about the train and exchange commonplace remarks with the trainmen and soldiers. If the train happened to be at a standstill, he walked through the ever present crowd of peons surrounding it, and stalked out across some near-by field, followed by several members of his bodyguard. There, away from the distractions of red tape, he sought relief by pistol practice or a game of cards on a blanket spread on the ground.

Villa could never forget that he was a man of the people, no more than he could get used to wearing a necktie—which he never could. That is what made him the idol of the poor of northern Mexico. When his private train arrived in a town in the course of the frequent troop movements back and forth across the republic, the station was always crowded with the poor of the town waiting to receive him.

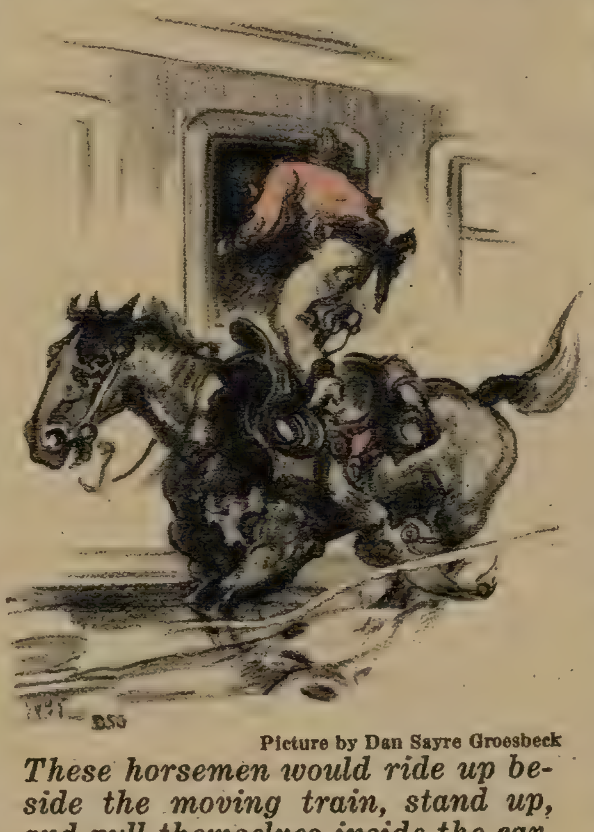
However small the village, there was always a band or a stringed orchestra present. Sometimes it was only the two or three minstrels who sang the news of the day in ballad form, as they did centuries ago. When the train stopped Villa would step to the rear platform and smile in his boyish, bashful way.

The peons cheered. The air was full of *"vivas."* Mothers held up their babies to him. Little Indian girls decked in white would throw bunches of many-colored flowers on the platform. The old men lifted their frayed sombreros and squinted through their square-rimmed spectacles. The boys climbed upon the train or clung to poles and trees and added to the din with their whistles.

I recalled that the day after Villa's arrival in Irapuato was Sunday. Villa's own military band of forty pieces, resplendent in blue uniforms, brass buttons, and gold braid, was formed in a semicircle about the observation platform of the general's private car.

Beyond the rim formed by the musicians the peons filled the railroad yards, their white cotton clothes and varihued serapes giving the assemblage the appearance of a scrambled rainbow.

The rear platform was crowded with the white-collar dignitaries who had attached themselves to the Villa comet. With brass buttons agleam and sabers attached, with uniforms pressed and hair oiled, these clerical soldiers and typewriter generals looked down upon the celebration with smiles of satisfaction.



Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

These horsemen would ride up beside the moving train, stand up, and pull themselves inside the car.

BUT Villa was not among them. Although the band concert was in his honor and his appearance would have been cheered, he was not there.

At the rear end of all private cars there is a half door without steps that opens from the kitchen. When dining cars roll by here in the States you can usually see the dripping black face of some kitchen worker framed in the doorway as he catches a breath of the fresh outer air. Villa had chosen that door for his Sunday-afternoon airing.

The general was bouncing a crying baby on his knees while he kept time to a doggerel song. And there was no doubt but that he was enjoying it much more than his well groomed and complacent inferiors in the center of the formal concert at the other end of the car.

But there was another phase to Villa. He was the victim of his own temper and impulses. Villa had done many things impulsively for which he was genuinely sorry and which he would not have done had he the self-control which comes with training and experience. For instance:

One day, before Celaya, I saw him step from his car in the yards at Irapuato and lay his hand on the mane of a horse. The horse, a handsome roan stallion, with red saddlecloth and silver trappings, belonged to Villa's secretary. Villa, with one foot in the stirrup, was about to mount when the spirited animal wheeled away from him. Villa made two more efforts to mount, but each time the horse moved away from him.

What happened next was unexpected but not unusual. Villa removed his foot from the stirrup and quickly drew his revolver. He fired point-blank into the horse's side. The animal shuddered. A second and third shot followed in quick succession and the horse dropped dead.

"That horse was an enemy of the army," Villa said, replacing his revolver. "If the fate of the army depended upon somebody getting somewhere in a hurry on that horse, a thousand lives might pay the penalty for the animal being untrained." And the general's staff agreed with him—yes, there are yes men in revolutions.

THE beautiful hand-worked leather saddle and the gay saddlecloth and the silver trappings were removed from the slain animal. A switch engine nudged forward slowly along the track; a chain was thrown around the horse's hind legs, and the blood-stained carcass of what had been one of the most beautiful horses I had ever seen was dragged down the railroad track, bumping across the ties, rolling from side to side, its crumpled legs describing pitiful, waving movements in the air. I kept my opinion to myself, but one of the general's translators must have seen the look on my face, or sensed my resentment at this wanton destruction of a living thing of beauty, for he hastened to explain as follows: "Forget it, *amigo.* That is war, and the general is a great warrior. Had it been a man instead of a horse he would have done the same thing." From my subsequent experiences with the general, I am quite certain he would have.

These, and many other things, kept passing through my head that night as I lay on the ground there beside the railroad tracks within the surrounding circle of Villa's prize desperados, while the shells burst over the city of Celaya, and the machine guns of Obregon's defending entrenchments puttered and tut-tutted like missing motors.

Couriers would dash up on lathered horses. They would stop a hundred feet away from the box car—beyond that fearsome circle of the escort. In excited Spanish they would identify themselves as bearers of messages from this general or that general, or this hard-pressed brigade on the line. The shells were getting low at the guns—the men in the front lines were firing from their last bandoliers. The box cars of the supply trains had been stripped. If there were no more cartridges, the men could not be expected to hold the line. As the Villista fire had lessened, the enemy had increased its volume of fire, and sorties were being made at several places from the defenses of the besieged city.

The couriers shouted their reports across the darkness—they were not permitted to enter the sacred circle, somewhere within which was a commander in chief upon whom their fate depended. None of the couriers knew which blanketed form, or which head resting on a saddle, was that of the man they sought. Villa took no chance of assassination in the dark.

Orders were shouted back, and I saw members of the escort rise to their feet and remove cartridges from their many belts and bandoliers. Blankets were placed on the ground and the cartridges poured into them. Then the corners of the blankets would be tied together, the courier would swing them across the pommel of his saddle, and dash back to the hard-pressed line.

It looked bad to me. I could not see how Villa could expect to send an army of 30,000 men to the attack on the following morning if his ammunition supplies were at such a low ebb.

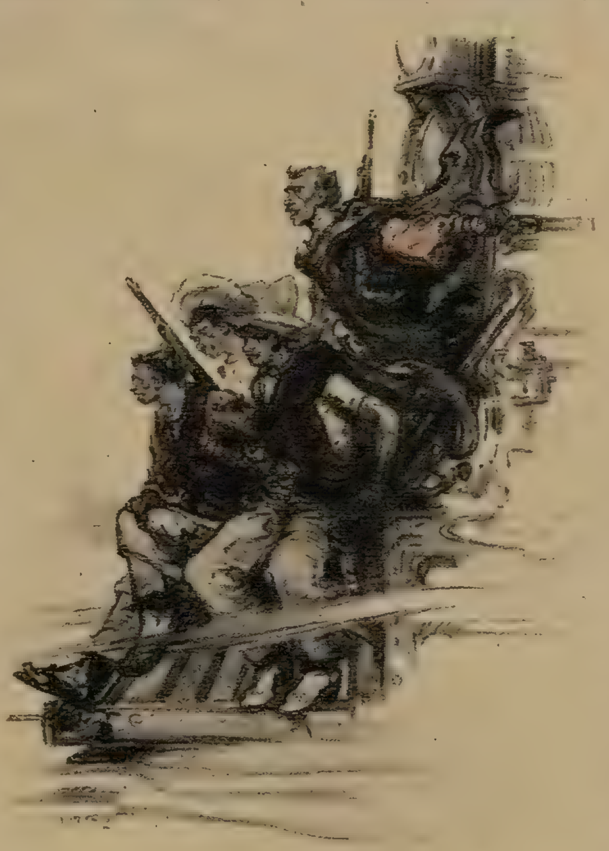
There was a brief dawn—a growing pink glow across the strawberry fields to the east. And then the sun popped up above the horizon like an orb of fire. The firing three-quarters of a mile away increased in volume. Wounded men came limping back. Then stragglers passed—walking fast—and cowering before the gaze of every officer they met. They pointed helplessly to the empty cartridge belts and took without a whimper the cut of a whiplash across the face and the epithet of coward.

Then women straggled by, some with children. A riderless horse dashed by, its reins and stirrups flapping.

The roar of battle came closer. The rattle of the machine guns was continuous now and we could hear the shouting—hoarse shouts and curses.

A three-inch shell fell in the littered courtyard of the hacienda fifty yards from the railroad track. As the fragments of the explosion fell, and while the smoke of the bursting shell rose with chaff and dust, there came a chorus of pain—of shrieks and groans—from the wounded that had been stretched out in the courtyard. I saw men dragging themselves on their hands while they trailed limp and helpless legs. The vicious zing of bullets—the whistle and zip of flying lead—seemed to make the air above us alive with death. Now more horses and mules—some riderless, some with single riders and some with as many as three men clinging to them—dashed by. The stragglers on foot increased. It was a motley mob—a Niagara of fright—that flowed back from the advancing wave of destruction. The ground was now strewn with abandoned rifles and equipment.

I caught a riderless horse and joined the backward ebb. There was no organization, no order. It was mêlée—fight—rout—defeat—there was no mistaking it now. The day belonged to Obregon!



Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

The favorite place for the boy soldiers to ride was on the pilot of the engine.

FIVE miles back I came upon the last of the railroad trains—or rather it was the first one of them I came upon. Actually, it was the tail-end of the military line-up, and behind it were some thirty other trains—and it was a single-track railroad. Those trains must have stretched back for miles. The locomotive and crew of the first train whistled and shrieked for the train ahead of it to move out so it could get a chance to go, and soon the maddened shrieking of the locomotive whistles was taken up and down the line, added to by bells. Of course, the trains at the front could not move until those in back had pulled out and the crews of the trains in the rear were most probably unmindful of the retreat, and were probably having their breakfast coffee in peace.

The shrieking of the locomotive whistles became almost deafening. In the meantime, Villa's army flowed back past the stationary trains—flowed back like the Mississippi at flood. I saw a sprightly train officer, carrying a highly polished and quite useless sword, abandon his train and jump on a passing riderless horse. I kept on retreating northward with the army—and I think I gained a little on it. I didn't exactly trample on anybody—but my horse did manage some excellent cross-country jumping when we encountered such unexpected barriers as wagons overturned in the road. The saddle I happened to be riding was a terribly patched-up affair and I soon became aware that some of my barely healed blisters from the previous battle had become active, but somehow or other I did not permit these reflections to delay me in any way whatever. Finally, the stalled trains began withdrawing—slowly at first, and then faster, they backed away from the fight.

And now I witnessed the reverse of the previous example of an exchange in transportation. Whereas I had seen some of the officers and gentlemen abandon the stalled trains for horses, I now witnessed a number of horsemen abandoning their slower mounts for the moving trains, which were gradually increasing their speed. These horsemen would ride up beside the moving train, grab the platform handles, and pull themselves on board; or inject their arms through open windows, stand up in the saddle on the galloping horse, and pull themselves inside the car. I am frank to confess that it occurred to me at the moment that this was a very good idea—and I did likewise.

That was the defeat of Pancho Villa in his first great battle with Obregon. The remnants of his army were forced northward 300 miles over the mountains to Aguascalientes. Some of this distance we did by train, and some of it by horse.

VILLA stuck to the compartment of his car when we passed through many of the towns that had joyously received him on the way down. Then there had been bunting and flags on the railroad station platforms, and cheering crowds, and long lines of beggars who received the paper pesos which Villa distributed to the poor. But now the Robin Hood of Mexico had suffered a smashing defeat, and the populations of the towns through which we passed were not sure but what the next trains that followed would contain the forces of Carranza, and new demonstrations of welcome and allegiance would be in order.

And so we retreated northward, repairing the rail equipment as we went, and patching up the right of way—anything to put distance between us and the menace that pursued on the south.

Whenever a bridge had been destroyed, the Mexicans proved themselves masters in the construction of makeshifts called "shooflies." A track was built down the side of the embankment, across the dry bed of the river or arroyo, and up the other side.

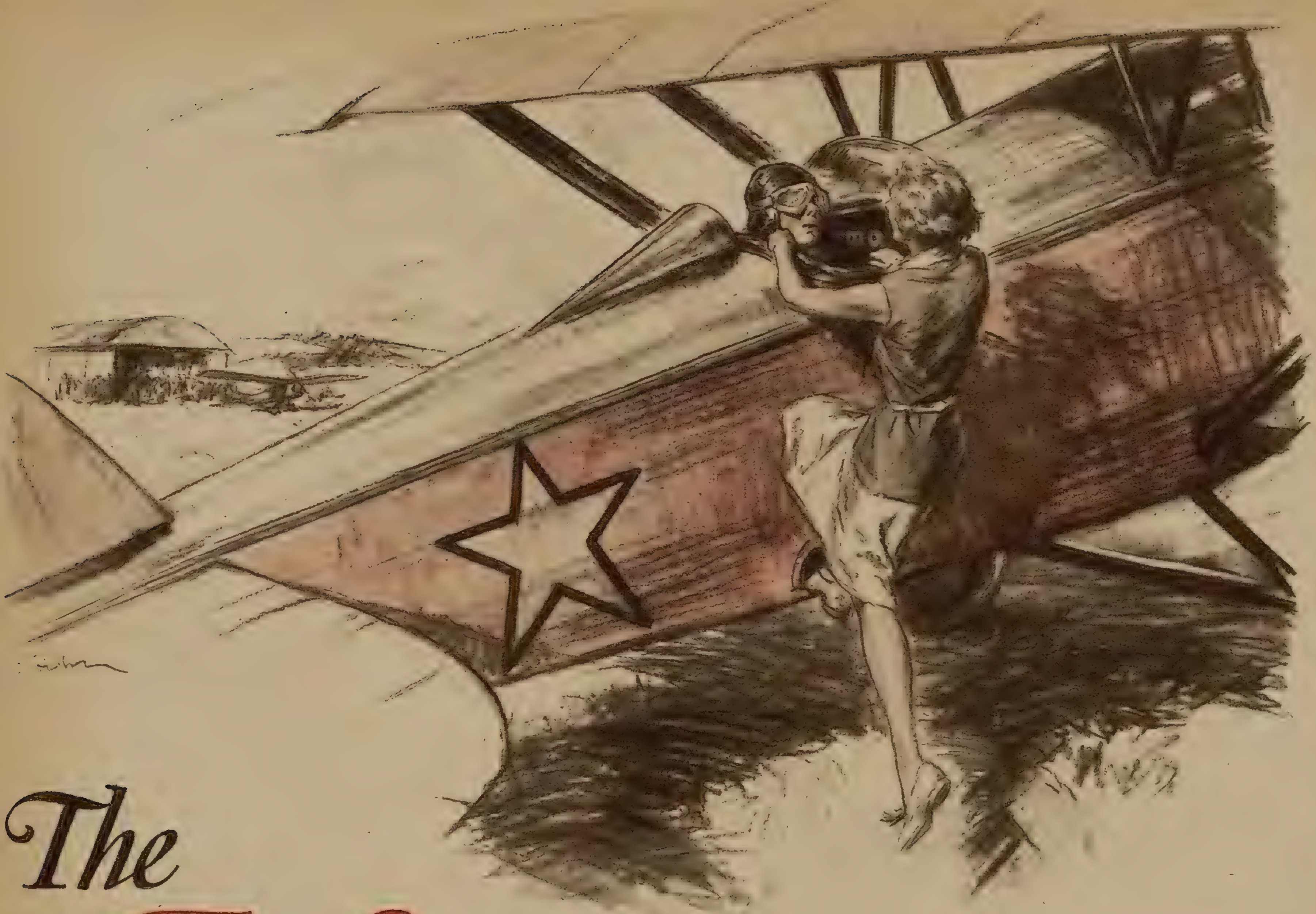
The favorite place for the boy soldiers to ride was on the pilot of the engine. Every cowcatcher was decked with sombreros and red blankets. The greatest danger from riding in that position was the appearance of a burro or bull on the track in front of the fast moving engine. When the obstacle was hurled against the pilot there were usually a couple of soldiers killed in the smash-up.

And that's the way we reached Aguascalientes, with its factories and railroad shops, its ancient cathedrals and convents, its broad streets, boulevards, and markets. I rode into the town with a detachment of retreating troops from the east. We entered by a large boulevard lined with trees. I had a ten days' growth of beard, and enough blisters and saddle sores to last me a lifetime.

Villa reorganized his army in Aguascalientes. There beside an ancient garden wall we buried Jack Mayes—an American aviator—who flew for Villa. There I met little Mickey McGuire—the Wild Irish Rose of the Sky—and there we buried him also.

Some weeks later—in the height of Villa's next great battle with Obregon—Obregon lost his arm. That was a fight. Old Pancho Villa had blood in his eye by this time and was out to clean things up; but—we'll tell that story some other time.

Next week Mr. Gibbons will describe a night in the Monterey of revolutionary days.



"You big — you big bighead!" she shouted above the noise of the motor. "You tried to sneak away without telling me good-by!"

The Nape of her Neck

The Story of a Casanova on Wings

By

BOGART ROGERS

who finished the World War as captain in the Royal Flying Corps, having been a combat flight officer from April, 1918, until the Armistice. Since then he has done considerable flying along the Pacific coast, and writing of stories and things, following the example of his sister, Adela Rogers St. Johns.

Pictures by ERNEST FUHR

(Reading time: 27 min. 10 sec.)

THE big red and white monoplane swung on to the concrete apron at the end of the hangar and rolled to a stop, its motor pounding throatily, the silver blades of its propeller catching the glint of the sun. The young man who rode alone in the single cockpit far back toward the tail pushed up his goggles, scratched his nose, extended his arms over the sides of the fuselage, and stretched prodigiously.

His skin was that almost leathery bronze that comes of facing the sun, the freezing cold, and the windy blasts of the aërial altitudes. His eyes were a deep blue and attractively squinty, with tiny crow's-feet drawing the corners together. His teeth were regular and exceedingly white in contrast to his tan; his hair as black as the oily flying helmet which concealed it. There was about him an interesting grimness, a suggestion of frigid nerve.

The crowd edged in curiously—not a big crowd, but the casual week-day gathering at the airport. A red-haired, freckled man in a grease-splotched jumper stood on his tiptoes and talked to the youth in the plane.

"How'd she go, Jack?" he inquired.

"Smoother'n silk." The young man scraped off the helmet and ran his fingers scratchily through his hair. "Hundred and fifty-seven one way and a hundred and forty-three coming back. She ought to cruise at about a hundred and forty."

"Good enough. What were you revving?"

"Eighteen fifty. She runs like a clock, Jerry."

Jerry Bodler, the freckled man, smiled with pardonable pride.

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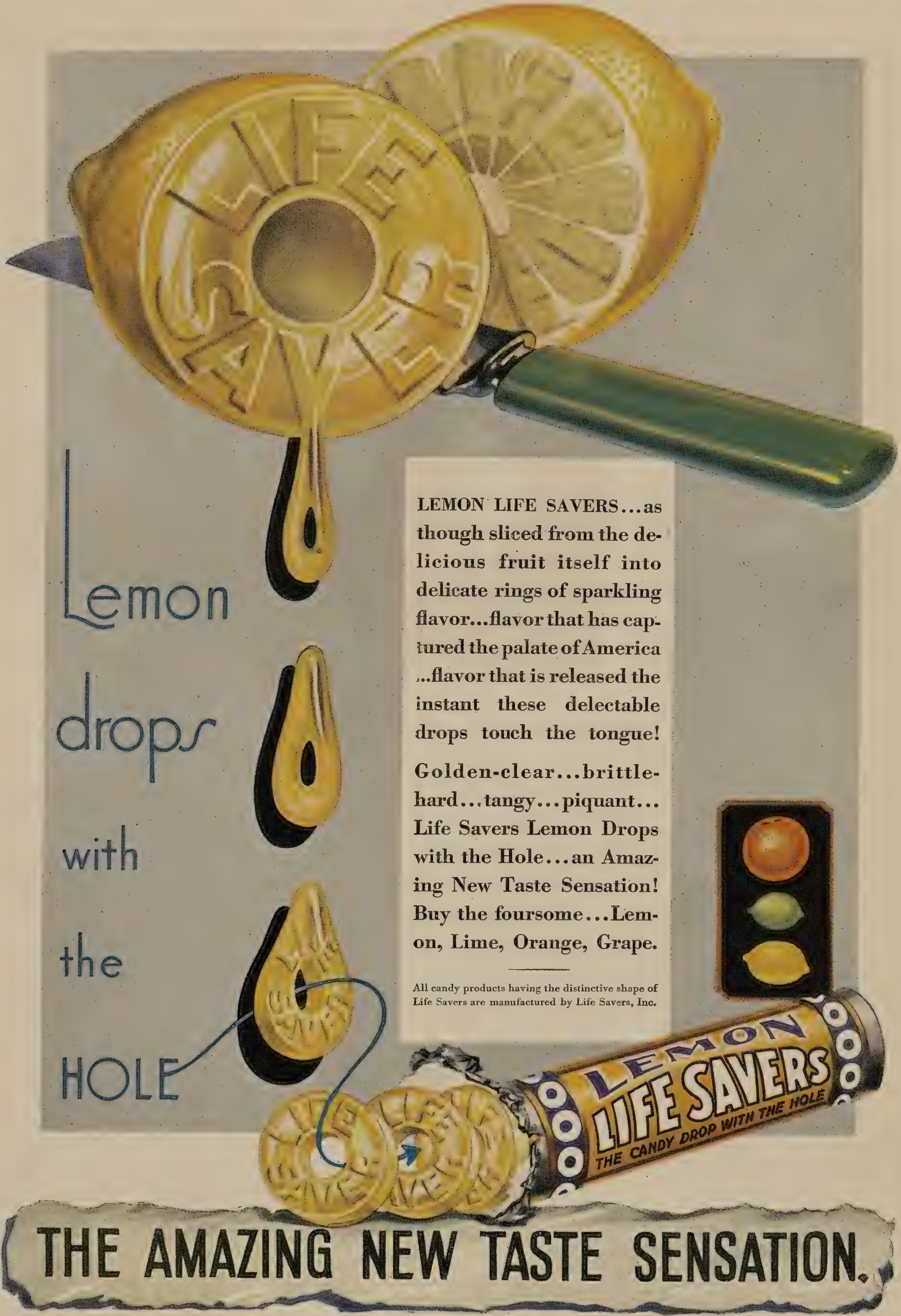
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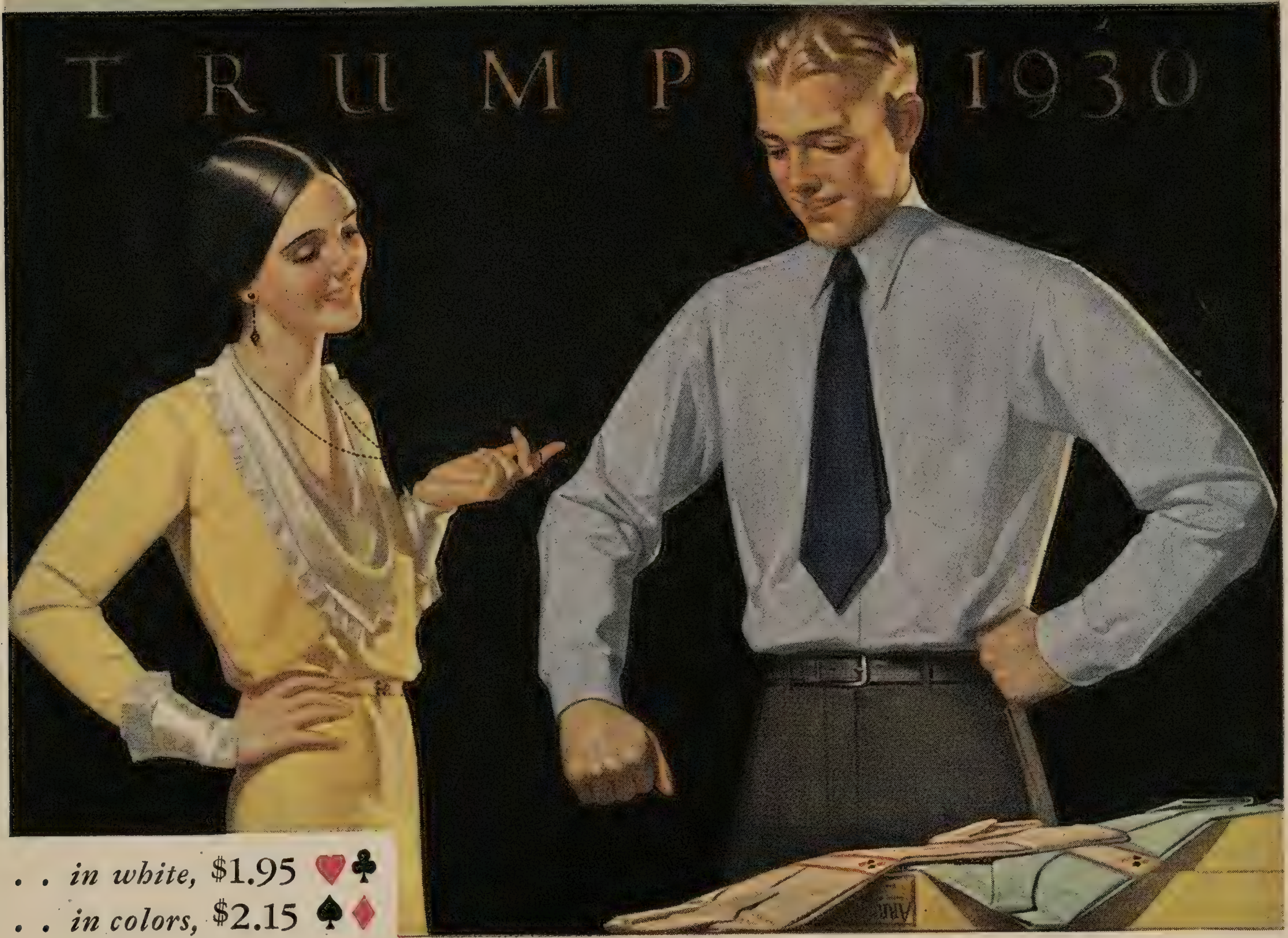

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

"She's tuned right down to a bee's whisker," he bragged. "You won't have no trouble with *that* engine. She'll haul you across seven Atlantic oceans and never miss a shot."

"Uh-uh." The young man was not looking at Jerry Bodler; over his head, rather—and beyond.

"What next?" asked the freckled one.

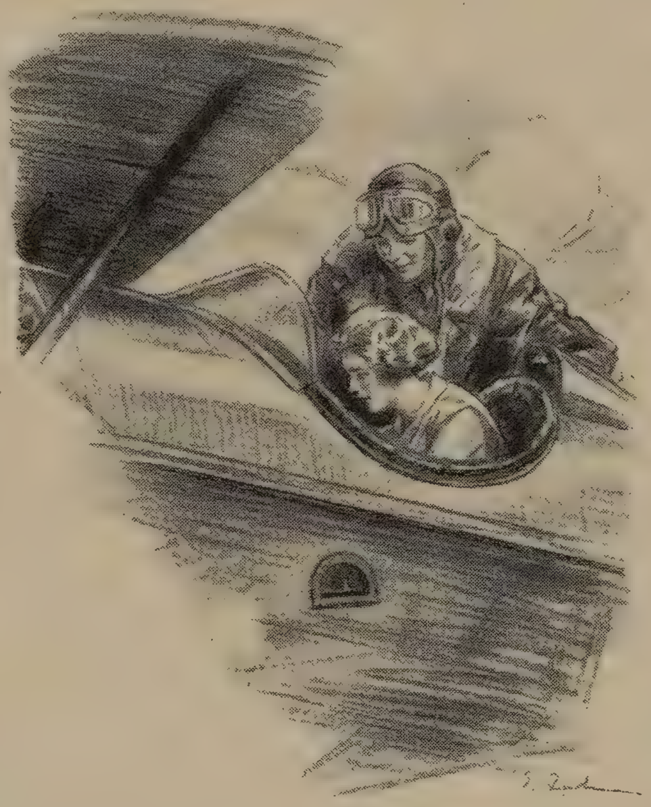
The young man neglected to reply. He seemed to be thinking of something. There was a far-away look in his eyes.

"What do we do next?" repeated Jerry.

"Next? Oh, yeah. Well, we'll put on that new prop and run another speed test. We'll try that new oil, too. This stuff won't hold the pressure. Who's the blonde?"

"Huh?" Jerry missed the drift of the conversation.

"The blonde—the one in the white skirt and the blue sweater."



"Oh, I never saw so many things!" she gasped, gazing in awe at the instrument board before her.

Jerry turned and tracked down the young man's gaze. On the outskirts of the crowd he located a girl in a white flannel skirt and a powder-blue sweater. Her shoes were of white buckskin, with flat soles and flappy kilty-tongues. Her bare legs were the same sunburned shade as her arms and face. The same sun had streakily bleached her hair to near-whiteness. Of course she had eyes—they were blue, a lighter blue than those of the man in the plane. Her lips were full and scarlet and her nose, casually freckled, turned heavenward with a half-audacious little tilt. She was accompanied by a boy. He was a little boy—or littler than she. Her brother, perhaps.

Jerry dismissed her with:

"Just some dame. This is the best power pot you ever sat behind."

"She's a honey," said the young man.

"Those new spark plugs help smooth it out."

"Did you ever see such a cute little figure?"

"Say"—the light suddenly dawned on Jerry—"are you talkin' about this engine or that blonde?"

"The blonde, nitwit. I've been looking for one like that for years."

"I'll have her ready in an hour," said Jerry, *in re* airplane engines.

"I'll have her ready in less than that," said the young man, apropos of blondes.

He looked out over the heads of the crowds gawking at the big red and white bird that might, as easily as not, a month hence be rotting in a watery North Atlantic grave, caught the little blonde girl's eye, and deliberately smiled. Then, paying her no more attention, he climbed out, unbuckled his parachute, wriggled out of the harness, and, dragging the chute with him, disappeared into the hangar. As he left he instructed Jerry:

"Get her for me."

JERRY was an old hand at getting girls for Jack Stanton. It wasn't much of a trick once you learned how. Jack was a romantic young man on the verge of a glamorous adventure. He was soothing to the feminine eye. He had nerve, he had skill, he would take a chance, and, best of all, he was perhaps about to die—a combination of qualifications that appealed to the opposite sex. Jerry pursued a set, and provenly successful, ritual. When the blonde girl had come close he found himself by her side.

"Nice-lookin' job, ain't it, miss?" said Jerry.

She turned on him wide-eyed.

"I think it's simply wonderful." Obviously she was terribly thrilled. "Is this the one he's going to fly from Paris to New York in?"

"Yep," said Jerry.

"Oh, isn't it thrilling! Do you think he'll make it?"

"Well, o' course he's takin' an awful chance," Jerry proceeded methodically; "but if anyone can do it Jack's the one. He usually makes everything he goes after."

"He's awfully good-looking," she ventured.

"His looks won't help him none," said Jerry, "but he's got nerve and, gosh, what a pilot! He don't have to take his hat off to Lindbergh or none of them dudes. He's proved that."

"And he's going to fly all alone?"

Jerry was in a hurry. He skipped the answer and moved in for the kill.

"Would you like to meet him, miss?" he asked. "You might like to be able to say you'd shook hands with Jack Stanton whether he gets across or falls in the drink."

The little blonde girl wiggled with excitement. "Oh, could I? I'd love to."

"Stick around and I'll give you a knockdown," said Jerry, thinking at the same time this girl was pretty young for Jack to be playing with—the way he preferred to play. He picked up a wrench and started back to work—then turned.

"By the way, what's your name, miss?"

"Alice Calhern," she told him; "and this is my brother, Robert."

"Pleased to meetcha," said Jerry. "Keep your shirt on. He'll be out in a minute."

IT was less than a minute. Jack strolled over to Jerry and evinced pretended interest in the propeller hub. He knew the eyes of the crowd—and particularly the eyes of the little blonde girl—followed him and he liked it.

"How long you going to be, Jerry?" he asked.

"Pretty soon now." Jerry laid down his wrench. "Come over here a minute, Jack. Couple of friends of mine I'd like to have you meet." He led the flyer to where Alice and her brother were inspecting a little tube that projected from the front edge of the wing.

"Shake hands with a couple of old friends o' mine, Jack." He indicated Alice to the exclusion of Robert. "Used to know their daddy better'n I know you." He gave Alice a "here-my-girl-is-diplomacy" wink. "Alice and Robert—er—er—" He stammered wildly.

"Calhern," supplied the girl.

"Ain't that stupid?" said Jerry. "I know her name as well as I know my own." Jerry abandoned his Cupid's bow and returned to the more practical propeller wrench.

Three minutes later Jack was lifting the little blonde girl into the big cockpit of the plane. He noticed, as he grasped her around the waist and boosted her up the sleek side of the fuselage, that she was warm and soft and supple. He held her firmly but kept his hands at her waist, which was unusual. Jack's hands were inclined to be careless. She could feel that he was very strong. As she straddled the edge of the cockpit, groping with her foot for the seat inside, the white flannel skirt slipped perilously high above her knee. Of this she seemed utterly unconscious. Jack, at the moment, was not looking elsewhere.

He hooked a foot in the step and leaned over beside her.

"Oh, I never saw so many things!" she gasped, gazing in awe at the broad instrument board before her. "Do you have to know what all these clocks and businesses are for?"

"It isn't much of a trick," said Jack with proper modesty. "You get used to them."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FREEZING WEATHER COMING!

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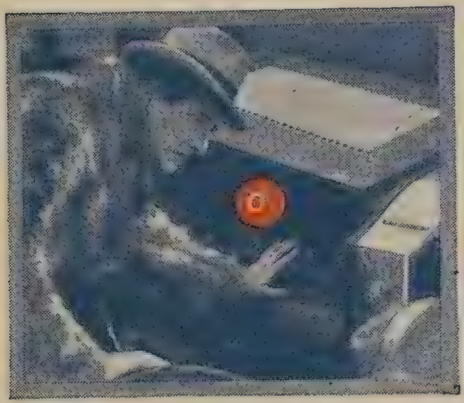

From below freezing to almost boiling in 5 minutes...

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The freezing point—32° F.—is the lubrication danger point for your engine! The heavy summer oil you have been using will lie thick and cold-stiffened in your crankcase. It cannot circulate promptly and reach moving parts. Your battery wears its heart out turning your engine over. The first few moments of "dry" running give your engine more wear than miles of ordinary driving.

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Shift gears easily on cold days

Without correct winter lubrication, your gears will tell the same story of winter wear. Cold hardens and separates ordinary greases and leaves gear teeth unprotected.

With Mobiloil "CW" on your gears you'll be delighted at the ease of meshing on coldest days. You can be sure of complete absence of gear wear.

You can get this two-fold protection for your engine and your gears from your nearest Mobiloil dealer. Ask for Mobiloil by name.

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Ask here *for* Gargoyle Mobiloil

Mobiloil

ARCTIC *for your engine*

"CW" *for your gears*

THE NAPE OF HER NECK
Continued from page twenty-one

"You just say that," she countered. "I'm sure it must be terribly hard to know what they are all for. What's this one?" She pointed to a black-faced dial.

"Air-speed indicator," Jack explained. "Tells how fast you're going. That's the altimeter—tells how high you are—and this is the oil-pressure gauge and the bank-and-turn indicator and oil-temperature gauge and gasoline-pressure gauge and magnetic compass and tachometer and earth-inductor compass, and this is the engine switch and this controls the lights and—"

He braced himself on the step and leaned farther into the cockpit, which brought his cheek very close to hers. She smelled nice—the faint fragrance of some pleasant perfume. She shifted forward again, her head disappearing from sight. Jack followed.

"What are these?" She indicated a row of little metal handles.

"Landing-flare releases," he told her. "You pull 'em if you have to land at night."

She bent over to study the maze of gadgets, levers, buttons, and dials that completely covered the interior of the compartment. And Jack bent forward to study the back of her neck. It was a very nice back of a neck—smooth, soft, alluring. Her bobbed hair ended in a little curling point in the center of it. Jack didn't believe in fooling around. He bowed over ever so slightly and, on the intriguingly graceful slope that curved down to her shoulder, placed a very gentle kiss.

HE wasn't sure what she would do. She surprised him by not doing much of anything. She merely straightened up slowly and turned to him. "You don't waste any time getting started," she said.

"Gee, I just couldn't help it!" He wasn't apologizing, merely stating a fact. "You know, when I'm flying across there all alone, I'll be able to look right down in front of me and see the back of your neck—right where it was just then. And I'll remember how nice it was when I kissed it and I'll want to hurry back home—maybe so I can kiss it again."

She looked at him with eyes that were pretty soft, even if they weren't melting.

"It's all simply too wonderful," she said in a sort of trance, "sitting here and knowing in this same seat you will be fighting your way over the ocean—sailing through clouds and storms and pitchy blackness, with only the great deep ocean below and the starlit sky above, peering ahead for the first sight of land—"

"Or taking a salt-water bath," he cut in.

She shuddered. "Oh, you mustn't say that. You mustn't even think about such things. You'll make it—you know you will. You mustn't even think you might fail."

"Oh, I guess I'll get across okay," he said; "but there isn't any use kidding yourself. There's always a chance something will happen."

This speech, too, was part of young Mr. Stanton's act. Being an optimistic soul, as all transatlantic flyers of necessity must, he did not believe for an instant he could fail. Past experience with the ladies, however, had taught him the gay quip on danger and the debonair laugh at death were too effective to be ignored.

"You're so wonderfully brave about it all." She said it so simply that he looked at her suspiciously. He couldn't quite tell whether she was kidding him or not.

"I wish I wasn't going away so soon," he remarked, getting along with the idea he had in mind.

"You're leaving when?"

"Day after tomorrow. Fly to New York, ship to France. I certainly don't get any breaks at all. I would have to meet you at the last minute like this. Where you been all my life?"

"But you're coming back here, aren't you?"

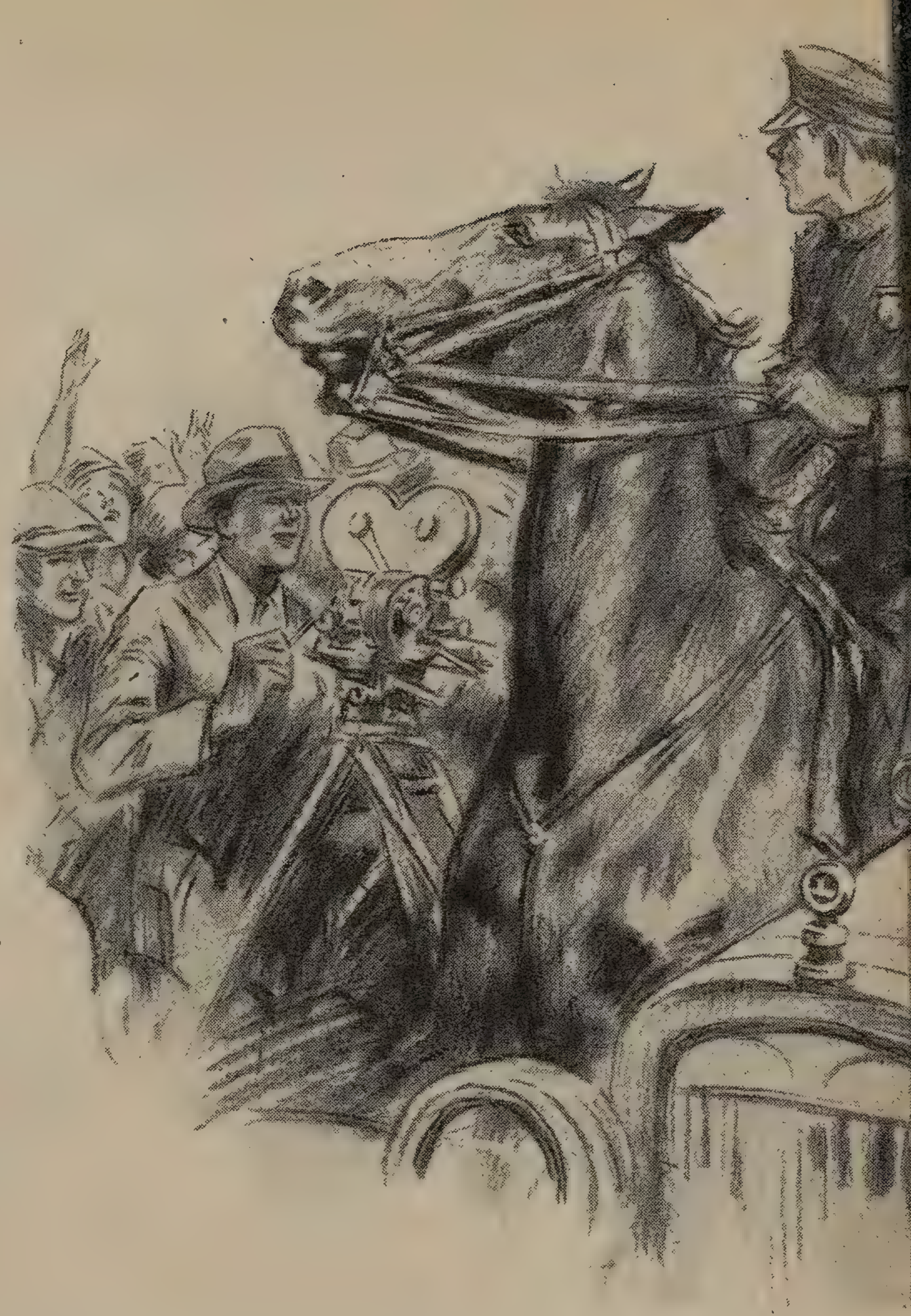
"In a couple of months, maybe, but that's too long. Listen—er—what'd Jerry say your name was?"

"Alice Calhern."

"I'm going to call you Alice. Listen, Alice, how about you and me and dinner tonight?"

"You—you want to take me to dinner?"

"Won't be happy unless I do. I know a couple of quiet little places, or we can go somewhere and dance. I'll pick you up. Where do you live?"



He awaited an answer to this question with interest. It sometimes made a difference to Jack where they lived—and with whom.

"I live with my mother at the Roxbury Apartments."

"Oh, well," said Jack philosophically, "we can go over to Ed Andrews' apartment if we have to. I live with my folks, too—makes it kind of inconvenient sometimes. I'll see you at seven."

SHE started to climb out of the cockpit. He took one of the buckskin shoes in his hand, placed it on the projecting step, then surreptitiously pushed it off the support. As she half fell he caught her in his arms and lowered her slowly, gently to the ground. He did not release her immediately, nor did she struggle to break free. She stood for a moment limply, willingly in his arms.

"See you tonight, Elsie," he said, finally letting her go.

"Alice," she corrected.

"Gee, I certainly ought to be able to remember *your* name." He waved good-by and joined Jerry in the hangar.

"A pushover," he announced to his toiling mechanic. "Just like taking candy away from a kid. Looks like a large evening, my boy."

Jerry wiped his nose with a smudgy hand.

"She ain't twenty-one,' he counseled.

"If I fall in the Atlantic Ocean it won't make a bit of difference how old she is," said Jack. "And, besides, this twenty-one business is all out of date."

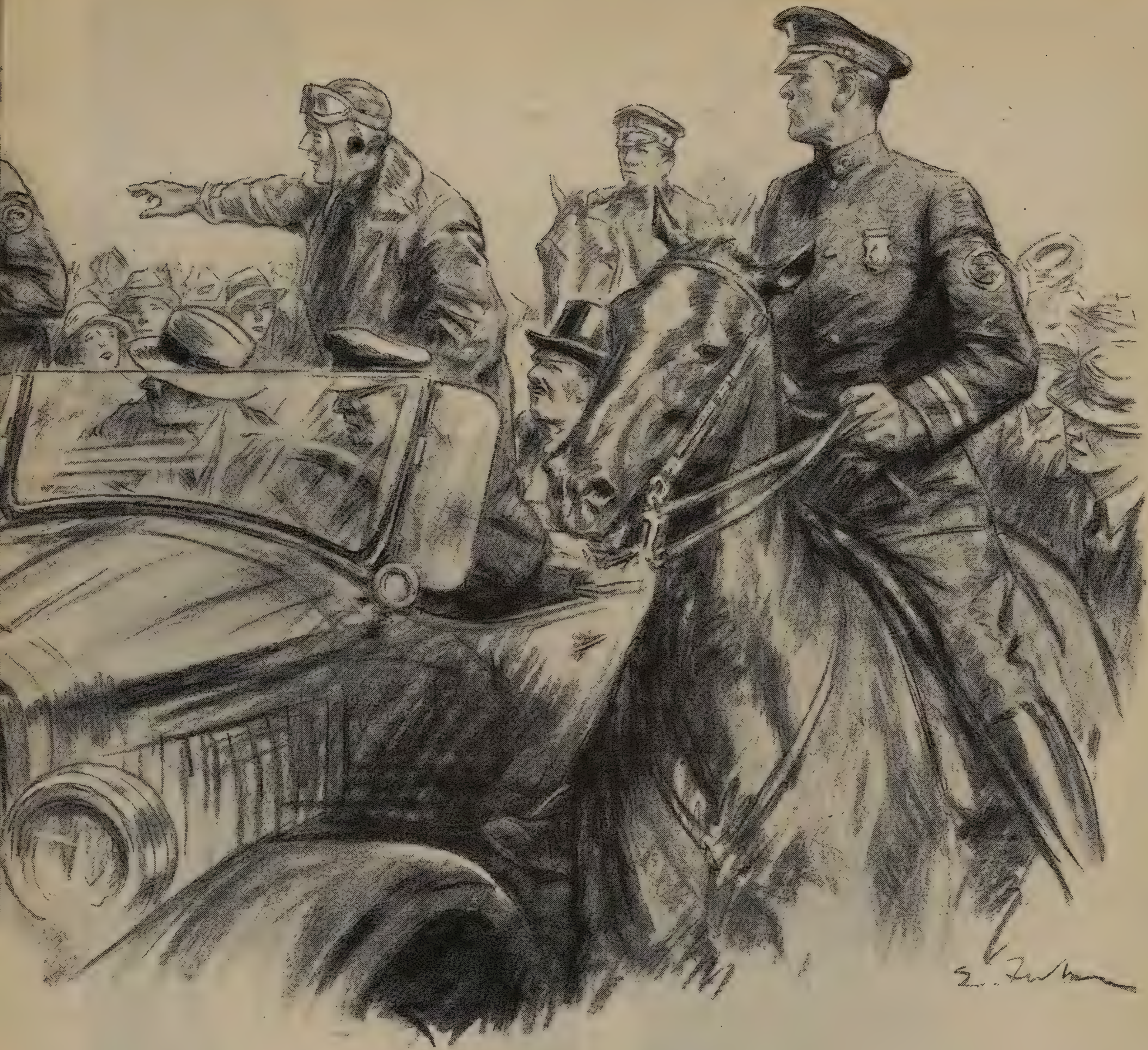
"One of these chickens is going to take you to the cleaner's some day," Jerry warned him. "You ought to think about that once in a while."

"Me think?" Jack laughed. "Don't be silly. When do I ever get time to think?"

"Take a day off sometime and catch up on your thinking," Jerry advised. "It might do you a lot of good."

"Every time I think it gets me into trouble."

"Have you thought what you're going to do with this



He saw her then—at least he saw a slim arm sticking up above a thousand heads, a tiny hand waving wildly.

Louise who was around here looking for you today?" Jerry wanted to know.

"O-o-o-oh, gosh!" Jack massaged his ear. "How'll I get rid of her? Had a date with her tonight, too."

"I'll sidetrack her," said Jerry. "Might even step her out myself."

. . . . .

JACK and Alice left the Blue Lantern, where they had been dancing, at midnight. She didn't smoke and she didn't drink. She danced beautifully, too beautifully—"just fell all over me," he told Jerry the next day.

He threw out half a dozen leads and she didn't seem to know what he was talking about—or at least she acted that way. She was awfully smart or terribly dumb. He suggested they stop in at Ed Andrews' apartment. Alice said she would love to. She seemed so eager that Jack decided he wouldn't take her there at all. He finally drove her out along the beach. A clear quarter-moon shone faintly across the water.

He turned in facing the sea and switched off the motor. She snuggled in close beside him. It wasn't the fact that she placed her head on his shoulder that puzzled him—it was the way she did it.

"You'll write to me, won't you, Jack?" she murmured.

"I'm not very good at writing," he told her evasively, "and I'm going to be awfully busy. I'll send you some postal cards, though."

"But you can't say very much on a postal card," she demurred.

"Oh, I can say a lot. I write awful small."

"But I mean you can't say—" She hesitated.

"I can't say what?"

"You can't say the things I'd like to have you say."

He looked at her in the darkness and made a face at the moon. So that was the gag. He should have known. She wanted him to say the things she wanted him to say. She'd better get that funny idea out of her mind.

There were two things Jack Stanton did not do: he never went with the same girl for more than two weeks at a time—there were too many of them wandering around—and he never, under any circumstances, told them he loved them. He had made that mistake once and let himself in for a nerve-racking time.

No, sir! He wanted it clearly understood that love was not a consideration. He wouldn't even mention the word.

"All right, baby," he assured her to end the discussion. "I'll write to you every time I get a chance."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

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IS AN EVENT THAT
WOMEN OF FASHION
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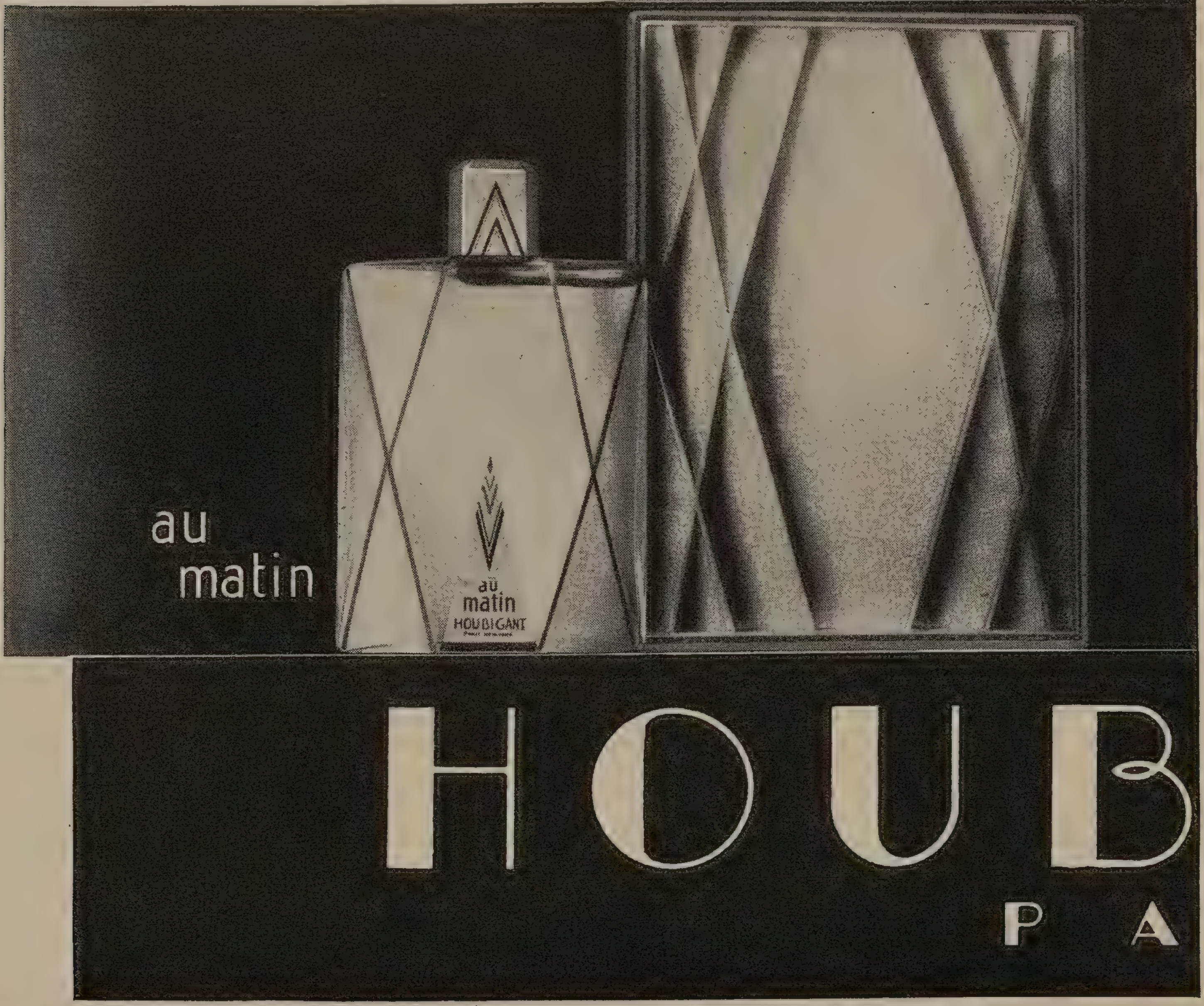
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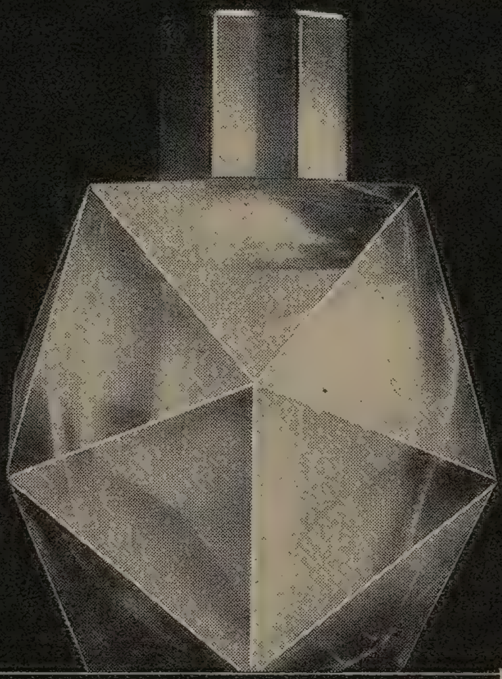

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

“ And you will come back here—to me? ” Her face was lifted toward his—appeal in her eyes.

“ You betcha I will, baby.”

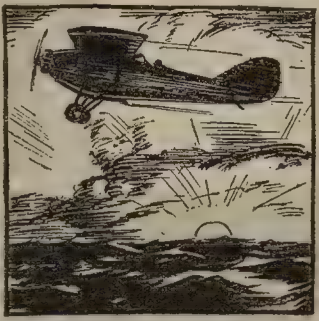
He drove her home, saw her to the door, remained for a lingering kiss. He told her he would phone and let her know what time he was pushing off for New York so she could come out and see him away. He kissed her again, stopped at the nearest drug store, and phoned Louise. She did not answer. It was too late to do much else, so he went home.

The next afternoon she called him at the hangar. Jerry answered.

“ It's Alice,” he whispered to Jack.

“ She's checked off the list. Tell her I'm not around.”

Jerry lied convincingly.



“ She wants to know what time you're leavin' in the morning. Says you promised to tell her so she could come out and tell you good-by.”

“ Tell her seven o'clock.”

Jerry told her.

“ I thought you were going to get away at six? ” said Jerry, after hanging up the phone.

“ I am,” said Jack.

It was after six thirty the next morning before Jack Stanton and the red and white plane were ready to go. Last-minute details had delayed him—among them bidding a fond farewell to three different young ladies and explaining to each, confidentially and separately, that his life would be empty until he could hold their hands and gaze into their eyes again. Alice was not among the three. He didn't even think of Alice. There were too many other things on his mind.

He adjusted the straps to his parachute, hooked the safety belt across his lap, tested the engine in a thundering crescendo, waved cheerily to the crowd, kicked on right brake and rudder, swung out on to the field, and started to taxi to the far end of the runway.

A roadster stopped at the fence with a shrieking of brakes. A girl in a white skirt and a blue sweater leaped out, ran frantically through the crowd, and fairly flew up the runway in the dusty wake of the plane.

“ Jack! ” she screamed. “ Oh, Jack! Wait a minute! Wait a minute! ”

THE engine idled down. The big plane lumbered to a stop. The girl scurried around the tail, clambered up on the step. She was a different sort of blonde this morning. Her eyes were flashing, her bosom heaving.

“ You big—you big bighead! ” she shouted so he could hear above the noise of the motor. “ You tried to sneak away without telling me good-by! ”

“ I tried to phone you, baby; honest I did,” he lied.

“ You didn't either; you know you didn't.”

“ Honest I did, baby. I had to leave early—trying to beat out a storm over Arizona.”

“ I don't believe you.”

“ I was going to phone you from New York,” said Jack. “ Come on, give me a farewell kiss, baby. I gotta be going.”

“ Oh, Jack darling. Think if I had missed you! ”

She threw her arms around his neck and laid her head against his cheek. The crowd watched delightedly from the concrete apron—except, perhaps, the three young ladies who had but recently been in an almost identical position.

“ You'll write to me every day, darling? ”

“ You betcha.”

He disengaged her arms from his neck and shoved her gently to the ground.

“ I'll pray for you every second, darling,” she said, standing there, her hair whipping wildly in the blast of the propeller.

“ Look out for that tail! ” he shouted. She moved back. He hooked on the throttle and covered her with a hurricane of dust. He saw her again as he roared by, arching swiftly into the sky. He couldn't be sure but he felt she was crying. And strangely enough he watched her so long he did not have time to look for the other three girls—and his mother and father—or even Jerry Bodler—he didn't see anyone but her.

Jack met a swell number in New York. Her name was Gertrude—Gertie for short. She knew every night club and speakeasy from Battery Park to the Bronx. In the three nights he was there they visited them all. She kissed him good-by at the boat and told him that if he wasn't back in two weeks she'd kill herself—or, better than that, wait until he did get back and they'd both kill themselves for lack of sleep.

His sojourn in France was a horse of a different hue. Jerry was with him there. When it came time to quit playing and settle down to work, Jack quit playing. He knew what it meant to keep awake for thirty-six hours, to sit in the same seat in the same position for a day and a half, every nerve on edge, eyes, ears, brain awake—wide, wide awake. He slept for hours each night, slept until he hated the sight of a bed.

HE sent one postal card to Alice. At the same sitting he mailed cards to a selected list of eleven other girls in various parts of the country and at least twenty men. He wrote a letter to his mother and cabled Gertie.

The weather man told him one afternoon that things looked right for a following morning start. He planned to take off at dawn. That would bring him to New York in the forenoon of the next day—if he got to New York.

It was going to be a tight squeeze. Thirty-six hundred miles it was over the Great Circle course—he carried thirty-six hours' fuel. He had figured it out once that under average conditions he would still be forty miles from New York when he ran out of gas. But what the hell! He wouldn't run out of gas. He'd make it. He always had gotten where he was going before.

The hotel clerk handed him three letters that evening. One was from his mother—he recognized the handwriting. The second, with a New York postmark, was from Gertie. It said so in the upper left-hand corner. The third, marked “ Personal,” was on blue stationery in a feminine hand. He placed them in his pocket unopened.

“ I'll read them on the way across,” he told Jerry.

He clattered away through a cold dawn, his motor laboring doggedly to drag three tons off the ground. He made it by an eyelash, staggered across the Paris housetops, headed toward the coast, and by the time he reached the Channel was well in the air.

The first three hours passed quickly. He was checking his ground speed, testing his course. Another two hours and he was over the tip of the Irish coast. The morning was warm and cheerful. The big engine purred like a sewing machine. His oil pressure and spirits were up where they belonged. He figured his ground speed since starting—it was good—better than he had expected.

A few minutes later he turned his head and look doubtfully, the least bit fearfully, at the last lingering point of land that was fading from sight in the haze astern.

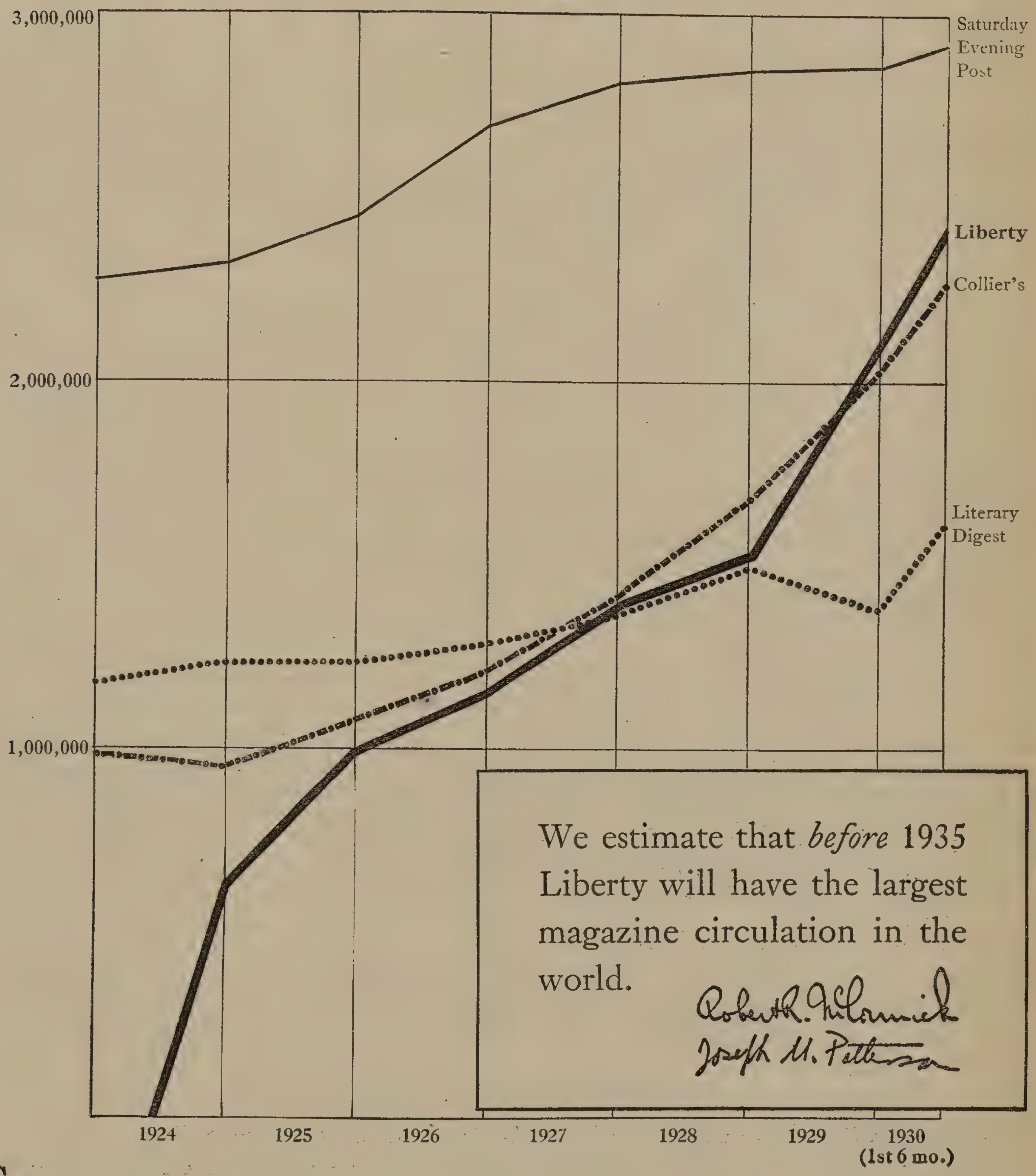
He waved it a kiss, turned, and looked ahead. To every horizon it stretched as far as his eye could scan—Old Man Atlantic—stern, inscrutable, foreboding. There flashed to his mind the others—oh, the many others!—who here had taken their last fond look at earth. Well, that was them. This was Jack Stanton. It wasn't going to be *his* last look at good old solid land. He'd see a lot of it tomorrow. His sigh, however, was a trifle shaky. He settled back into his seat and glanced carelessly over the side.

He started to whistle—then he stopped and wondered what the weather was like ahead. He wondered if there would be fog over Newfoundland—there was, eight months out of the year. He wondered how his mother felt now that she knew he was on his way. Oh, yeah. That letter. He reached in his pocket. The three letters came out together.

He read the one from his mother first. It was just like the ones she had always written before—but not exactly. She said she knew he would succeed—she always said that—but she added that she hoped in the future he'd give a little thought to settling down. Well, maybe that was right. After all, if he hadn't spent all the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

The weekly field



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Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Now the Biggest Newsdealer Circulation of any Magazine

THE NAPE OF HER NECK
Continued from page twenty-six

money he'd made on his other flights he wouldn't be flying over the ocean now. Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to watch the bank roll more closely. Probably, in time, he would settle down.

He tucked her letter behind the map rack at his side. He might want to read it later. Maybe he'd be reading it with water up to his chin.

He studied the blue envelope curiously. He smelled it. It smelled good. He played a guessing game with himself. He tried to recall what his lady friends smelled like. Now wasn't that funny—he could remember a lot of them smelled nice, but he couldn't remember which one smelled like that. Would he read the letter first and guess at the signature—or see the signature first and guess what was in the letter?

After careful consideration—during which he noticed his oil pressure was where it belonged—he decided to look at the signature first. He ripped the letter open. Aw, too bad. It was short—he could read it in no time at all. The signature said "Alice." That little pest! He read:

"Darling—I know God will bring you safely back to me, for I love you."

That's all it said. He looked inside. Nothing there.

God would bring him safely back—but not to Alice. He opened the one from Gertie. It was bound to be good:

"I've arranged free drinks at every joint in town. We'll paint the town scarlet—and how! If you don't fly across in twenty-four hours I'll know you aren't hurrying because you don't love me."

NEXT WEEK—

Does He Get the Girl?

A NEW STORY OF HOLLYWOOD

by

Viña Delmar

Jerry chuckled. What a number this Gertie was! They *would* paint the town scarlet—and how! He looked at his watch. In just about thirty hours the painting would commence. Stick around, Gertie. There was one nice thing about Gertie. She had no illusions. She knew he didn't love her and wasn't going to. He had told her so.

With a silence as loud as a sixteen-inch gun his engine missed a shot—a single-cylinder explosion—then it missed another. Then it purred on as smoothly as ever before. He heard this frightful noise with every nerve and muscle in his body—with his ears, eyes, nose, and toes. He scanned his instruments wildly—saw them all in a flash. Perfectly normal, all of them. Nothing, apparently, was wrong. And yet for an hour he sat listening intently, his heart thumping madly; for an hour his head scarcely moved. And for all of that hour his engine roared rhythmically on.

He checked his position in the last rays of a setting sun that made of the sea a shimmering desert of gold. Darkness had entered the cockpit. He reached forward and switched on the lights of the instrument board. He studied the dials one by one, when slowly, eerily, right there before him—

. . . . .

HE roared down the Westchester shore with motor wide open. He could afford to be prodigal with gasoline. The fates had been kind. He still had a hundred gallons left. It was long before noon. He looked at his watch—thirty hours, about—and from east to west. Let 'em laugh that one off! Far ahead, in the morning sunlight, the towers of Manhattan pierced the sky. He skimmed along a bare hundred feet above the water. Approaching the Bronx he swung up, crossed to the Hudson, and whirled down the river in a din of welcoming noise. He circled the Battery, sailing low and close to the towering buildings, zoomed over Brooklyn, and headed toward Roosevelt Field. Long before he cut his motor for the final glide he could hear the shrieking cheers of the crowd.

Gertie found him in the hangar office. Somehow or other she had fought her way through the mob.

Jack jerked her off her feet with a hug.

"Hello, baby!" he shouted.

She winked at him. "Everything set for tonight? A thousand bartenders await to grasp your hand."

He hesitated. "Listen, Gertie," he said. "I'll call you up later." He indicated the seething room. "Got all these newspaper boys and the mayor's committee and a lot of big shots—see? I'll give you a ring as soon as I'm through."

"I'll be waiting by the phone," said Gertie.

They were loading him into a limousine, fighting off the crowd, when he heard her voice. He heard it the very first time above the roar and the din—for somehow he knew she would be there.

"Oo-hoo, Jack!" He could not tell where it came from. He looked frantically everywhere.

"Hey, wait a minute!" he said to the driver. He was squeezed in between two official welcomers and surrounded by mounted police. He stood up and searched the sea of faces.

"Oo-hoo, Jack!"

He saw her then—at least he saw a slim tanned arm sticking up above a thousand heads, a tiny hand waving wildly. Beneath it he could barely distinguish the sun-faded hair. He turned to the mounted cops.

"That little kid over there." He pointed. "The little blonde girl. I want her in here. She's my sister."

They managed to drag her through the crush and deposit her on his lap.

There was no other place for her to sit. She clung to him with her arms around his neck while the crowd yelled its approval and the photographers fought to put the scene on the film. Jack told the driver to drive on—and he didn't care where they went.

. . . . . .

THEY were alone at last. Jack had shoved what seemed like a million people out of the parlor of his hotel suite—he had two suites—and locked the door. He was tired—dog-tired. His lead-lidded eyes were bloodshot, his face gaunt and drawn.

She bent down and kissed him softly on the cheek.

"You're so tired, darling," she said, stroking his head with a soft, cool hand. "Why don't you go to bed and sleep right through till tomorrow?"

"I'm going to, Alice," he said. He stretched his head toward her. "Don't stop that. It feels so good."

She continued to stroke his head.

"There's one thing I want to know," he asked her. "Why did you come back here to meet me?"

"To keep you from making a damn' fool of yourself."

He thought that over for a moment. Finally: "I guess that's a good reason."

"You see, I knew you'd come back, but I wasn't sure you loved me. You do, don't you, Jack?"

He nodded. "You betcha."

"And you always have—since that very first day?"

He shook his head wearily. "Nope. Not all the time."

"You didn't?" She seemed surprised.

"Nope." He pulled himself up wearily in his chair.

"Listen, Alice," he said, looking at her; "did you ever fly across the Atlantic Ocean?"

"Why—"

"No, of course you didn't. Well, you ought to. Everyone ought to—alone. You have no idea what a lot of good it does you."

She looked at him blankly.

"You have so much time for thinking," he went on. "Why, do you know I started thinking right after I left Ireland and didn't stop till I passed New Rochelle! That's over three thousand miles." He paused reflectively.

"What did you think about, Jack?"

"You'd be surprised. I thought about—oh, what difference does it make what I thought? You've got to do something on a trip like that—so I thought."

"Did you think of me?"

"You betcha. Plenty."

"What made you do that?"

He took one of her hands in his.

"Remember that day when you got in the plane and I kissed the back of your neck?"

She nodded.

"And I said that maybe crossing the ocean I'd look down and see the back of your neck right there where it was when I kissed it?"

She nodded again.

"WELL," he declared, "I was kidding you then"—she frowned a little at that—"but darned if that wasn't just exactly what happened!"

She sighed softly.

"And that's when I started thinking hardest. I got to thinking what an awful sap a fellow was who"—his chin sank toward his chest—"what a damn' fool a fellow was to waste his time with—"

His head dropped abruptly. His hold on her hand relaxed. She was startled for an instant—then she rose and brushed a kiss across his forehead.

"Sweet dreams, my darling," she whispered.

She pulled up an ottoman, took his hand in hers, and watched him as he slept.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—Who wrote Innocents Abroad?

2—What is the birth stone for November?

3—What does pusillanimous mean?

4—What is a sobriquet?

5—What does *de facto* mean?

6—Who said "God helps them that help themselves"?

7—What is the antonym of analysis?

8—What is sterling silver?

9—What is septicæmia?

10—What are the eight parts of speech?

11—What university was founded by Thomas Jefferson?

12—Who wrote under the pen name Uncle Remus?

13—What is the origin of the word alphabet?

14—Admiral Richard E. Byrd is a native of what state?

15—How long is the Panama Canal?

16—What is an acute angle?

17—Mercator's projection is used in connection with what?

18—What is a doxology?

19—What two bodies comprise the national legislature of France?

20—What king did Anne Boleyn marry?

(Answers will be found on page 35)

There's no substitute *for* FACE FITNESS

STANDS are thronged now, gridirons dotted, with Faces that are Fit. And millions of these men, young and old, know that the most essential part of good grooming is keeping one's face fit. It's the part for which there can be no substitute. And they know, too, that there is no substitute for Williams.

They begin their days with Williams Shaving Service. They will have no other. Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

First the Williams lather. Rich and quick. Mild and thick. Cool. A natural coolness, without sting, *then* or *thereafter*. Lather that has been Standard for ninety years. Lather for the skin as well as for the beard. "Oh, yes," the drug clerk says, "sometimes they change.... *but they all come back to Williams!*" There is no substitute.

Then Aqua Velva, for after shaving. Just for that. A pleasant tingle. A sparkling coolness. A feeling that one's face is vigorous, alert, alive.

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For men who seek a shave that's quick and cool, smooth and grateful, followed by an all day sense of good grooming, Face Fitness—the Williams Shaving Service—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. No substitutes!

Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face
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Luxury
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LARGE SIZE
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Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

Women

A New Voice Is Heard in American Politics

Mrs. John S. Sheppard, descendant of judges: "Prohibition reform is the most important task confronting those interested in social work."

(Reading time: 21 minutes 4 seconds.)

EVER since Carrie Nation stalked about Kansas, smashing bars with her trusty hatchet and haranguing multitudes on the evils of rum, prohibition has been considered a woman's cause. Women might be as flighty and disorganized as an army of fluttering hens on most issues, politicians held, but on the subject of drink they were undoubtedly of one great herd mind. They would vote a mighty "No!" on all questions pertaining to alcoholic beverages, or so men believed. Brewers and distillers turned pale at the very thought of the then withheld franchise being extended to women. The woman's vote, they believed, meant their certain finish.

To a great extent they were right. Nobody doubts that if a referendum of women had been taken a dozen years ago, it would have been overwhelmingly dry. Many women, particularly in the middle west, were dry because of a strict social tradition that had grown up about drinking. In these circles a "nice woman" not only refrained from drinking; she eschewed anything but the most casual social interest in everybody who didn't refrain.

But that was before women had lived through eleven years of national prohibition. The elections this fall present the spectacle—once undreamed—of a powerful woman's party fighting at the polls for candidates who favor repeal of the constitutional prohibition amendment. "Who are these women?" the Mrs. Grundy of a dozen years ago would have asked. "Certainly they can be nobody of importance. A few fourth-rate actresses, no doubt, or women of the streets who want their grog."

You are wrong, Mrs. Grundy. The new women wets include many of the most prominent and powerful women in the country, so conservative by nature and habit of thought that they never become liberal until years after other people do. The mothers who once wanted to save their sons from the saloon are now battling to save their granddaughters from the speakeasy. Many of them are total abstainers—have no personal interest in liquor at all—but are horrified at the havoc wrought among young people by the Eighteenth Amendment and disgusted with the hypocrisy and rollicking disrespect for law it has engendered.

Hundreds of thousands of these sober-minded conservatives have enrolled themselves under the banner of a society whose existence would have been deemed impossible a dozen years ago. It is the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform. These women demand the repeal of the prohibition amendment and that the separate states be given back their former power of regulation.

They are not a "ladies' auxiliary." They have no connection with any group of men having similar aims. They are nonpartisan and nonsectarian and they are entirely financed by women. After less than a year and a half of existence they have a quarter of a million members. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, fifty-six years old, has only half a million. Mrs. Charles H. Sabin is national chairman of the big wet group.

Underwood & Underwood

Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt, who is the mother of four children: "I shall give all the time I can spare to help them work for a change in the law."

New York Times Studio

Alice Foote MacDougall, business woman: "The prohibitionist is no better than those whose persecution drove our forefathers from their homes."

"The majority of women favored the prohibition law when it went into effect," says Mrs. Sabin. "But after ten years they realize prohibition hasn't promoted temperance, but retarded it. In my opinion, nothing could be worse than the old-time saloon—except the present-time speakeasy. The license of a saloon was revoked if it sold to minors. In speakeasies boys and girls in their teens can buy anything. According to Grover Whalen, New York's former police commissioner, there were six thousand licensed saloons in New York in the old days. Now there are thirty-two thousand speakeasies known to the police.

"Many of our members are young mothers—too young to remember the old saloon. But they are working for repeal because they don't want their babies to grow up in the hip-flask, speakeasy atmosphere that has polluted their own youth."

No self-respecting person wants drunkenness. Everybody wants temperance. The W. C. T. U., which helped foist prohibition on the country, is a "temperance" union, but it has belied its name and promoted pure-

WETS

By

GRACE ROBINSON

© Harris & Ewing

Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, chairman of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform: "Prohibition has not promoted temperance."

sounding total abstinence laws which the people ridicule and won't obey.

Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt, mother of four small children, and an ardent believer in temperance, says: "I favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment because I believe that the intemperance and hypocrisy we see all around us are directly attributable to the attempt of a well organized minority to force this law on the American people.

"I believe temperance can only be brought about through agitation and self-control, not through legislation, no matter with what harsh measures it is enforced.

Photo by Standiford

Mrs. Katherine Hoyt Mather of Ohio, national vice chairman of the women repealist group: "A sumptuary law has no right in the Constitution."

Underwood & Underwood

Mrs. William Fellowes Morgan, Y. W. C. A. leader: "Girls who never thought of touching a cocktail have told me that they have learned to like them."

"The evils of the present situation are many. Our children are becoming 'drink-conscious' as never before, through hearing this subject endlessly discussed.

"Unlicensed saloons spring up in the smallest community and our prisons are in a ghastly state of overcrowding through convictions from this law.

"For all these reasons I have joined the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform and shall give all the time I can spare to help them work for a change in the law."

Mrs. William Lowell Putnam, a pillar of conservatism in New England, has joined the women wets because she regards prohibition as a national catastrophe. She is a sister of President Lowell of Harvard University and of the late Amy Lowell, distinguished poet.

"All the young people are drinking!" exclaims Mrs. Putnam in alarm. "When I was young, girls drank, at the most, a very little champagne at parties. The younger girls didn't drink at all. There were no hip flasks, and I never saw a girl drunk. Now, I'm told, it's a common sight. College men have always drunk, ever since colleges started.

"Prohibition is not a national question. It's a state question, like almost everything else. More important than a man's drinking or nondrinking habits is the question of his character. We're a nation of hypocrites now, and hypocrisy is worse than drink.

"Men and women have lost their consciences. I'm chairman of the fact-finding committee of the Massachusetts women's prohibition reform organization. I have seen a state report, containing figures on admissions to hospitals and other liquor data, copied and issued with so much falsification that you'd never recognize it as the same report.

"I have sixteen grandchildren, from fourteen years to less than a year old. I don't want them to grow up in an atmosphere of speakeasies and lies. I want them to respect themselves and other people. Prohibition has made drinking the fashion. It's a bad law and should be repealed."

CHARLOTTE H. NOLAND, head of the fashionable Foxcroft girls' school at Middleburg, Va., is especially anxious about the moral health of young people under prohibition. She says: "At the time the present prohibition law was enacted I was mildly opposed, but subsequent observation has made me bitterly against it, particularly with regard to its effect on youth. In my opinion, the failure of the prohibition law has created a popular disrespect for law of any kind. I favor complete repeal of the amendment and advocate each state's regulating its own liquor problem."

In Independence, Ia., there is Mrs. Amos Noyes Currier, eighty-seven-year-old wife of the late Dean Currier of the University of Iowa, who taught Greek and Latin. She is opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment "because I do not believe that the Constitution is intended to be the vehicle of specific law or methods. While some benefits have undoubtedly resulted, they are more than offset by the rise to wealth and power of the underworld, the debauching of law-enforcement agencies, and the great increase in the drinking of hard liquor by both old and young. Much of it is consumed in places where, before prohibition, it would not have been tolerated.

"I advocate state control and have always stressed temperance. In my youth there was practically no drinking by women or young people, as exists today."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

There is probably not a woman in the country more concerned with upright living among young girls than the next woman we quote, Mrs. William Fellowes Morgan. She was formerly on the national board of the Young Women's Christian Association and for years was president of the board of directors of the Y. W. C. A. in New York City. She is still an active member of that board.

Mrs. Morgan says: "I believe in the repeal of the prohibition amendment because I consider it has been a failure. It is a law which cannot be enforced owing to the fact that too many thousands of people disapprove of it and are consistently breaking it.

"This disregard of law and order is most demoralizing to the whole country. Girls who never thought of touching a cocktail before prohibition have told me that they learned to like them in order to be up with the times and now feel the need of them.

"During the hysteria of war the American people were deceived by a minority into thinking that prohibition would be a benefit. It has proved a failure and they find themselves deprived of the right to drink in moderation—a right granted them by the Constitution of the United States."

Wide World photo

Miss Agnes Repplier: "Any law that can't justify itself in ten years ought to be given up."

Photo by Mary Dale Clarke

Mrs. August Belmont: "You cannot change the personal habits of a nation by legislation."

Alice Foote MacDougall, whose coffee shops have made their owner famous as a brilliant business woman, spoke her mind to Liberty as follows: "Prohibition is based on false premises by people so prejudiced they cannot recognize the fallacy of their position, so ignorant they are incompetent to decide so vital a question.

"No intelligent person believes that drunkenness can be cured by the removal of alcohol. Strength does not come through doing away with temptation. Knowledge, education, realization are slow, but they are the only means by which to regulate men's appetites.

"The Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed because men and women should have the right of personal decision. The fundamental principles of our country have been violated. The prohibitionist is no better than those people whose persecution drove our forefathers from their homes and forced them to seek freedom to live according to their own convictions, exactly as we are fighting for our convictions.

"THERE never was a time when immorality was as vicious and as sordid as it is now among our boys and girls, our men and women. I have not seen one good result from prohibition. Men and women who never tasted liquor before are hard drinkers now. Ten years ago it was a disgrace to be tight. Now it is smart. We used to have afternoon teas. Now we have cocktail parties.

"We will not be content, as they are in Europe, with light wines and beer. Prohibition has forced whisky and gin upon us, and many years of drunkenness and sorrow must pass before we return to the sober moderation of preprohibition days.

"I never believed that prohibition was a cure for the corner saloon and drunkenness. I worked for temperance and the abolition of the saloon and the separation of the sale of liquor from the liquor interests. I believe each state should have the right of decision, and that the government should regulate the sale of liquor."

Mrs. Barrett Wendell, an important and patriotic New Englander, has joined the ranks of the repealists. She is honorary president of the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Dames, whose women are proud of their American lineage. She is also chairman of the Massachusetts Women's Department of the National Civic Federation, and vice president of the National Girl Scouts. She believes in scrapping prohibition, "first, because I believe it is against the Constitution of the United States; second, because I believe it is a state question, not a national one; third, prohibition encourages hypocrisy and lawlessness and has practically abolished light wines and beer in favor of hard liquor; and, fourth, it has a demoralizing effect on the young."

Mrs. Katherine Hoyt Mather of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, is national vice chairman of the repealist organization. She is a distinguished Ohio matron, active in settlement work and the Red Cross, and has an eighteen-year-old daughter. "Unless we eliminate the Eighteenth Amendment," she declares, "we will not do away with the evil consequences now existing. A sumptuary law has no right in the Constitution.

"Speakeasies and bootleg liquor have increased drinking among young people to an appalling degree. I had hoped the Eighteenth Amendment would accomplish temperance, but I feel the contrary has happened.

"The only benefit is the elimination of the saloons. Temperance must come by control and education, not abolition. I think the past eleven years prove that conclusively."

MRS. JOHN DEWITT PELTZ is former president of the Junior League in New York City, a high-minded charitable organization which honors with membership only a chosen few of the city's annual crop of débutantes. Voicing her individual opinion, Mrs. Peltz says regretfully: "When prohibition became a fact I felt that as an ideal for the country it took a high place in conceptions of enlightened development. When I realized that it would not work, when I recognized the fact that the most serious and law-abiding men and women of my acquaintance, even if they continued to preach prohibition for the other fellow, did not consider it as binding on themselves, I concluded that it was not one more demonstration of national idealism but rather of national hypocrisy.

"I feel prohibition is a failure in every sense throughout the country. I believe sumptuary laws have no place in the Constitution. The question of prohibition, in my opinion, belongs to the individual states, by whom it can also be more effectively enforced.

"As I see it, prohibition was put into the Constitution because it was felt that the women of the country, about to be given the suffrage, were in favor of it. Whether this was the case or not, the women of today are showing a united and enthusiastic opposition to the law as it now stands.

"It is for such movements as the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform to prove that the women of the country believe in temperance rather than bootleggers, and freedom in place of forbidden fruit."

Mrs. Henry Nelson Rose, chairman of the Columbus, Ohio, branch of the women's repealist group, is also a member of the Colonial Dames. She has two sons, one at Princeton, the other at Harvard Law School. She denounces the present prohibition situation as "a menace to the moral stability of the nation."

"I have always opposed the Eighteenth Amendment," says Mrs. Rose, "as exactly calculated to nullify education in temperance, in which lies the only possible solution of the liquor problem.

"The inevitable futility of attempted enforcement adds a general disrespect for law to the deplorable impetus which the Volstead Act has given to national abuse of alcohol. Especially pernicious is the effect upon the youth of the country, whose protection was one of prohibition's most persuasive campaign arguments. To place upon the law the responsibility for securing temperance removes from the individual the safeguard of his pride

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

THEY ESTABLISHED STIRRUP-CUP ...AND COOLER SMOKE

These care-free, charming people . . . always has it been their lot to discover each new enjoyment of their generation. And so they discovered Spud's cooler smoke. Their pleasure-trained senses found that cooler smoke revolutionized tobacco enjoyment . . . that it lifted old-fashioned restraint from modern tobacco appetites . . . keeping mouths and throats forever moist-cool and comfortable. Thus, they pioneered in Spud's cooler smoke, and established this generation's delightful new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

Spud
20 Cents
Menthol-Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

WOMEN WETS
Continued from page thirty-two

in self-control, while alcohol remains plentiful. The only way out lies in repeal.”

From Mrs. August Belmont we have this simple and lucid expression: “The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is *not* a moral issue—it is simply a form of law.

“Temperance, the purpose behind this legal experiment, *is* a moral issue and of vital importance to us all. Laws are made by man for the protection and betterment of mankind. If the form or experiment created to secure this end fails of its purpose, scrap it and try another experiment.

“I believe you cannot change the personal habits of a nation by legislation. Education is the way to do that. I also believe that if one-quarter of the money spent in enforcing prohibition were devoted for the next ten years to education on the benefits of temperance, this experiment at the end of that time would show an infinitely better record of achievement.”

Agnes Repplier, famous essayist, believes the liquor question is properly a state concern, not a responsibility of the federal government. “The prohibition law has had a fair trial,” she continues. “Any law that can't justify itself in ten years ought to be given up.

“Under prohibition young people drink far too much.

“When I was young all college men drank. Athletics came in, and drinking went out to a great extent. It was becoming less and less every year, just as it is becoming less and less in England now. With the coming of prohibition right after the war, drinking became amusing and daring. People have become so accustomed to strong prohibition beverages that I don't believe they'd drink beer and wine, if these were given them.”

International News photo

Mrs. William Lowell Putnam: “We're a nation of hypocrites and hypocrisy is worse than drink.”

Abolition of the army canteen with its resultant decline in soldiers' morale prefigured the catastrophe which later smote the whole nation, according to Mrs. Attwood R. Martin of Louisville, Ky. As George Madden Martin she is known as the author of Emmy Lou—Her Book and Heart, and other stories. She was probably the first woman in the United States to take up her pen against prohibition as opposed to temperance.

“Around 1912,” she says, “the United States government abolished the canteen on every army post in the United States and territories. The canteen meant the sale on the post, under official oversight and jurisdiction, of light wines and beer to the soldiers. With the canteen abolished, immediately the speakeasy, its so-called rotgut liquor, and all the accompanying evils sprang up outside every army post. The effects were disastrous and the falling off of the morale of the enlisted man was immediate.

“NOW, with national prohibition, it's the same story in the large as it was in the small.

“In my own Kentucky, before 1920, one hundred and fifteen of its one hundred and twenty counties had adopted some form of liquor control. With the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment this state system of local control was wiped out and today the entire one hundred and twenty counties are wide open and wet.

“I stand for unrestricted repeal of the amendment and the return to states and territories of the constitutional right to handle this question, each for itself. Had national prohibition accomplished all its proponents hoped for, I would still be opposed, because I believe that the Eighteenth Amendment represents the most violent attack up to this time on the fundamental spirit of the Constitution.”

Mrs. Martin is one of the organizers of the women's reform group in Kentucky and is chairman of the executive committee.

Reared in the strict tenets of the Presbyterian Church, Mrs. James Ross Todd, chairman of the Kentucky organization, declares that every promise held out by prohibition advocates has failed to materialize.

From Louisville she writes: “The jails and penitentiaries are not empty; the number of lunatics has not decreased; the poor and unfortunate are still with us. To the contrary, the jails and penitentiaries are fuller; the percentage of lunatics per thousand has increased alarmingly in every state.

“The corruption and graft among federal and state officials have seemingly become a virtue and the great personal and political rights guaranteed to the citizens of each state are violated with impunity or disregarded.

“In addition, there has been bred, under the Volstead Act, a fast growing class who, disregarding all law, have capitalized the violations of law as a business. This business produces enormous monetary returns, which in turn are used in the corruption of lawmakers, law enforcers, and in fact the whole body politic.

“The effect on young people seems to be an unhappy one. The moral strength and manliness to overcome intemperance have been supplanted by a determination to evade what they consider an unjust law.

“I HAVE always considered prohibition wrong in principle—economically unsound and psychologically stupid. It should be repealed because it is foreign to the plan of government chosen by our forefathers and crystallized by them into the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. I advocate no new amendment, but believe the question should be left to each state for its own regulation and control.”

Mrs. Todd is a home-maker by vocation, has two grown children, and is active in the Children's City Club and American Red Cross.

After years of energetic labor in the hospital social service field, Mrs. John S. Sheppard discovered with horror that the familiar old demon Rum had been supplanted by an ogre far more dreadful and its name was Prohibition. She resigned from several of her hospital activities to become chairman of the New York state division of the women's reform organization.

“Prohibition reform is the most important task confronting those interested in social work today,” she declares. “The directors of the social service departments of two of the largest hospitals in New York were for prohibition, but are now against it because of the deplorable conditions which it has brought about. The same statement as to the disastrous effect of prohibition is made by the director of the nursing service of the New York department of health. She has hundreds of nurses under her who report on conditions as they find them in homes all over the city. The same statement is made also by the executive director of the Children's Welfare Federation, and the director of the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association.

“Let me tell you what Dr. Katharine B. Davis said recently—Dr. Davis, for thirteen years head of the New York State Reformatory for Women and nationally known for her welfare work. She had been for prohibition ‘for three generations,’ but now she has turned against it, and she says: ‘I have decided that prohibition has not worked and never can work. In a country presumably bone dry, drinking is almost universal. To supply that demand those who are selling liquor are selling poison. I believe very strongly in temperance in all things, but I believe that it can only be brought about by education and example. Ten years of federal prohibition have shown it a failure.’

“Judge Franklin Hoyt, presiding justice of the New York City Children's Court, says that over fifty per cent of children brought before his court today are there because of the intemperance of their parents. This percentage is as high, if not higher, than it was before the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment.

“Dr. Matthias Nicoll, Jr., for many years commissioner of health in New York State, presents figures based on the returns of the census bureau and other official sources. These show that deaths from alcoholism have increased more than three hundred per cent since prohibition. He also said: ‘There can be no question that the number of deaths is far below the actual number, for the reason that physicians will not attribute the death of a patient to this cause if it can be avoided.' "

Mrs. Sheppard is descended from five generations of judges. She has three grandchildren.

From Carol R. McDowell, research secretary of the Family Welfare Association, Milwaukee, Wis., come startling figures that show how beneficent an influence prohibition has *not* been among families coming under its care. In 1919-20, only 1.5 per cent of the families found themselves in difficulties because of liquor. In 1928-29, in the full swing of the prohibition era, 18.4 per cent of these unfortunate families traced their plight to liquor.

Mrs. John Grier Hibben, wife of the president of Princeton University, belongs to the women's repealist movement and declares: " I believe in it most heartily."

For the sake of her sons, ten and thirteen years old, Mrs. Leslie Wheeler of Lake Forest, Ill., has joined the women wets. " It is because of them," she says, " that I, who have no occupation except that of wife and mother, am giving all the time I can spare to the reform cause. I don't want my boys to grow up in an atmosphere of hypocrisy, lawlessness, and disrespect for government. I feel the speakeasy and the bootlegger are the most insidious enemies of my children and the children of the nation.

" When the amendment was passed, it did not mean very much to me one way or the other because I was not drink conscious. The only drinking I saw was temperate. The young people of my age just didn't drink, although there was always wine in our home.

" I feel true temperance cannot be attained by coercion but by education."

Mrs. Wheeler advocates state control, and hopes the saloon will never be restored.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

1—Mark Twain.
2—Topaz.
3—Of weak or mean spirit; cowardly.
4—An assumed name.
5—Actually; in fact.
6—Benjamin Franklin.
7—Synthesis.
8—An alloy of 925 parts silver and 75 parts copper.
9—Blood poisoning.
10—Noun, adjective, pronoun, verb, adverb, preposition, conjunction, and interjection.
11—University of Virginia.
12—Joel Chandler Harris.
13—Alpha and beta, the first two letters of the Greek alphabet.
14—Virginia.
15—Fifty and three-tenths miles.
16—One of less than ninety degrees.
17—Maps.
18—A short hymn in praise to God.
19—The Senate and the Chamber of Deputies.
20—Henry VIII of England.

What bath to give me energy?

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Send for "The Book About Baths"

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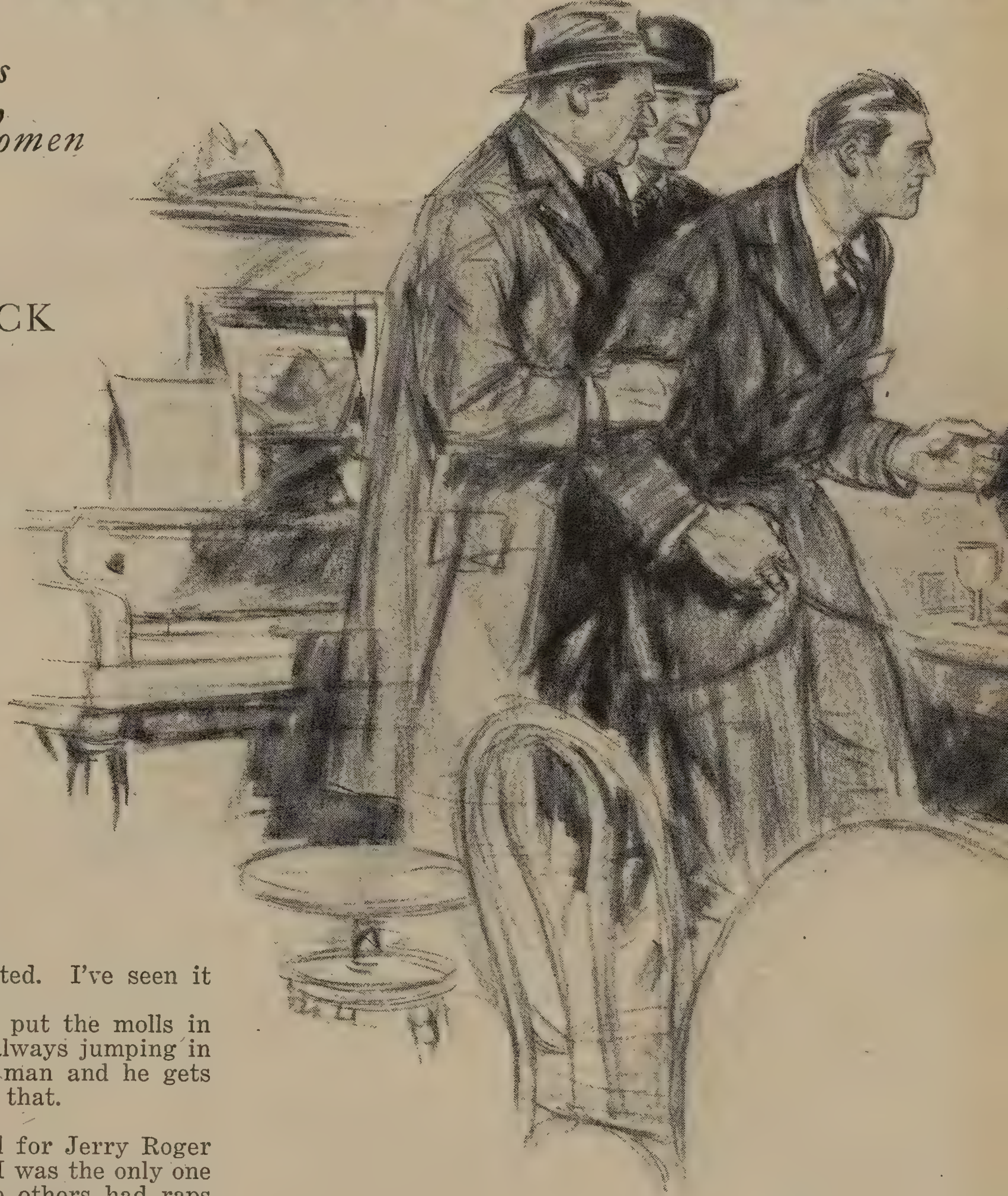
Meet the MOLL

A Heist Guy's Adventures with Women

As Told to EUGENE SEGAL

By ROY CHADWICK

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY



(Reading time: 18 min. 36 sec.)

THESE are the first-hand confessions of a genuine, all-round racketeer. Their authenticity is vouched for by Charles P. Taft, 2nd, who met Chadwick in the course of his duties as prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County, Ohio.

THE hustler's moll is a public favorite. Bring a man and his girl into court on the same rap and you can be pretty sure that the jury will give him a ride while acquitting her.

All her mouthpiece has to tell the jury is that she's not a criminal—just a woman, like every other woman, sacrificing her life for a man. They'll probably acquit her anyway, but they're expecting the spiel and don't want to be disappointed. I've seen it work.

It's the moving pictures that have put the molls in right with the public. The broad is always jumping in the way when the law blasts at her man and he gets off without a nick. Or something like that.

Now let me tell you one.

We were putting on a good funeral for Jerry Roger two days after he had been croaked. I was the only one of his hustling friends present. The others had raps against them and couldn't show. As they expected, the law was there. The dicks always attend a gunman's funeral. They never grab anybody, but it's in the book they've got to be there, so they sit in church while the hustlers are out taking off a bank.

The church was lousy with reporters. They were all running around looking for Ada. They wanted to see her cry her eyes out and flop herself over Jerry's casket. Ada was his moll. She was rated the swellest looker of any of the mob girls around southern Ohio. The papers had her and Jerry written up as a true loving couple. It started when he was on the lam once and the law tried to sweat Ada for some information.

"Go to hell!" she yelled back at them. "You think you're smart, don't you? I wouldn't take a dozen of you for Jerry."

Jerry dressed her like a million and was ready to blast the first guy who made a play for her. So everybody was expecting Ada to be the big noise at the funeral.

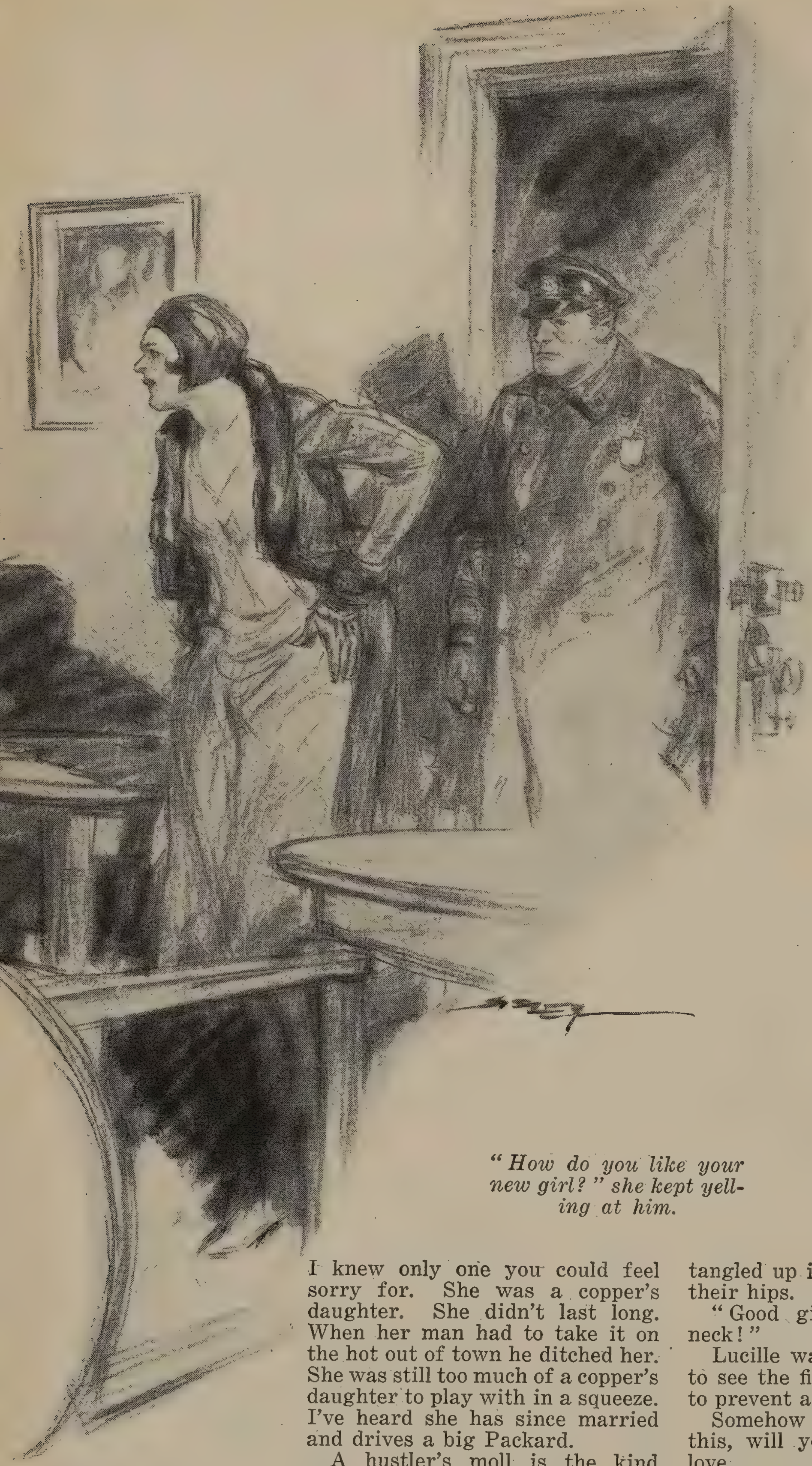
Finally they threw the dirt over Jerry's casket; but still no Ada. Sure not. That same day the dicks raided a booze joint in Newport, Kentucky, across the river from Cincinnati. In a bed upstairs they found Swede Nilan, Jerry's double-crossing friend who had stood by and seen him croaked. Under the bed they found a woman.

"We're married," she yells first thing.

It was Ada.

THAT'S the only kind of loyalty I ever discovered in a moll. The fact is, a woman and a thief take up with each other on a strictly business basis. When a moll looks as if she's in love with a hustler, you can put it down that he's a guy who knows how to get the dough. I've noticed that the first-class thieves are always the ones with the pick of the molls, while the others get the heels.

A woman who puts in with a hustler isn't sacrificing a thing, because except for him she'd be working in the red-light district. That's where most of them come from.



"How do you like your new girl?" she kept yelling at him.

I knew only one you could feel sorry for. She was a copper's daughter. She didn't last long. When her man had to take it on the hot out of town he ditched her. She was still too much of a copper's daughter to play with in a squeeze. I've heard she has since married and drives a big Packard.

A hustler's moll is the kind who wants clothes and diamonds. She'd play sweetheart to a dick if he could give them to her. But a thief is her best bet. Just let her pick out a fur coat, some silk, or a rock in a store window, and if he knows his business he'll get them somewhere. A hustler is a good spender. What he can't steal for his moll, he'll buy with his last cent. When they're out high-lifing it in a crowd of their own kind, he'll lay down his dough dollar for dollar with the next guy. He knows what he's doing. It's not a case of easy come, easy go. Don't think a hustler doesn't lie awake nights like any working sucker wondering where his next poke is coming from. But a thief hates more than anything to be classed with punks, and that's what will happen unless he kicks in for the drinks and keeps his moll looking pretty.

Molls often get in bloody battles over men. As I see it, these are nothing but business arguments, the same as when one guy tries to muscle in on another's racket. Take the fight between Ada and Lucille, a former girl of Jerry's. Lucille ran Ada a close second in looks but she was dumb. When she was plastered she'd blabber Jerry's business all over town and then he'd have to smack her in the eye. I hardly ever saw her without a shiner. After all, a girl has only two eyes to blacken, so Jerry finally had to drop her.

But Ada never felt quite safe about Lucille. Every time Jerry and Lucille happened to meet, she'd make a crack about their old times together for Ada's benefit.

LUCILLE always tried to match Ada in style. Ada bought a new dress and Lucille had to have the mate to it. It got so that everybody was saying one of those two would just have to be killed.

So we expected the worst one night when Lucille came to Jerry's booze joint alone while Ada was there. You could have blown me over with a popgun. Ada put an arm around her.

"Kid," she said, "the drink's on me."

I can't figure it any other way but that Lucille was looking like a bum. Some punk with whom she had paired off for about a week had beat it, taking all her good clothes with him.

I was watching the molls as they sat down over some drinks. Ada was getting tighter by the minute.

"Lucille ain't dumb," she kept yelling around the joint. "She's just got to learn something."

"Yeh?" was Lucille's only answer.

Ada couldn't make her sore. Suddenly she saw the reason on Lucille's finger. It was a big chunk of ice that Jerry had given Ada and then took back to hock, he said, when he ran short of dough.

Ada reached across the table and grabbed hold of Lucille's cheek from the inside. It was a grip that made her famous. I've seen her tear a mouth a half inch wider.

The table went over with the two molls tangled up in the legs. Their clothes were hanging off their hips.

"Good girl, Lucille!" Jerry yelled. "Break her neck!"

Lucille was licked from the start, but Jerry wanted to see the fight go on. I finally pulled the molls apart to prevent a murder.

Somehow the fight got into the papers next day. Get this, will you? They called it a fight over a man's love.

Maybe I've given you the idea that a thief is just a moll's sap. For a fact, any man has to take his hat off to the thief when it comes to handling women. Around my booze joint I've seen legitimate guys with their girls. Honest, I could sock them in the jaw for taking as much from the broads as they do.

A hustler can ditch his woman any time he wants to, but she isn't to quit until he says so. That's a rule. If a thief loses his girl the word goes out that he

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isn't a good enough man to keep her. And that means only one thing—he's nothing but a petty larceny guy. A moll knows the rule as well as she knows it's good night if she takes poison, and she doesn't walk out on her man unless she's got a long-distance railroad ticket in her pocket.

Once over in Muncie I ran into a girl who shook a former partner of mine in Cincinnati. The kid couldn't open her mouth. She turned white and busted into a drug store. From another thief in town I learned where she was living and that night dropped around to see her. One look at me after she opened the door and she made for a closet.

"I didn't do nothing! I didn't do nothing!" she screamed.

"Come on out of there," I answered.

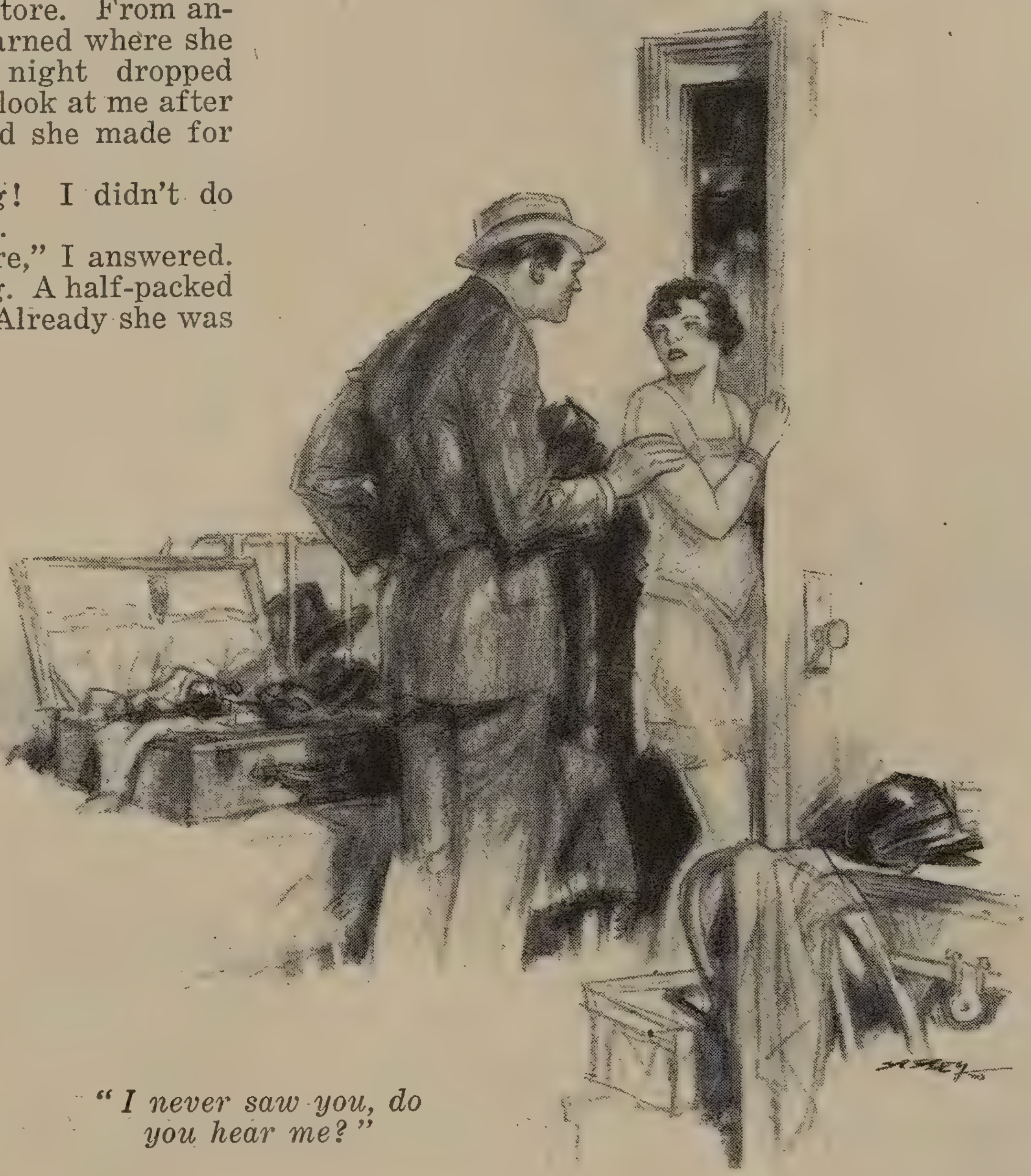
I could hear her crying. A half-packed valise was on the bed. Already she was getting ready to skip town.

"Listen," I finally yelled through the closet door. "Tom and I have split."

It was five minutes before she could make up her mind to come out.

"I never saw you, do you hear me?" I said. "He thinks you're in Frisco. Well, you're in Frisco."

Every once in a while since then I've heard from her from out-of-town hustlers to whom she mentioned my name. Sometimes she's in St. Louis, Kansas City, or Detroit. I imagine she's still running from Tom. She was a little too nervous.



"I never saw you, do you hear me?"

When a moll is ditched by a thief she doesn't have to worry about her keep. She's got experience that will help her to put in with another good hustler. Being a thief's moll is a specialty. She has to be the kind who doesn't ask too many questions and knows how to keep her mouth shut. It's not easy to find a broad like that. In the next place, she has to know the average dick's line of questions because sometime they might put the screws on her and she's got to be ready with her answers.

A MOLL like that, providing she has looks, can always get herself a good hustler, but her knockdown has to come through another thief. That's her O.K. A guy in a racket can't afford to fall for just any girl who gives him a tumble. A one-night date is all right but after that he has to say good-by. If he tries to ride along with her, the time will come when she's going to overhear a secret, maybe see a rod flashed, and she'll have the dogs on him sure as anything.

So the mob molls never have to fear any outside competition and rarely go outside for a man. A girl is often passed along from one member of a mob to another, from the head of the outfit down to the newest recruit. A guy may not like to see his old moll being handled by his partner, even if he has no more use for her himself. But he'd rather have her in safe hands than beefing to the law because she was dropped. That's always a danger. Bill Finney, a Middletown, Ohio, thief, found that out.

Bill pulled a sweet heist at a big restaurant in his town. A couple of hours afterwards, he learned from the newspapers that his mug was booked and that an arrest was expected by night. But before night Bill was on the lam in Dayton, Ohio.

His moll, Nettie, could hardly wait until he was out of town. She prettied up, dated Bill's pal for a couple of drinks at a booze joint, and stayed with him a month. Then she heard that Bill was living with an old sweetheart he had found in Dayton. That burned her. She didn't do anything but go straight to the dicks and say she'd show them where Bill could be grabbed. A friend of mine at headquarters told me this.

"I haven't had a square meal since he's gone and here that no-good tramp is handing it out to another woman," she said.

NETTIE was right along with the dicks when they drove around Dayton. She steered them to all the hangouts where she and Bill had been together. They found him at a beer flat, and I've heard they had to lay a blackjack on Bill's head to keep him from tearing Nettie apart.

"How do you like your new girl?" she kept yelling at him.

Lucky for her, Bill drew a seventeen-year rap. But she had to leave the state anyway. Bill's pal was heeled for her, and I think he would croak her even now if they ever met.

That's the loyalty a hustler can expect from his moll at any time. You'd think he'd just party with her instead of taking her in as a regular. The explanation is that a thief, more than any other man, needs a woman's company. With all his mob connections he's a lonely guy. At most, he knows only about fifty people with whom he can safely mix. They're all the same kind, always talking about a mark and what it will come for. It's a drag. I know what's the matter with me when I want to sock some guy who never did a thing in the world to me.

On top of the scarcity of friends, there are very few places where a hustler can go. If he's on the racket day after day, there's always the danger that some guy will put the finger on him, and that guy is apt to be at the theater or dance hall where the hustler would like to go. He has to limit his rounds to a few booze joints and other places that have the law's O.K.

A moll becomes the thief's only variety. He might feel leery about her but he's got to have her. Especially when he's on the lam he needs a woman. Laying out when the heat is on is the worst part of the racket. Your mug is all over the country and you can't walk a block without the fear that some innocent-looking monkey is the law. No guy can look at you cockeyed but that you begin to itch for your rod.

You sit in a room most of the time, as far away from the window as you can get. You can't answer any knocks at the door, although you've got a feeling you might be passing up your last chance if you don't. None of the mob can come to see you because the dicks will be tailing him. So you're left up in the air, wondering whether the

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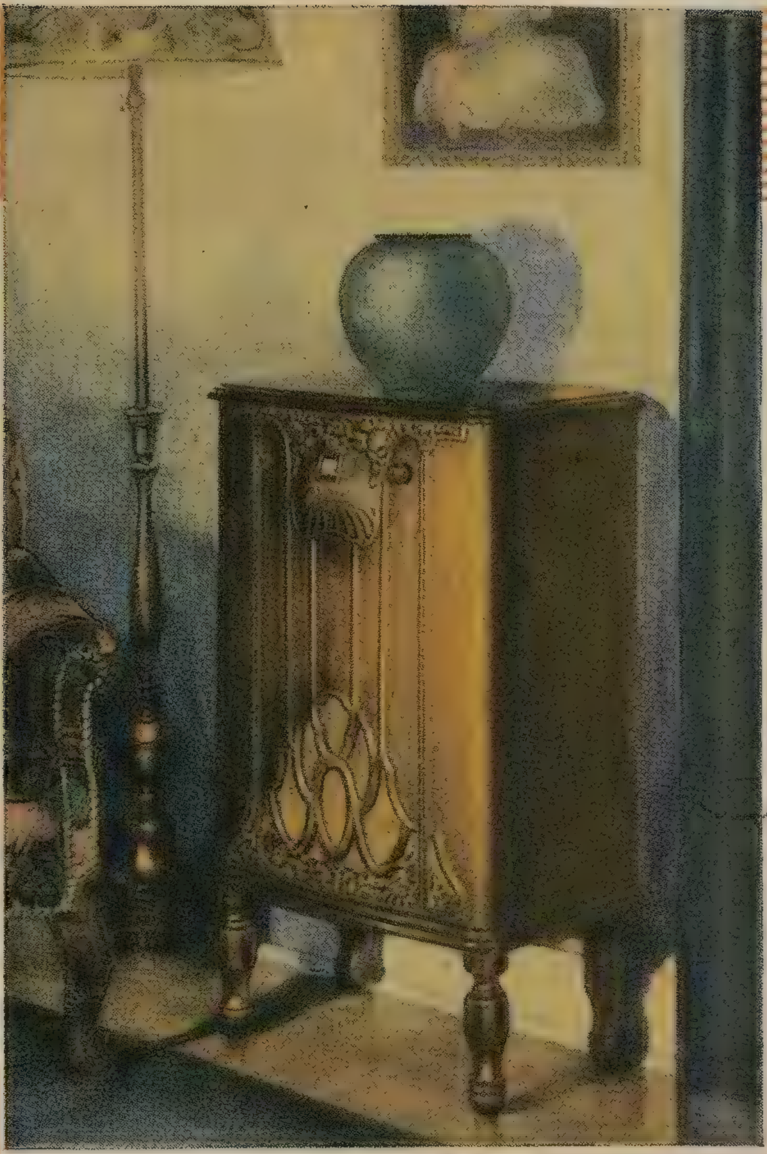

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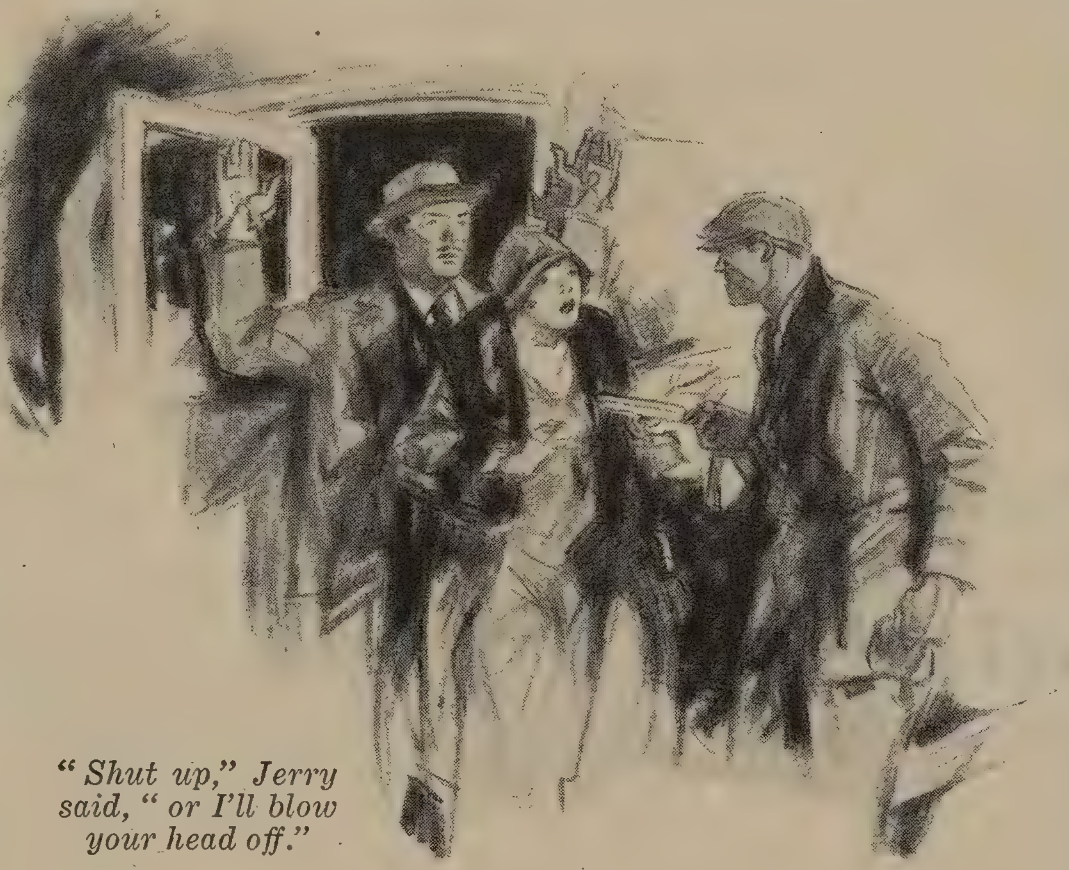
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

law is hot or cold. The whole business is a mean punishment and your only relief is your moll.

The molls themselves are lonely. What goes for the hustler goes for the girl, and in addition, if she has relatives she can't see them. That's his order. He can't take a chance on having her get too confidential with anybody. I know of just one case in which a thief let his moll visit her folks. This was the only thing that looked like a love affair I've seen in the hustling class, and that one cost both the people their lives.



"Shut up," Jerry said, "or I'll blow your head off."

The guy was a pete man and hijacker. He traveled with the mobs until he met the moll. She didn't like his friends, so, for her sake, he worked single-o. He set up a nice apartment for her in Cincinnati where, after their death, the dicks found things you see in legitimate homes, like books, music, and a bowl of goldfish.

She came from a small Tennessee town and was working around Cincinnati as a twelve-buck-a-week waitress when she met this pete man. He was one swell guy. He kept her like a queen and I don't think anybody ever saw him raise a hand to her. When she visited her folks in Tennessee he went along and was introduced as her husband, a wealthy auto dealer. They liked him and showed him off at all the socials in town.

He worked like a slave to keep her up right. Almost every night he was out, and taking off some good marks, too. That's where he ran into trouble with his old mob.

A guy either has to be all thief or all legitimate. Playing it fifty-fifty only puts him in the grease with both classes. Riding along with the mob he's fairly safe, but once he deserts and stays in the racket, he makes enemies. That's what happened in this case.

This pete man was interfering with his former partners' business. He was knocking off some boxes that they figured were theirs.

Besides, they got an idea he might be spilling what he knew about them in legitimate company.

They found out the route he took going home at night. He passed a fence. Four rods rested on the top. They let him have it.

Next day his moll was missing. She knew too much. She knew who did it. In a week some kids ran across her body on the river bank.

I'LL say this for a moll—she sure takes a lousy deal for what she gets. I don't mean being croaked. That doesn't happen very often. But just living with a hustler is no party.

She's never on the inside of his business, and when the mob collects at their house to case a job, she knows she has to get out or be thrown out.

The guys are always suspicious of her. They never crack about it to her man, as a remark that questions whether or not she is on the level will burn him up quicker than anything else. It is generally understood among thieves that their molls aren't to be mentioned, so that fights over women are rare. A thief, though, doesn't rest easy when his partners are leery of his woman, and if she's the kind that asks too many questions he'll investigate.

She may be just a butt-in and in that case she gets a smack in the eye. But if it should turn out she's working for the law, they'll find her leaning. I've heard of that happening but never knew it personally.

Despite the rough treatment she gets, a moll has to be ready to go to work for her man whenever he has some bad breaks. Women aren't worth anything to a hustler unless they know how to make a little dough on their own. Some of them will go back to the red-light until their men are in the money again. Others are boosters. They lift merchandise from store counters and their men peddle the stuff.

Bill Finney's moll, Nettie, was rated A-1 among the boosting class. As a result, Bill had a reputation as a guy who could sell stuff cheap. The fact is you could get a better bargain by dealing with the stores. What Bill did was buy articles at cheap joints, sew fancy labels in them, and peddle them at five times the cost. His customers were the girls in the red-light houses, who are the biggest suckers in the world when they think they see a bargain.

ANOTHER racket in which you'll often find a moll who is supporting a hustler is junk peddling. I knew a woman who ran a dope flat in Detroit and made enough dough to keep up a dozen men. But the way it turned out, there were about a dozen women junk peddlers all working for the same man. And this guy had a good racket of his own.

This particular moll owned a classy joint and her trade included a lot of good people. She was known as a woman who could keep her mouth shut or talk all over town, depending on the pay-off, so her customers were willing to give her twice the regular retail price for her junk.

I walked in on one smoke party at her flat. The place was filled with a lot of kids, about eighteen to twenty-five years old. The woman told me most of them had been there for two days.

A few who were fresh in the party were dancing and giggling, partly stripped. They smoked marihuana and hashish. The others had passed out and were sleeping it off, propped in corners.

This business was a little too raw for me, so I didn't stay long.

Usually a hustler and his moll will not play the rackets at the same time, as in the case of the junk peddler and her man. If he is making money he won't let her work, because he doesn't want the law checking up on too many angles.

He might use her in casing a job or to give the come-on to a guy who is carrying a roll, but that's all. One of the best ways to throw off suspicion when you're looking over a bank, for instance, is to have a woman sitting in your car.

Jerry Roger was a guy who could make his moll pay for her keep by helping him on heists. There was one job in particular that put his moll Ada at the head of the list of smart articles.

The mark was a bookmaker who was rated plenty tough and plenty smart. That only made Jerry all the more anxious to take him.

One night, as this guy came out of his cigar store, a swell-looking broad in a yellow coop was driving down the street throwing her spotlight on house numbers. She drove slow enough to let him walk past her.

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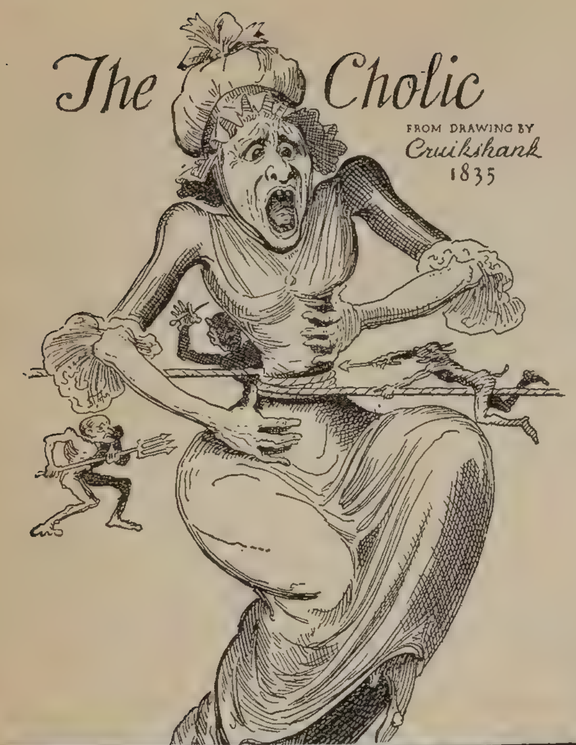

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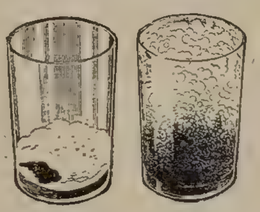

2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.*

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Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

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MEET THE MOLL
Continued from page forty-three

"Mister, is this Eighth Street?" she yelled at him.

"No," he answered, "this is Ninth. Eighth is one block over."

"That way?" she went on.

"No, over this way," he said.

Ada played dumber and dumber, but still the guy wouldn't tumble. Then she took a slip of paper from her purse and turned on the inside light.

"I'm looking for 426 Eighth Street," she said, holding her face and the paper close to the light.

The bookie got a good look at her.

"If you want," he said, "I'll ride along with you and show you where the place is."

Ada didn't mind. In fact, she was so thankful that when they got out at 426 Eighth, she offered to take him where he was going if he was still around when she came out. He said he'd wait on the corner.

Ada cut through a back yard, out an alley entrance, took a slow walk around the block, and was back where she started fifteen minutes later. The bookie was on the corner.

He said he was going to a roadhouse and would be glad if she went along.

"I PROMISED the folks I'd be home at eleven," she said.

"I'll get you back by eleven," he argued.

Ada said no, but he argued some more, and finally Ada broke down and went with him. They dated together a few more times, she always acting cold. She let it drop there was another guy on her string. The bookie was a regular sap. He did what a million other guys would have done—insisted on knowing who papa was.

Ada held out as long as she could, but this guy was crying for punishment.

"He's a big bookmaker," Ada finally told him.

"Listen, sister," he answered, puffing up. "I'm taking off plenty on a book myself and if your guy is around this town he's a piker."

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

From then on Ada was a different girl to him. There wasn't anybody she liked better. The bookie thought he was one smart guy. He knew how to handle women. Yeh, show 'em dough and they're all alike.

"Cleaned up two grand today, babe," he'd say.

Ada itched to spring the job but knew how to wait. It was four grand this day and five the next. Then one night he showed a roll.

"Smell it, babe," he said. "Seven grand less fifteen cents for cigarettes."

ADA was all for celebrating. First she wanted to dance. Sure he'd go. He was feeling good. Ada would be easy tonight.

At a roadhouse, she left him for a minute to powder her nose. There was a telephone in the women's room. Jerry was waiting at home.

Next, Ada wanted to go to a beer camp on the river. At a sharp bend in the road to the camp their auto was suddenly crowded into a mud bank by another car that shot out of the weeds. Ada screamed.

"Shut up," Jerry said to her, "or I'll blow your head off."

He took her diamond ring, fanned the bookie, and was gone.

Ada had nothing to do with the bookie from that night on. He kept trying to date her for five months and quit only when it suddenly dawned on him that he had gone the sucker route.

Unless you knew Ada, you might call that loyalty on her part. There are hundreds of plays of this kind in which the moll seems to be strictly on the up with her man. But you can put it down for a certainty that in every case there was money in it for her or she was afraid of being croaked. Maybe I don't know. I had a moll once who would do anything for me. I went out of town on a couple of jobs that should have kept me away a month. She thought she was safe. When I came back in a week, I found her dating with a dick.

The true story of some of the Heist Guy's further adventures will appear in an early issue.

To LOVE

A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 5 min. 10 sec.)

Suggested by

MRS. MARTIN W. COLLINS

who lives in the quaintly named borough of Forty Fort, Pennsylvania, and is the mother of three children. Her father is well known in the neighborhood as an editor and poet.

"I WILL *not* have a baby," Martha cried. She stared into her husband's face, rage and defiance making her normally pretty face almost ugly.

"I tell you for the last time. NO! NO! NO!"

Courtney Albert, at first astonished by the sudden outburst, collected himself in time to say gently, "All right, dear. You win."

"I had a baby for you," Martha went on, some of the rage going out of her eyes. "You know that I nearly died. You remember how you swore I should never go through it again. Don't you? Don't you? Oh, it's easy to be a man. If I had my way, men would bear the babies—and a doctor would have to be a mother before he delivered a child, so he'd know what a woman suffers."

Albert smiled and touched her shoulder lightly with his hand.

"Calm down, honey. It's been so long, I just thought—maybe—"

"You remember what Dr. Johnson told you? That if I had another baby I was a fool."

"I remember," the husband said, turning away. He picked up the evening paper, but his wife snatched it from him and whirled him around to face her.

"You remember? And yet you want me to have another! Oh, I know why. And you needn't pretend your motives are purely fatherly. It's the money! You think more of money than you do of me."

"That's a lie," he said sharply. "Take that back."

"Take it back?" She laughed scornfully. "It's the truest thing I've ever said to you—and you know it!"

Both were silent for a little time, half afraid, half elated at getting out into the open after so many years of marriage. It was the woman who broke the silence.

"When I met you," she said, her voice a bit less shrill, "you were just Courtney Albert to me. I didn't know your father was a millionaire. You worked in an office. You took me to cheap dance halls—and, Courtney, we did have a lot of fun together, and you were a dear. I loved you so. It wasn't until your father died that—"

"ARE you going into all that again?" His face tightened. He wanted to hurt her as she had hurt him. If they hadn't loved each other so violently, they couldn't have hurt each other so.

"Yes. And you're going to listen to it all again. We were married and moved into a flat, and we were happy. And we had the baby. And we were happy, though I nearly died. And the baby died. And we got over it. You loved me then. At least, I think you did. And I loved you. Oh, you'll never know how much! But now—now that you think of money all the time—you've changed. You're—you're—"

A tremble came into her voice that angered him.

"Turn off the weeps," he said. He glared at her.

"Don't worry. You're not worth crying about. You're not the man who swore before the altar to love—and to cherish— Is it your idea of cherishing me: to submit me again to all that agony, and the danger of dying?"

"You're not the girl you were five years ago. You've built yourself up. You could have a baby now and there'd be no danger. You just don't want a baby. You're—you're—"

"Say it!" she cried, her face paling, then flushing red. "Say it, and I'll leave you. I'm not afraid to have a baby. Maybe the doctor was wrong. Maybe I am stronger now. What of it? Am I having this baby for love? Love! Ha-ha! Love! I'm having it for money. For money for you. So you can quit work and get fat and stay drunk. So you can go around with other women. You're too low to breathe—a man who'd nag his wife into having a child so he could do nothing but loaf the rest of his life!"

Courtney stepped back from the furious woman as though he had never seen her before.

"My father's will—" he began.

"Your father was a fool!" she cried. "A beast, a devil. He threw you out of his house—and the only reason he left his money to you was to keep his name alive. But you'll never get that money. You can't get it until you have a son. Courtney Albert III! You'll never have him—unless you divorce me. And you can't do that."

"Wait a moment, Martha," Courtney said. "Let's not talk like a couple of fools. After all, we're grown up. We don't have to rave at each other like kids. Sit down."

"I won't."

"All right; stand up, then. But listen to me—and if you don't listen, you'll never see me again!"

SOMETHING about the man frightened her. This was a Courtney Albert she had never seen before. She sat down.

"When I swore to love and cherish you, I meant it. I married you only because I loved you. I never told you about my father until he died, because I never expected a nickel from him, and I didn't want you to hope that some day we'd be reconciled and that he'd leave me all that money. When he made that damn'-fool will he did not consult me. But there it is. If and when I am the father of a son, legally born, and christened with his name, I will inherit his money. So far, so good. You had a child and she died. I never expected you to have another child—because of what the doctor said five years ago. But ever since that will was shown to me, I've been thinking of a son, a boy with freckles, a boy who'll come to me to show him how to pitch a ball, and how to add and subtract, and how to shoot a firecracker on the Fourth of July—a boy who'll love me—and you. A boy who—Oh, hell! You know what I mean.

"When I married you, Martha, I married you to have children—sons, daughters. To hell with the money! I'll never speak of it again. I wanted it for you as much as for myself—and for my son. But since you feel this way—"

"Court!" Martha jumped up from her chair and threw herself in her husband's arms. "I'll have a dozen sons for you, if I can. All I wanted was for you to ask me to have them—for love—and—and to hell with the money! And I had to get so damn' mad at you before I could do it, that—that— Oh, it's so wonderful to fight with you! Let's fight more often, Court."

THE END

A Ghost Ship

Here's a Mystical Screen Voyage of Rare Beauty

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 8 min. 45 sec.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ OUTWARD BOUND

CAST

Tom Prior	Leslie Howard
Henry	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Ann	Helen Chandler
Mrs. Midget	Beryl Mercer
Scrubby	Alec Francis
Mrs. Cliveden-Bank	Alison Skipworth
Rev. William Duke	Lyonel Watts
Mr. Lingley	Montagu Love
Thompson, the Examiner	Dudley Digges

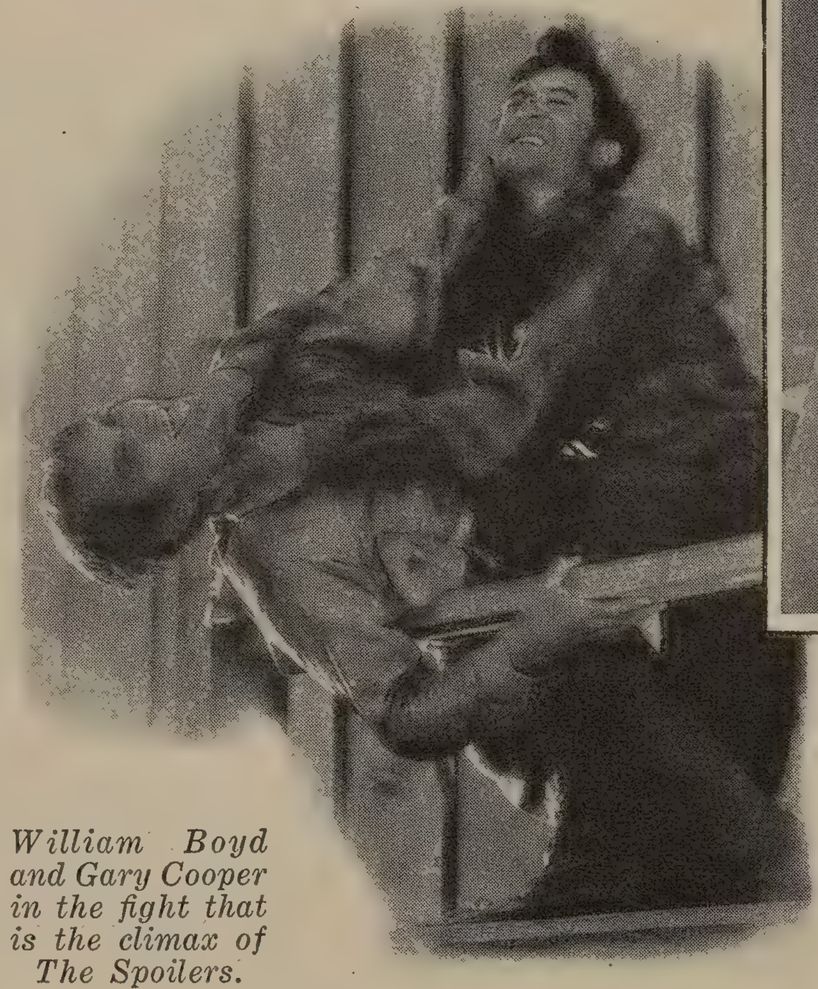
Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Robert Milton.

SUTTON VANE'S play has been made into a moving picture of rare beauty and delicacy. The screen is a better medium than the stage for presenting ideas dealing with the supernatural and I, for one, am grateful to Warner Brothers for making this transition of Outward Bound from stage to screen.

The mystical ship carrying its ghostly cargo presents a beautiful picture as it steams steadily through mist and sea to its uncharted destination. The passengers' gradual realization of their ultimate fate is dramatically and eerily presented, but strangely enough it is accomplished without any harrowing of nerves.

Mr. Vane's concept of the journey we will take after death is very interesting and contains elements of beauty. The story of the lovers who committed suicide rather than be separated in life is touching. They are the halfways condemned to travel back and forth on the ghostly ship, never reaching anywhere.

Leslie Howard, as the wastrel son of a devoted mother he has never known in life, will make the strongest appeal to your emotions. His acting is superb. All the acting is impressive. The photography is artistic and the direction has been handled with sympathy and understanding.



William Boyd and Gary Cooper in the fight that is the climax of The Spoilers.

★ ★ ★ WHAT A WIDOW!

CAST

Tam	Gloria Swanson
Gerry	Owen Moore
Victor	Lew Cody
Valli	Margaret Livingston
Mr. Lodge	William Holden

Produced by United Artists.
Directed by Allan Dwan.

This is such an entirely different picture from The Trespasser and so changed a Gloria that there is no comparison to be made between them. What a Widow! is a light and fluffy comedy with a ridiculous plot, the action of which occasionally veers to slapstick.

Tam, the widow, has been a good and ministering wife to a sick old man for a number of years. When he dies and leaves her five million dollars and a pent-up yen for a good time, she proceeds in her own way—which is in the general direction of Paris—to release her suppressed desire. She becomes a gay and rollicking widow.

Owen Moore represents the romantic angle and he has a difficult but amusing time following the widow about trying to persuade her to give up her new-found freedom for him. Lew Cody as a drunken suitor of Tam's furnishes many laughs.

Paris is a fitting background for Gloria, as she wears her Parisian clothes with chic. She has acquired a new speaking voice for the character of the widow. It is pitched high with a slight moronic note in it, which Gloria manages cleverly to maintain throughout the picture. She sings several songs in her pleasant small voice, the best of which you are probably familiar with, Say Oui, Chérie.

A new Gloria Swanson stars in What a Widow! with Owen Moore.

★ ★ THE SPOILERS

CAST

Roy Glenister	Gary Cooper
Helen Chester	Kay Johnson
Cherry Malotte	Betty Compson
McNamara	William Boyd
Herman	Harry Green
Slapjack Simms	Slim Summerville
Dextry	James Kirkwood
Judge Stillman	Lloyd Ingraham

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Edwin Carewe.

Rex Beach's famous novel about the Alaskan gold rush in 1900 has been adapted to the screen by Bartlett Cormack. It is, as you probably know, about the conflict of the miners and the first government officials sent out

Sails

Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, and Alison Skipworth in a scene from Outward Bound.

to establish law, and the betrayal of the government's representatives of their trust. The city of Nome as it was at the beginning of the century has been reproduced. It is well acted, but the direction seemed to me to be a little old-fashioned. The climax of the story is well done. That is the historic fight between Glenister and McNamara.

Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll are a tuneful pair in Follow Thru.

★ ★ FOLLOW THRU

CAST

Jerry Downs	Charles Buddy Rogers
Lora Moore	Nancy Carroll
Angie Howard	Zelma O'Neal
Jack Martin	Jack Haley
J. C. Effingham	Eugene Pallette
Ruth Van Horn	Thelma Todd
Babs Bascomb	Margaret Lee
Dinty Moore	Don Tomkins

Produced by Paramount. Directed by Lawrence Schwab and Lloyd Corrigan.

Paramount is still following the policy of having more than one director on a picture. This one, however, hardly justifies the double effort. It is a fairly good musical comedy, but in transporting it to the screen some of its zest has been lost. It was one of the best of the musical pieces on the Broadway stage last year.

The screen production is done entirely in Technicolor, and Nancy Carroll is particularly lovely in color, but not so the rest of the cast. Jack Haley sustains most of the comedy and if it weren't for him it wouldn't be much of a show. He was in the original production and so was Zelma O'Neal. They sing the old favorite, Button Up Your Overcoat. Nancy and Buddy have a new song called A Peach of a Pair.

Most of the action takes place on the golf links of a country club.

On Your Back features Marion Shilling, Raymond Hackett, and Irene Rich.

★ ★ ON YOUR BACK

CAST

Julianne	Irene Rich
Pryer	H. B. Warner
Harvey	Raymond Hackett
Molly Burke	Marion Shilling
Dixie Mason	Ilka Chase

Produced by Fox.
Directed by Guthrie McClintic.

On Your Back is a story about clothes—rather, it is about the people who make them and those who wear them, too. The original story, by Rita Weiman, appeared in Liberty. This particular group is an unpleasant set of characters. It is a story of a great love, that of a mother for an only son, but it develops into a sordid affair, in which a mother keeps a son in luxury and idleness on money obtained by the degradation of young women who want or must have expensive clothes.

The character of Julianne, the mother, has been cleverly developed by the author and is expertly played by Irene Rich.

Retribution overtakes her when her son falls in love with one of the girls.

Do you know that—

Ann Harding was a reader in the scenario department of a movie studio before she became an actress on the screen?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—Whoopee.

★★★—The Squealer, Sweet Kitty Bellairs, Love in the Rough, The Sea Wolf, Monte Carlo, Call of the Flesh, Old English.

Vox

You Aren't So Bad as a Contempt-Expresser

PUEBLO, COLO.—I'm not writing just to read my "stuff" in print as some Vox Poppers do. I enjoy your magazine and have, ever since it was first published. But sometimes you slip one cog and put in a story or article that is awful.

The particular one I'm thinking of is that piece, "Grover Fished on Sunday," by Edward Doherty. What it looked like Mr. Doherty was gettin' at was this: "Be promiscuous when young—drink, smoke, swear, and gamble, and above all fish on Sunday. These are absolutely necessary if you are a big 'he' man."

Then this pointless article was climaxed with a fish problem like this: If you hooked a monster fish on Saturday, but just when you were hauling it in one of your friends yells "Sunday!" what would you do? Cut the line or continue hauling it in?

I can't express my contempt for a writer who tries to belittle Hoover and Coolidge because they do not fish on Sunday and also slurs churchgoing people.

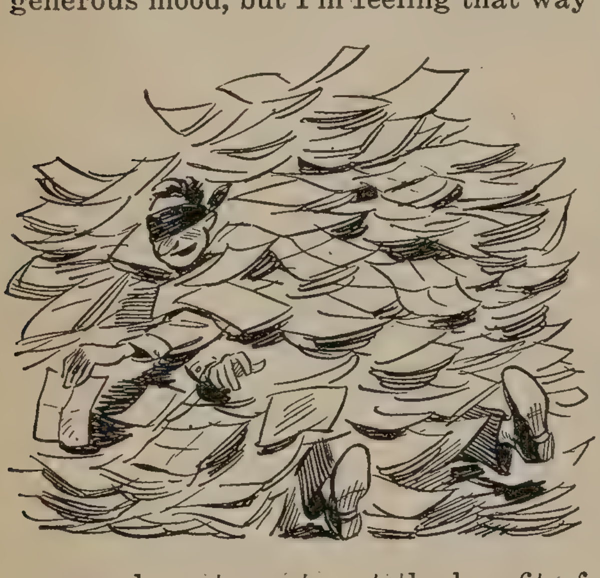
When bigger fish stories are written Edward Doherty will write 'em.—*Mr. Idontfish Onsunday.*

There's Always Something

GOLDTHWAITE, TEXAS—The only thing the matter with Kate Cameron's movie reviews is that there aren't enough of them.—*Texas Critic.*

We Don't Bet

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I'm not often in a generous mood, but I'm feeling that way now, and want you to get the benefit of it. I'll tell you how you can get better Bright Sayings, better Twenty Questions, and better questions and answers for your Problems of Conduct.



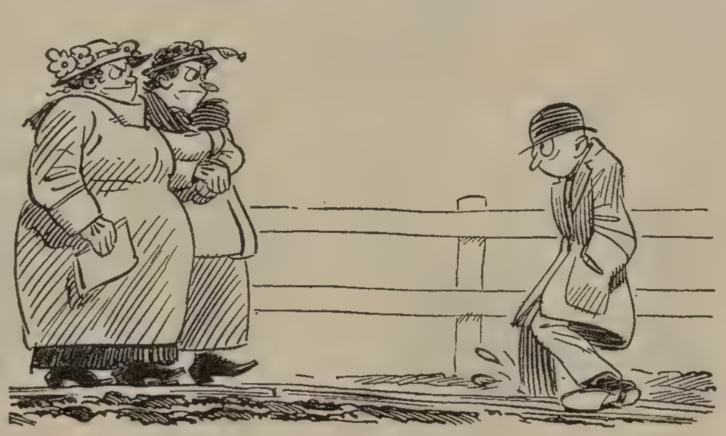
Just send me all the mail from your contestants, every week. I'll dump it somewhere, blindfold myself, reach in, and pick. You can safely bet your shirt that, in every case, my choice will be better than yours.—*Henry.*

Maybe You Ought to Be Psychoanalyzed

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The contest in Liberty, "What Would You Do?" reminds me of an incident which happened in a western town many years ago.

I was walking down an unpaved street one day; the sidewalk consisted of two planks laid side by side.

On either side of the planks was deep, slimy mud. Approaching me from the other end of this street came two big, stout dames, walking side by side, each on a plank.



We met in the middle of the block. We stopped and looked at each other. The dames never moved but, fixing me with a baleful stare, both ejaculated a loud "W-e-l-l!"

I stepped off the plank into that mud, ruining my shoes and socks, but ever since I have been trying to figure whether I acted the gentleman or the sap.—*N. O. Bergh.*

Oh, Quite

DETROIT, MICH.—Since Charmion von Wiegand has written so charmingly of the young men on the beach at Gagri, Russia, why not delegate her, with her bathing cap, to look over the he-men on the sands of Phoenix, Arizona?

Then we can judge the difference between Communism and Americanism.—*Birdie McCree.*

How Entertaining

CHICAGO, ILL.—If you were any worse, Liberty, I'd howl when reading you. At present I merely growl and whine.—*Pat.*

"Bishop of the Eagle Eye"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Since ninety per cent of Bishop's fights were over enemy territory, and seventy-five per cent of them were fought single-handed, as A. Roy Brown would have us believe, in his story, "Bishop of the Eagle Eye," where were the witnesses to verify little Billy's claims, may I ask?

According to the definition of the dictionary, "an ace is an aviator who has brought down five or more enemy planes."

Yet our little Billy receives credit for two German planes which accidentally collided in midair, and, in the little episode over the German airdrome, receives credit for three planes already down. A fine example of sportsmanship.

But, of course, Billy, who regarded sending human beings like himself to eternity in chariots of flame as "very much as if one was shooting down clay pigeons," fought "to save the world for democracy," and is not to be compared to those bestial Boches, who sent many a brave, clean-cut English youth to his death.

And, by the way, Liberty, don't you remember, not so long ago, the many vitriolic letters you received, denouncing Richthofen as an execrable butcher, a bloody Hun, etc.?

And, another thing: in the supposedly authentic and fictitious stories of aërial combats (and this goes for the ground battles, too), why must about ten Allied planes "clean up" fifty German planes, when even the dumbest moron knows that Germany was outnumbered, at least five to one?—*A Boche From the City a Certain Beer Made Famous.*

P. S. And, say, Brown, I don't believe that you "got" Richthofen, either.

TORONTO, CAN.—I suppose it is impossible to please every taste but hope you have more stories like "Bishop of the Eagle Eye," by A. Roy Brown.

Although Liberty is purely an American publication it is just as popular in Canada as in the United States.

Therefore I think it would only be fair to publish more Canadian stories in your issues, making it more interesting to the international readers.—*Alan E. Fraser.*

Make It Advice. He's a Regular Guy

CLIFTON, N. J.—I have been reading and thoroughly enjoying Walton Green's "Corsair" until the issue of October 4, when the author writes:

"And he learned finally . . . that the bond salesman is the lowest form of life known to the world of finance, and that a man must get out of it . . . or the future holds nothing but drink, or real estate, or the peddling of life insurance."

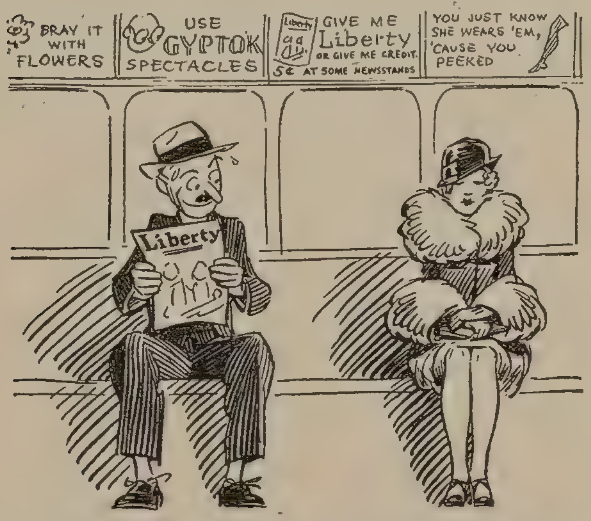
Please let me have Mr. Green's address so that I may make clear to him that the modern life insurance underwriter is just as professional as a lawyer or a doctor and has to devote almost as much study to his profession as do either of these.

Maybe I'll get mad and sock him or, if he is a regular guy, I'll give him some real professional advice.—*John C. Stuckey.*

Pop

It Ain't Safe for Any Man to Have Much Liberty

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I am at a loss to know if I should blame Liberty—but, anyway, I have occasion to ride on the trolley every weekday, and always get off at my own street, except on Saturday. On Saturday, when I have my Liberty (and knee gazing is at its best), I frequently have to walk back two to five squares. I imagine that if I were fifty years younger I would wake up at the end of the line every Saturday.


BRAY IT WITH FLOWERS
USE GYPTOK SPECTACLES
GIVE ME Liberty OR GIVE ME CREDIT.
5¢ AT SOME NEWSSTANDS
YOU JUST KNOW SHE WEARS 'EM, 'CAUSE YOU PEEKED
Liberty

Well!! So, to free ourselves from suspicion, let's blame Liberty.

Furthermore, when I arrive at the seat of alternate love, affection, and battle, she says: "Bill! You're late again—"

"Yeh!" say I. "I had to wait till Liberty came in"—and thusly prove that a reasonable lie will get you in right any old time or place.—*Bill.*

Explaining—

TORONTO, CAN.—"Close-Up," by Viña Delmar, surely was about the most stupid story you have published. The authoress, I read, was once an usher in a movie theater. That accounts for her being in the dark.—*English but poor.*

—"Close-Up"

PASADENA, CALIF.—Viña Delmar knows her Hollywood.

So well she knows Hollywood life that many of us in the smell of number five powders and the heat of Klieg lights in dark stages nowadays, think some one is writing that stuff like "Close-Up" for Miss Delmar. It takes a woman to write a woman story, but it takes someone in the game to write "Close-Up." Come now, who collaborated?

Someone sat at the table and directed that story.—*Elizabeth Drew.*

A Little Mixed, but You Know What He Means

ST. PAUL, MINN.—For five cents I could buy a firecracker and hold it in my mouth and get the same kind of kick I do out of Liberty.—*Swede.*

Madcap Mabel

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—Just a few words to express my great enjoyment of Sidney Sutherland's articles on the life of Mabel Normand. They compel interest as did his fine real-life mystery stories in the past.

I hope that Liberty will always have such biographies and reminiscences as this, for there must be many people like myself who delight in the stories of lives of people of the stage and screen rather than the finest of fiction.—*C. Mervin Sniffin, Jr.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—"Madcap Mabel Normand," by Sidney Sutherland, has, I believe, created more calls for back numbers of Liberty than any other story except "The Red Knight of Germany." I thought you might be interested to know that your story took well in Washington, D. C.—*Joseph Ottenstein, District News Co.*

Vacant Looks Won't Get You Any Millionaires, Lady

TOLEDO, OHIO—I've just finished reading that short short story that you signed "Anonymous."

Before I started the story, I was slightly puzzled why the person who wrote that story would not write his or her real name.

When I finished the story, I understood without a doubt why the person did not want their real name known.

When I started, I said to myself that that story was the best I had ever read in a long time.

When I finished, I just could only sit still and gaze ahead of me with a vacant look on my face.

Who ever heard of a girl feeling sad about finding that the man she has married is, in reality, a millionaire?—*Flossie.*

Sure. About How Many Words?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I liked that story you had in Liberty a long time ago. It was about lions fighting over there girl friend in the jungel.

I told it in school and my teacher said that was very good.

She asked me where I got the story from and I said Liberty and she said Oh.

We are going to talk about monkeys soon so could you have a story soon about them?—*Robert Davis.*

Two Minds with Practically a Single Thought

COLUMBUS, OHIO—In your Vox Pop section there is an article in which a young (?) lady (?) is lamenting the fact that she can not get in to the navy.

Well, they smoke our cigarettes, drink our liquor, use our language, drive our cars, and take our jobs. (I am at present out of work, so I know.) So why not let the country go to h— and let them have the job of guarding our shores as well?

I clame that the only thing a woman can't do that a man can is be a father.—*John E. McClain.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Three cheers—yes, three hundred cheers—for the Vox Pop letter by The Sailorettes, who said: "We demand a navy for girls."

When a boy has outgrown his home and can't get work to his liking, why he can join the navy and get his hammock, and how, and a little spending dough, plus that atmosphere of companionship with shipmates.

But what can a girl do? If she can't peck a typewriter, or be a hard-boiled waitress, or a quiet saleslady, she must work for her room and board and a little money—not enough to buy decent clothes for a hard winter.

Suppose she tries clerking so she at least has evenings and Sunday off. The wages in this town for an experienced sales clerk allows only three or four dollars over after room and board is taken out.

Can this buy clothes and other personal accessories? So when some sugar-daddy, almost twice her age but still romantic, comes along and wants to doll you up and take you places, it is hard (or almost impossible) not to join the amateur competition.

I know there are other girls in my position.

If we had something like the navy, where we had uniforms to be proud of, companionship, hammocks, chow, shore leave, and pin-money—we would be good.

And also we would keep the work done probably better than the gobs in our own navy do.—*U. S. Gobette.*

Aw, You Say It

RICHMOND, VA.—Would it be a wise plan to discontinue (or deposit in the ash can) such a satisfying magazine as Liberty because a few narrow-minded people find it distasteful? Would it?—*I. M. Wither.*

Problems of Conduct

What would

$100 Each Week for the Best Question

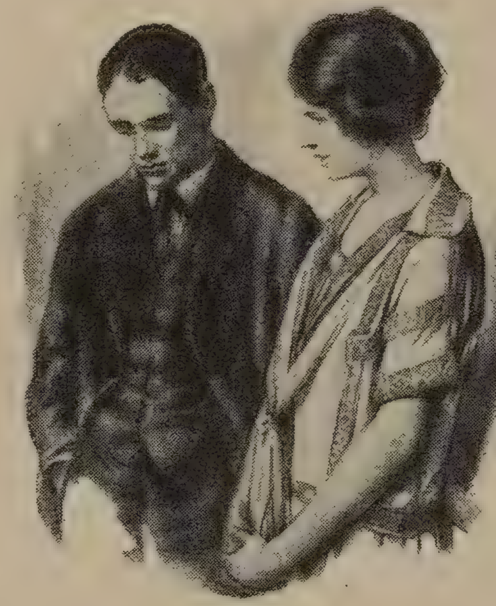
$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

HAVE you tried your hand at inventing a problem of conduct, or answering the problems that have appeared in recent issues of Liberty? If not, read the rules below and let us hear from you. . . . Last week we announced that, since so many interesting answers are coming in, we have decided to publish several each week and divide $200 among the senders—in addition, of course, to the $100 paid each week for a suggested problem of conduct. . . . This week's $200 has been divided among the senders of the following answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for September 27. The problem was:

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to

HELEN E. WHALEN
4646 Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, Illinois



Suppose you were a well trained, experienced professional woman, holding a pleasant position, earning $250 a month, so situated that with work and study you might get to the top in your line of work. You have no children—will have none of your own. You have a husband, well loved; a good man, kind, hard-working, intelligent, but not trained to any special work, not possessed of half your education, but very independent and supersensitive. For three months he has been without work of any kind. Economic conditions in your home city are such that in all probability he will be indefinitely without work. In a small city at a considerable distance he is offered work at $150 a month—merely a job—with scant chance of a future. The small city offers you little or nothing in your profession and less than half your present salary. Yet—the man's morale is already wavering because of his failure and his dependence upon a woman.

What would you do?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, November 8. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

You have caught a burglar in your house and locked him in an upstairs bedroom. Your favorite dog, with a litter of new-born pups, is shut in the basement. In the same room with you, as you are telephoning the police, is a celebrated painting by Velasquez.

You discover that your house is on fire and there is barely time for you to get out. You can do one of three things—release the burglar, rescue the painting, or get the puppies and their mother out of the basement. Which would you save—the bad man, the good dog, or the work of art which should be preserved for posterity?

The Winning Answers

By LUKE W. BYRNES
Kings Park, New York

Inferentially I am a dog lover or else I would not have a "favorite" dog and her litter in the basement. Likewise I am a patron, or at least an admirer, of art or I should not be in possession of a painting by the master, Velasquez.

The dog would undoubtedly risk or sacrifice her life to save mine. No ethical scruples would prevent her from following blindly the instincts of love and devotion that are a part of her canine being, and doing all things possible for her to save her master. That is one consideration.

The painting by Velasquez is certainly a unique thing in the world of art. All paintings by Velasquez are distinctive. Its loss would be indirectly felt by a greater number of people than the loss of the dog and her puppies. Other painters will turn out masterpieces in the future, but the delicate coloring by Velasquez in

You Do?

this piece will be lost forever. That is another consideration.

The robber confined upstairs is a potential murderer. If he dies in the flames, no one will blame me. His life is being put to no good use, and probably the world will be a better place to live in if he is out of it. The best interests of myself and the state would be served by his death. However, he is a human being. The dog will be lost and I shall feel very badly. The painting will be destroyed and the whole cultural and artistic world will mourn its loss with me. But the man, good or bad, but still a man, and theoretically a brother, will be saved, and whether it be for the best interests of the world or not, I shall have peace of mind such as I certainly should not have had if I had left him to be incinerated while I was saving either a dog or a picture.

By AUBREY B. CRAWFORD
Carpinteria, California

The intelligent thing to do would be to save the painting; natural instincts would insist upon freeing the burglar; and the humane act would be the saving of the dog and her litter.

I believe I would free the burglar. Deliberately leaving him to be cremated alive would make me his executioner. Argument to the effect that society would be benefited by his passing would not be sufficient to efface the thought that I could have saved a mortal being from a terrible death. Rather I had chosen to save an inanimate object or an animal.

After all, peace of mind is the highest plane of happiness and to me the haunting thought that I had been directly responsible for a man's death in such a gruesome manner would never allow me to reach that state of mind.

Yet what good would it do the world if I was at peace with it? How could my complete happiness be of any help to society in general even if I did attain it? Should I pass up an opportunity to rid society of a criminal and at the same time save for posterity a priceless work of art that could never be duplicated? A thousand and one arguments present themselves pro and con. I still believe, however, I would save the burglar.

Kindly note I say, "I believe." If actually placed in the hypothetical situation in question I would probably save the canine and her litter, emulating many another quick thinker at a fire who carries a mattress downstairs and throws the mirror out the window.

By DOROTHY L. GAY
The Admiral, Forty-eighth and Locust Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In a crisis one's first thought is for what one loves; in the case of two equally loved objects, one would naturally choose the animate. With the house afire, my impulse would be to save my helpless dog and her puppies. In the quick action necessary at such a time, I would have them saved before I had time to reconsider my choice.

Reconstructing the scene and weighing the problem at length, I know I would think first of my own safety. Realizing that I have time to escape, I would consider the picture which is nearest at hand. Appreciation of art prompts me to save it, but pity for my dogs outweighs my regard for beauty and the interests of posterity. In a choice between the painting and the dogs, I would certainly save the dogs.

This leaves the burglar between me and my desire to save my pets. Surely the humane, the Christian act, is to rescue the burglar, since human is the highest type of life. But about this burglar I have an astounding, hard-hearted indifference. He displayed sufficient ingenuity to enter the house by his own means; let him leave it under the same power. If I save him, he may escape in the excitement and continue his life of crime, possibly murdering people for whose lives I would feel partly responsible. At best he will be arrested, and an expense to the state. I am not responsible for his presence, and his value to himself and to humanity is too doubtful for me to sacrifice my prize painting and my loved dogs for him. Moreover, I am a timid girl, and in a choice of burglars I much prefer a dead one to a live one.

At the risk of being considered brutally inhuman, I know and admit, whether I answered my first impulse or carefully considered it, I would save the dogs.

Answers to the question in Liberty for October 4 will be published next week.

YELLOW LIPS that REPEL

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TOBACCO YELLO HOLDER

PROVE THIS FOR YOURSELF!

Smoke the next three packages of cigarettes with a TOBACCO YELLO* Holder. Then open the Holder and let your own eyes see the "dark brown" evidence—the sticky yellow stain on the attachment instead of on your lips, fingers and teeth. Your TOBACCO YELLO Holder is guaranteed to show you! Or your money will be refunded. *No other holder is like it!*

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King Carol II

The Playboy of the Balkans

By DOROTHY M. RUSSELL

(Reading time: 25 minutes 14 seconds.)

A BANISHED man is Carol of Roumania at this point in Miss Russell's narrative. It is 1926; he has lost his long duel with Jon Bratianu and has been jockeyed into abdicating his right to the throne.

PART THREE—PRODIGAL AND PRETENDER

MAGDA LUPESCU followed Carol into exile in Paris, where they lived together at the Champs-Élysées Hotel. Around him soon gathered a group of adherents, young men of his political views, for the most part, who were outlawed or else were members of the Roumanian colony in Paris who hoped to climb on the ladder of royal favor into positions of importance, should ever fortune sponsor his cause.

Carol, however, was far from being sobered by the crisis his own foolishness had precipitated. He proceeded to paint Paris—even Paris!—red. He paraded his indifference to his deserted wife by flaunting Magda in public. They were seen everywhere together, driving along the boulevards and in the Bois, frequenting the smart restaurants, the cafés, bars, and cabarets of Paris, drinking the finest champagne, eating the choicest delicacies, dancing the night into day. They usually had a noisy, merry party with them, and Carol and Magda were the life of it. She was always beautifully dressed, full of pep and laughter, light-hearted and as free from conventional suppression as a kitten. Carol gave her the most loverlike attention.

They followed the sun and fashion to the Riviera and the Côte d'Émeraude at the proper seasons. Around the green baize tables of Monte Carlo, a nudge or a whisper identified the tall blond young man and his beautiful red-haired companion who were just placing their stakes as the exiled Roumanian prince and the woman who had cost him crown and kingdom. Sometimes Carol was lucky at roulette or at baccarat and then how jubilant Magda would be! It meant a new dress and oh, what a party!

They shocked polite society in Biarritz, as they often did in Paris, by their free and easy conduct. One night at the height of the smart September season,

S. & G. phot

Queen Marie o Jugoslavia, wh took Carol' part.

Mme. Lupescu and Carol at the Château de Coeme in Normandy shortly before he flew to take his throne.

P. & A. photo

# of Roumania

P. & A. photo

The boy king reviewing his troops for the first time. Left to right, Princess Ileana, Queen Marie, Princess Helen, Michael, and the former Queen Elizabeth of Greece, Carol's sister.

Magda won a dancing competition at the Biarritz Casino. Carol was exuberant. He wanted the prize to be awarded to her under the title of "the Crown Princess of Roumania." Half the assemblage rose to leave in disgust.

In Roumania, however, Carol's abdication was not taken so lightly; the people were aghast at the news. That the king had been willing to accept it seemed to his subjects unbelievable. They refused to be deceived by a camouflage of romance and amatory adventure. In a country where illicit liaisons are accepted as everyday commonplaces, the erotic scandals associated with Carol were more likely the excuse than the cause of an event so serious as the abdication of the crown prince. Bratianu was held accountable and there was a revulsion of feeling against him. After all, a crown prince was potentially a king.

The prime minister stilled all criticism by establishing a suppressive reign of terror. He ordered the country placed under martial law. He forbade street gatherings and warned little groups of loiterers who congregated at street corners or in cafés that the spreading of rumors would be considered a political offense.

Bratianu exercised a strict censorship over the press, going so far as to eject certain foreign correspondents who had annoyed him by getting ungarbled accounts of Roumanian affairs through to the outside world. Carol's private papers and all his personal possessions were seized and rifled. His friends in the army and in public positions were gradually removed from office. The opposition newspapers were suppressed one by one. Bratianu assumed the rôle of dictator.

But he could not stem the undercurrent of secret gossip which started in drawing-rooms and in hovels and finally spread like a wave over the entire populace. The relations between the king and queen, the magnitude of Ferdinand's investments in Bratianu-controlled enterprises, the influence of the Gray Eminence, Prince Stirbey, who had direct communication between his home and the royal palace, the queen's various admirers, above all, the responsibility of Liberal party intrigues for the crown prince's abdication: these topics were on the lips of everyone. In the intensity of the opposition, political opponents had even ventured to question the paternity of the various royal children.

Nor was King Ferdinand absolved from public criticism. By letting the Liberals bully him into accepting the

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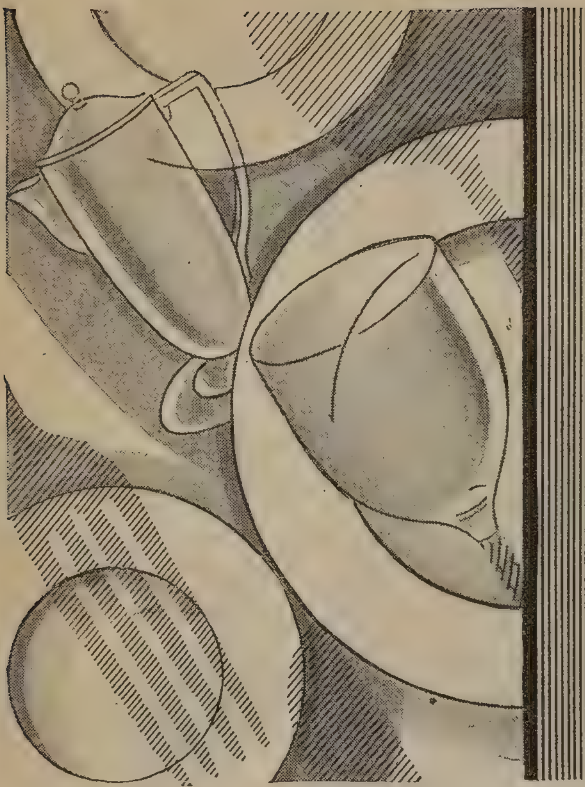

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abdication, the people considered that he had imperiled the dynasty and exposed the country to actual danger. On every side, Roumania was threatened with growing unrest. The Hungarians, Germans, Russians, and other alien minorities within her borders were discontented with their lot. Without, her neighbors grumbled with dissatisfaction at the post-war division of Balkan territory to the advantage of Roumania. Jugoslavia believed she should have received the Banat. The Hungarians opposed their slogan, "No, no, never!" to the loss of Transylvania. Russia was an open threat to Bessarabia. And the Roumanian army was looked upon with contempt as having no power of military resistance.

Wide World photo

Members of the regency council which ruled briefly in the boy King Michael's name. Prince Nicolas marches between Patriarch Miron Christea and Chief Justice Buzdugan.

MOREOVER, the king was old and said to be suffering with a chronic disease. Why place a crown in the fragile hands of a child? Carol might lack balance, he might be hotheaded, licentious, and indiscreet, but history told that merry monarchs had often made good rulers. After all, his reputation as a devil of a fellow surrounded him with far more glamour than if only the dullness of virtue were associated with his name. The Roumanians preferred to wink at his private life and have an adult heir at hand than to face the uncertainties of a regency exposed to political exploitation until Michael attained the age of eighteen.

Wide World photo

Michael, when king, inspecting his guard of honor with his uncle, Prince Nicolas.

Crown prestige diminished rapidly in the months following Carol's abdication. King Ferdinand quickly repented of his supine acquiescence and wished with all his heart to have his son back again, but there was nothing he could do about it without breaking with Bratianu.

At sixty, he was a pathetic old man, heartbroken and disillusioned. His health was failing, his body at times racked with pain. Fearful for his dynasty, his tortured mind was becoming as sick as his body. Even in his own household he could find no peace. His queen was at odds with him over his private championship of their son, Carol. Within court circles it was remarked that the sovereigns never ate together and rarely spoke to each other. They were seldom seen together in public.

Every day the king drove alone to a little Roman Catholic chapel on the outskirts of Bucharest, to meditate and pray. Huddled in a corner of his carriage, his head sunk on his chest, he passed through the streets of the capital unnoticed.

The king drowned his misery of body and soul in drink.

European governments watched Roumania uneasily. The Balkans had always been a tinder box, and a conflagration would menace the peacetime reconstruction efforts of war-exhausted Europe. King George of England tried, according to reliable reports, to effect a reconciliation between Carol and his parents. His recommendations were said to be that Bratianu should resign the premiership, Prince Stirbey should go on a long journey, and, at the end of the year, King Ferdinand should abdicate in favor of Carol. The unhappy Ferdinand might have been glad to consent, but Queen Marie, Stirbey, and the prime minister firmly rejected the proposals.

LED by Professor Jorga, the opposition parties rallied their forces around a common banner: the recall of Carol. They had the solid backing of the provinces. The struggle between the old kingdom and her new territories, between old age and youth, between the king and his ministers and Carol, was on.

At first the Liberals laughed in their opponents' faces. Carol could not legally be restored, they reminded them, unless Crown Prince Michael were to abdicate in his father's favor, and this he could not do while a minor. Neither the king nor the regents could abdicate for him.

Bratianu had taken care that he should control the regency. Queen Marie had hoped she would be sole regent and thus fulfill her great ambition to rule Roumania; at least, she expected a place in the regency. But the prime minister passed her over and made Prince Nicolas, Carol's harum-scarum younger brother, the only royal member of the regency council. Two other regents were chosen, representative of the church and the judiciary: they were Patriarch Miron Christea, head of the Roumanian state church, and Judge Buzdugan, chief justice of the Supreme Court. Both were elderly men and Bratianu's tools.

There were any number of malcontents to keep Carol informed of the situation. Since his abdication, the exile had gained a popularity among his countrymen that he had not previously enjoyed. For the royal diadem he had exchanged a martyr's crown. He became the nucleus from which were hatched a number of Balkan intrigues. As crown prince, Carol had shown a great interest in Transylvania and he was well liked there, even among the Hungarian minority. There was talk of Transylvania's seceding from Roumania, and rejoining Hungary, with Carol on that throne. Another scheme centered on the union of Hungary with Greater Roumania, under the reigning Roumanian dynasty, with the

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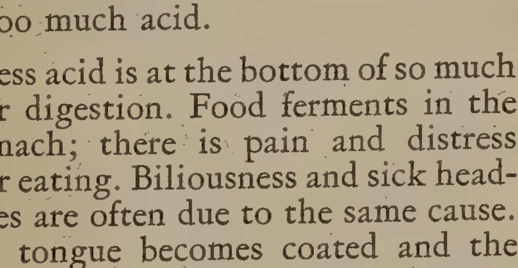

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stipulation that Carol be restored as crown prince of the dual empire. On the other hand, the Roumanian Fascisti wanted to make Transylvania an independent buffer state between Hungary and Roumania, with Carol as its king.

Prince Carol was not particularly interested. He had no desire to barter his carefree life for new responsibilities. The only throne that tempted him was the one he had renounced. The opposition, however, at last had a popular political issue with which to combat the Liberals. The parties grew in strength because of it. Carol was their champion, his restoration the platform on which they coalesced.

Acme photo

Mme. Lambrino with Carol's son, Mircea. The photograph was taken in Paris in 1926, when Mme. Lambrino was suing for recognition as Carol's wife.

Bratianu was too astute a politician to ignore the importance of the Carolist movement. Its success would mean his downfall. Some peasants he caught plotting to bring Carol back were arrested and brought in chains to Bucharest to be court-martialed. As for Carol, Bratianu found a way to keep him far too occupied in Paris to be able to stir up trouble at home.

In the spring of 1926, Zizi Lambrino turned up mysteriously in the French capital, with her son, Mircea, then six years old. Carol learned of her arrival when he was served one morning with a summons to appear in court as defendant in a suit brought by his ex-wife for 10,000,000 francs (about $400,000) damages as compensation for grief caused her by the annulment of their marriage, and for the support of their child.

ZIZI contended that only for patriotic and dynastic reasons had she accepted the annulment and her husband's subsequent union with Princess Helen, and that she had been assured by Carol and his entire family that the dissolution of her marriage was only technical. Now that Carol was a private citizen, there was no reason why he should not join her and give a name to their child, so that he could be properly enrolled in a French school.

At no time could Zizi's presence have embarrassed Carol more effectively. The suit had the earmarks of Liberal design. It was intended to lessen foreign sympathy for the exile, counterbalance a scandal campaign against Queen Marie, and involve Carol in such difficulties that any attempts to become reconciled to his parents or to reënter Roumania would be frustrated.

Carol was caught in a feminine triangle formed of his wife, Princess Helen, his ex-wife, Zizi Lambrino, and his mistress, Magda Lupescu. If Zizi won her suit, his chances of regaining the succession would be slim. Recognition of the boy Mircea might throw the shadow of a future pretender across Roumania's throne. Then, too, Carol would be placed in a bigamous position and Helen would be forced to divorce him. He did not want a divorce. Helen was the one link which bound him still to the royal household.

LUCK was with Carol, however. When the case came to trial the Seine Tribunal pronounced that it had no jurisdiction, and the suit was thrown out of court. At the Lycée Michelet, where Zizi placed young Mircea in school, the principal consoled her somewhat by declaring that no French school would have written the name of a Hohenzollern on its books, anyway.

A sage son of America recognized the power of mass psychology when he uttered the truism, "You can't fool all the people all the time." Bratianu learned that he was no longer fooling them when the Bessarabian Peasants and the Transylvanian Nationalists won the spring elections for the rural councils. It was the first time in Roumanian history that the party in power had failed at the polls, even in a minor issue, and to the Liberals the blow was doubly astounding because the elections had been conducted with the same crookedness and corruption as on previous occasions. This sign of popular discontent was particularly ominous because the Liberals' term of office expired within a few weeks and the Parliamentary elections would follow.

Faced with danger of being unable longer to control the polls, Bratianu framed a new electorate bill, designed on a Fascist model, restricting the effect of universal suffrage. By this means he hoped to insure the Liberals' success in the forthcoming crucial election. When the bill came up in Parliament, the opposition created an uproar. The Bessarabian Peasant party leader made a dramatic appeal for "fair play and common sense." Nicolas Jorga, Nationalist leader, described the bill as "cut to fit on Mussolini's shoulders, but on those of Bratianu it resembles Hercules' coat on a dwarf, and will crush him."

Two days later (March 27, 1926) Bratianu resigned under fire, closing his four years' mandate. Feeling that an immediate return to the premiership might be a bit too hot for him, he decided to work behind the scenes for a while. On his advice, the king appointed General Averescu, commander of the Roumanian army during the war, to be prime minister. The choice was a sop to the Peasant party, for Averescu was of Bessarabian origin, but he belonged politically to the old régime of Liberals and was looked upon as Bratianu's tool. The Liberals again won the elections.

Once in office, however, Averescu gave the party boss a jolt by indicating a desire to govern in his own right. For one thing, he wooed Italy until he induced her to ratify a treaty made in 1920 whereby Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan had agreed to Roumania's annexation of Bessarabia. The treaty was not binding until ratified by three of the four powers and only France and Great Britain would sign. Bratianu had tried for years to obtain Italy's signature, but his pro-French policy did not please the Fascisti and they had left him dangling. It was not pleasant for Bratianu to see his successor succeed where he had failed. Then, too, Averescu resented being bossed. Influenced by his Italian wife and the comfortable knowledge that he had support in the army, the prime minister hinted darkly that he might defy the king and strike for a dictatorship, like Mussolini.

Queen Marie was dissatisfied with the recent turn of events. Bratianu had let her down by barring her from the regency, and, anyway, he was losing his hold. She had no intention of losing hers too, and becoming submerged in the general mêlée. She had secretly nursed ambitions of becoming Empress of the Balkans; she determined that the domination of Roumania should not slip through her hands. The king's declining health made it expedient for her to act quickly, while she was still in the public eye as a reigning queen. If she could interest financiers in the rich and influential United States to float a loan for her almost bankrupt country, she would gain inestimable prestige both at home and abroad. Roumania's queen let the word leak out that she would like to visit America. At once countless hospitable hands were held forth to welcome her.

IN October, 1926, she and her two youngest children, Prince Nicolas and Princess Ileana, crossed the Atlantic in the Leviathan and were vigorously entertained during a two months' tour of the United States and Canada.

When Queen Marie was in Paris, just before she sailed, a significant thing happened. She arranged a meeting with her exiled son, Carol, and in her suite at the Ritz Hotel they were closeted for hours. On the day of her departure a pretty scene was staged in the Gare St. Lazare. A breathless young man rushed down the station platform a few minutes before the boat train was scheduled to pull out and threw himself on his knees before the radiant queen. As he bent to kiss her hand, she drew him up into her arms and planted a kiss of forgiveness on his forehead. All the world was thereby notified that the disgraced Prince Carol had been reinstated in the favor of his royal mother. Marie's one-act drama was mutely titled, "Bratianu, Beware."

As a result of the public reconciliation, rumors were rife in Roumania that Carol was coming home. There was even a demonstration before the royal palace in Bucharest, demanding his appearance on the balcony. The government was alarmed and barred all entrances to the country.

"I will have him shot if he returns," the Liberal minister of the interior, Goga, warned the King.

"Be careful that he doesn't have you shot," replied the ailing monarch with a faint smile.

During Queen Marie's American tour, the king's illness took a serious turn. He wrote to his wife, begging her to come home, so she curtailed her trip and sailed with Ileana and Nicolas late in December.

Ferdinand's malady was diagnosed as cancer. French and Belgian specialists were hurried to Roumania in an attempt to save him, but, after fruitless radium treatments and an operation, pronounced their verdict that he

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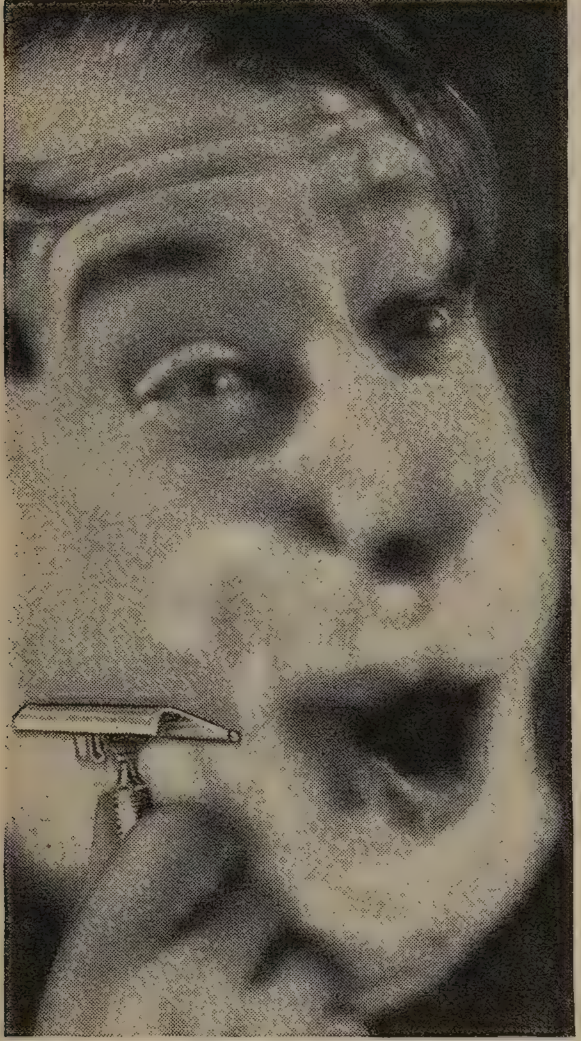

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had only a short while to live. The king's supreme desire was to see his eldest son before the end. He implored Bratianu to permit Carol to come to him, but the Liberal leader refused, insisting that the prince's presence would induce civil war.

About this time, Professor Jorga accepted an invitation to lecture at the Sorbonne in Paris. He chose as his subject "Monarchial Institutions in the Balkans." In the front row of the Turgot Amphitheater at every lecture sat an attentive young man with blond hair. He was Jorga's former pupil, Prince Carol.

Wide World photo

Ten years ago, before dissension parted them, the young Prince Carol spoke a confidential word into his father's ear.

While he was in Paris, however, Jorga instilled more wisdom than scholasticism into Carol's head. After his tutor's visit, the fast-living, roisterous prince was transformed into a bourgeois gentleman. No longer was he seen at night clubs and cabarets in the vivacious company of Magda Lupescu. He took a villa at Neuilly, a beautiful suburb of Paris, and he and his Titian-haired enchantress lived there as unobtrusively as any suburbanite couple. Ironically enough, Zizi Lambrino and Mircea, who was growing into a sturdy schoolboy, lived in Neuilly too, not far from Carol's villa. But, so far as could be observed, Carol showed no concern about her and his son.

His life began to center in political activities; he had agreed seriously to coöperate in the opposition campaign to restore him to the throne. There was constant coming and going of emissaries at the villa, and Carol installed a secretary—a young man from among the Roumanians in Paris. But Bratianu's spies watched him constantly and reports on his activities were made through the Roumanian minister in Paris, the same M. Diamandi who had betrayed the prince in the Hungarian plot, years before.

CAROL'S paternal interest in his royal son, Crown Prince Michael, began at this time to revive. One day he disappeared from Paris and had every reporter in the vicinity scouring the country for him. He was found staying quietly alone at the Hotel Excelsior in Rapallo, on the Italian Riviera, and when one afternoon a rosy-cheeked little boy was brought to him for a few hours' visit, everyone knew the reason for the secret journey. Princess Helen and Crown Prince Michael had been spending several weeks with Helen's mother, the former Dowager Queen Sophie of Greece, at her villa in Rapollo, and when the princess returned to Bucharest, she left her son in the care of his grandmother, so that his father could see him. Queen Marie was credited with arranging the meeting at the time of the Paris reconciliation.

King Ferdinand, too, had tried to gather enough strength to journey into Italy where at some restful beauty spot he might spend a few of his last days with his son at his side, but he was too ill to undertake the long trip.

AS the aged monarch's span of life shortened into weeks, then days, a war of women broke out in the royal palace over future control of the crown. For thirty years Queen Marie had been ambitious to rule. Now the Fates and her own maneuvering had put the chance within her reach.

If she could induce Prime Minister Averescu to make her head regent over the other three, she would be, practically speaking, the monarch during Michael's minority.

She felt that that position was her due, but her daughter-in-law, the Princess of Roumania, as Helen was officially titled after Carol's abdication, differed with her. Helen showed a determination as strong as Marie's own to have a part in her little son's rule and to supervise his education according to her own ideas. What was even more exasperating to Marie, she had public support in the stand she was taking.

Princess Helen had become exceedingly popular in the country of her adoption, especially since she had been deserted by Carol. Her calm dignity in trouble and her devotion to little Michael had endeared her to the populace. Her sad face never smiled, but neither would she bow her head. She was indeed a princess. The people called her "Saint Helen." Her aloofness from political intrigue likewise won her the respect of all parties. Her absorption in her son appeared to be her sole personal interest. She was favored by all shades of opinion for acting regent.

Queen Marie was not pleased with her daughter-in-law's popularity. The two women, formerly the best of friends, became jealous and suspicious of each other. As the rift between them widened, Helen shifted her allegiance from Marie's cause to that of her recreant husband. Perhaps she hoped that he would be grateful for her loyalty and return to her with words of penitence and a promise of reform on his lips.

The other women of the family ranged themselves on either side. Queen Marie of Jugoslavia and ex-Queen Elizabeth of Greece sided with Helen against their mother. The younger Marie openly championed Carol's instant recall. His morals, she declared pointedly, were no worse than anyone's else at court, and as sovereign of a neighboring kingdom, she would like to feel that there was a man at the head of the house next door.

Ex-Queen Elizabeth of Greece scored her mother scathingly for the American tour, and accused her of forsaking the dying king "to promenade Mademoiselle Ileana through the world." The "mademoiselle" cloaked another barbed thrust. Elizabeth had always refused to recognize Ileana.

Feeling especially sympathetic to Helen because they were sisters-in-law twice over, Elizabeth tried to effect a reconciliation between her brother Carol and his wife. Only Ileana supported her mother in the royal squabbles.

BRATIANU, sensing trouble, thought it time to step back into the limelight. He was suspicious of Queen Marie himself. Since her reconciliation with Carol, he feared she might desert to the opposition if she believed that that would further her own interests. When he discovered that Prime Minister Averescu was inclined to gratify the queen by making her head of the regency, he removed him from office and put Prince Stirbey in his place.

It was the first time that Stirbey had ever held public office and the significance of his political début was not lost on the people, nor on the opposition. Prince Stirbey could be depended upon to keep the queen in order. Stirbey was not prime minister for long, however. He had held office only a few weeks when the king began to sink rapidly. Bratianu immediately took the reins of government into his own strong hands.

At the summer palace of Pelesch at Sinaia in the Carpathians, the royal family gathered around Ferdinand's bedside, waiting. The king, wan and weak, smiled at them, one by one. A shadow passed over his face. His firstborn child, Carol, was missing.

Then, "Where is Mihai?" he queried, after a silence.

Princess Helen summoned her son from play in the palace gardens. When little Michael tiptoed in to lay a kiss on his grandfather's pain-worn face, Ferdinand broke down, sobbing. The frightened child cried, too. In that moment, Helen saw the shadow of the perilous crown pass to her little boy's head. Without a word, she fainted.

The long July day wore on to a close. From the king's window he could see the sun set in fiery glory over the wild Carpathian Mountains.

"It is difficult to die," he murmured. Then, with sudden compunc-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"BEFORE THE DAYS OF FOLEY'S"
MY LANDS—! HOW FINICKY GIRLS ARE GETTING THESE DAYS ACTING UP OVER A LITTLE TOBACCO POULTICE AND OIL
YER NEEDN'T BE AFRAID FLORA— THAT CHAWIN' TERBACCERS JES' WONDERFUL FOR DRAWIN OUT COLDS IN TH' CHEST
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142 Hart Building, Toronto, Canada

KING CAROL II OF ROUMANIA
Continued from page fifty-nine

tion for his family's long vigil, he apologized for dying so slowly.

The end came at 2:15 o'clock of the early morning of July 20, 1927. The king had bidden his children farewell,—all but one. He lay in the arms of his queen.

"I feel very tired," he whispered to her, "but I feel no pain."

He closed his eyes then, and dropped off into his last sleep.

The next day Prime Minister Bratianu issued a simple official announcement. Such a departure from the pomp and ceremony that usually attends the death of kings gave rise to all sorts of rumors. The elections following Bratianu's return to office had just been held. It was strange, said gossip, that the king's death had coincided with the verification of parliamentary mandates that had just been submitted by the newly elected deputies.

Within twenty-four hours of Ferdinand's death, six-year-old Michael was proclaimed king. He entered Parliament holding tightly to the hand of his mother, Princess Helen, his white sailor suit in sharp contrast to her mourning robes of black. When the little fellow faced the great chamber, crowded with dignitaries in dress uniforms blazing with decorations, he shrank from the sea of eyes focused upon him and clung to his mother.

"REMEMBER you are a king and the son of kings," Princess Helen whispered to him.

Michael gulped, then squared his puny shoulders. Without another quiver, he received the oaths of allegiance of the regents and his ministers. It was funny to see his Uncle Nicolas kneeling and kissing his hand, and when the bearded patriarch approached, Michael grinned.

But after the ceremonies were over, a tired little king sighed with relief. As he passed between cheering rows of his subjects, he hugged his mother's arm and said:

"Let's go home now, mama. I'm hungry."

Carol received the news of his father's death at the Neuilly villa. He telegraphed this message to his sister Marie: "I am crushed with grief at the news of the irreparable loss which we, and, above all, I, have suffered. I pray you to put some white flowers for me beside him, so that now, at last, free from evil influences, he may feel by this symbol that there beats beside him a heart which always loved and respected him."

P. & A. photo

Queen Marie, Prince Nicolas, and Princess Ileana at Annapolis on their tour of America.

Ferdinand was buried with simplicity in the ancient monastery at Curtea-de-Arges, beside Carol I and Carmen Sylva. Beside his coffin lay a sheaf of lilies, tied with ribbon. One streamer bore the single word, CAROL.

Carol wanted to attend the funeral, but in reply to his request, Bratianu had reminded him curtly that "the doors of Roumania were locked and barred" against him.

The exile had become so sharp-sighted for traps that the prime minister was afraid to let him in, even under an amnesty of death. Only a week or two before King Ferdinand died, Bratianu had sent an emissary to Carol with a statement which he wanted him to sign. It amounted to a virtual reaffirmation of his abdication. The gist of it ran that "after two years of meditation the former crown prince realized he had been guilty of many errors and sins, that he accepted all the conditions set for his return by King Ferdinand, and that he was fully confident in Bratianu's old experience to find the best way for the resumption of his rights and privileges."

CAROL, it was reported, kicked the emissary out of the villa, statement and all, and notified Bratianu in reply that on his father's death he would assume the title of king and would not consider the regency council as the legal government of Roumania. It was, no doubt, on the basis of this notification that at his recent accession he declared all the acts sanctioned by the regency during the previous three years null and void.

On the day following Ferdinand's passing, Carol made good his threat to assume a sovereign's title. He gave a written statement to the New York Times correspondent in Paris in which he referred to himself as "King Carol of Roumania," and at a memorial service for his father in the Roumanian church in Paris, he accepted the obeisance of many Roumanians present.

He had publicly become the pretender to his son's throne.

He was confident that his exile would soon be over.

"They will have to send for me now," he assured a friend. "Bratianu is not strong enough to hold down the situation for twelve years. I have only to wait."

The crash of Queen Marie's structure of intrigue and King Carol's triumphant return will be described in Miss Russell's concluding chapter next week.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Maybe It Was Mutual

Mother told brother Johnny, who is only five years of age, to go out and play with his friends one day. He replied: "I can't mother. I have only one friend, and I hate him."—Edith Blanco, 88 Rockdale Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

* * *

Before Its Mouth Opens?

Ted came over to see our new baby. The baby was in a basket with a blanket over it. Ted was held up and the blanket turned back so he could see. When he was put down he said: "Clozh it up," and grinned.—Hill Westerman, 1311 Ave. D, Brownwood, Tex.

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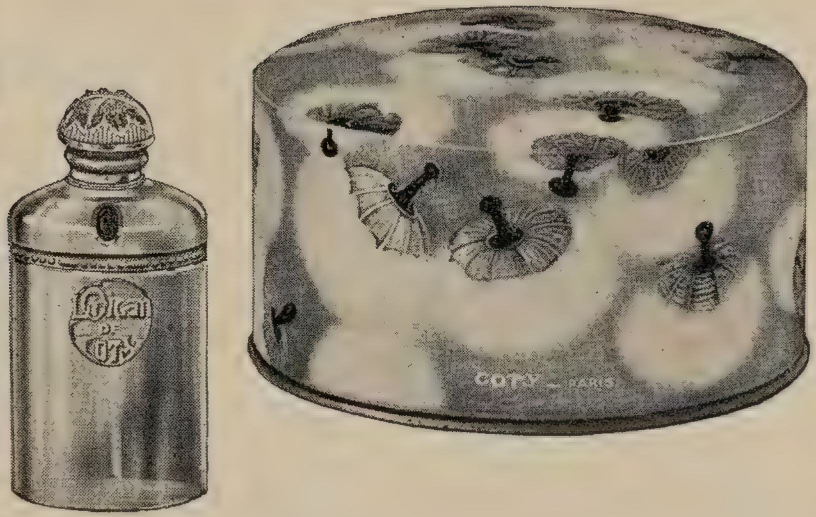

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JACK REISS

**See Starch national survey of Liberty families.*

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At the same time Coty is making every dollar count. Getting the most for its money. That's why, in the magazine field, Coty is investing more money and using more space in Liberty than in any other magazine! . . . It knows Liberty's tremendous value for the advertising dollar. Last year Coty used more than twice as much space in Liberty as in any other major magazine, and the same is true this year.

Today, for advertisers such as Coty, Liberty offers more than 3,000,000 women readers* . . . more than 5,750,000 total readers*. Liberty is the nation's most popular all-family magazine. Favorite with more than 2,400,000 metropolitan, prosperous, active, buying families. As a group they have one of the highest income figures so far developed for a great mass magazine*. Their persistent needs will build business for *your* product as they are building it for Coty!

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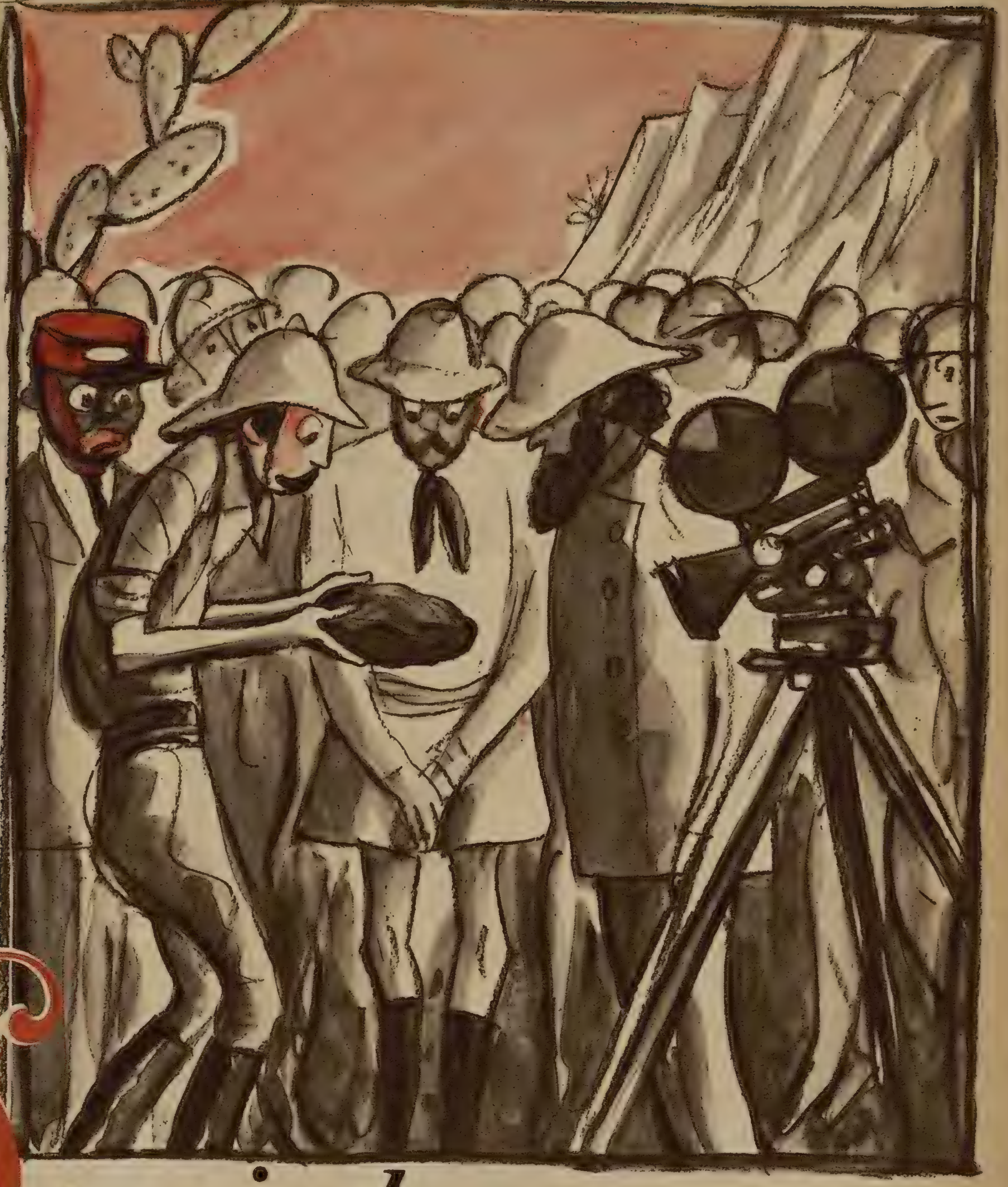


Early this morning we found something.

Special Anthropological EXTRA!

(Reading time: 6 min. 27 sec.)

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

WE do not want to get the public too excited, and then have to let them down, but we think we've found something in the Gobi Desert. By "we" I mean our little anthropological expedition which set out eight years ago to hunt for relics of Ancient Man, got stuck for seven years in Paris what with one thing and another, and now have, at last, reached our destination and goal. We arrived at the Gobi Desert last night. Early this morning we found something. Now, mind you, we do not want to say just yet that it is valuable from an anthropological point of view. But we do know this: if it *isn't* valuable from an anthropological point of view, it certainly isn't valuable from any other. It looks awful.

Our expedition started out from New York with twelve people, including four red caps, a cameraman, a sound man (with a sound machine for making talking pictures in case we should dig up anything that could talk), Dr. Reeby, who was in charge of the badges and

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

hats, and myself. The other four people decided to come along at the last minute, and I don't know who they are. Somebody Dr. Reeby met at dinner that night, I guess.

Then, after we got to Paris and found that we weren't going to be able to get away to the Gobi Desert for some time (we really *didn't* think that it would be seven years, however), we added a few more people to the party, until we finally had about two hundred. This was one of the things which held us up, getting passports for all those extra people. Passports and extra sandwiches.

Then, too, the Springs were lovely in Paris. We landed there just as the horse-chestnut trees were beginning to blossom, and you know how hard it is to leave Paris when the horse-chestnut trees are in bloom. The funny part of it was that they seemed to stay in bloom all of that year and part of the next. By then we had worn out a lot of our clothes and had to have new ones made, and there were fittings and things to be gone through with, and then the horse-chestnut trees were in bloom again. In the meantime, we were accumulating more people.

When at last, after seven years, we were ready to leave Paris for the Gobi Desert, Dr. Reeby had a three-year-old child who, unfortunately, had to be left behind. This caused quite a little hard feeling, Dr. Reeby maintaining that if some of the people already signed up were to be allowed to go, he saw no reason why his three-year-old child couldn't. We finally convinced him that it would be impractical, by pointing out that the child would have nobody to play with and might grow up to be near-sighted and perhaps have a camel-fixation, to say nothing of getting full of sand all the time. So the child was placed in the French Senate, where he would have playmates and good food, and we were off!

It hardly seems possible, does it?

And now we come to the interesting part of our trip. As soon as we had reached the border of the Gobi Desert we unpacked, washed up, and started digging immediately before dinner. It was quite a sight to see all two hundred and thirty of us digging like mad, all intent on discovering something of interest for the Museum and the motion-picture company. Some of the party dug so fast and so deep that they had themselves completely out of sight inside of an hour and had to be pulled out by natives. Several, I am afraid, never did get out, as there weren't quite enough natives to go around. We haven't definitely checked up yet, or called the roll, but I think that the missing ones are some of those we picked up in Paris, in which case we may just let it go at calling the roll.

IT was Lieut. Raffus, the cameraman, who came upon the first "find." Owing to his inability to think of the word "Eureka!" it was quite some time before he could make his discovery known, but when he did, you may be sure that each and every one of us dropped his pick and ran over to Lieut. Raffus' excavation. The object which he held up (and dropped almost immediately, saying "Ugh!") seemed to be a sort of mat, or perhaps I should say muff, or perhaps I might even better say nothing. It was about a foot square, if you can call anything which is rather rounded "square," and was in a state of fossilization which would have made you laugh.

"It is a part of the Pliocene stratum (circa 500,000 years B. C.)," I was the first, and only one, to cry.

"Don't be so sure," replied Dr. Reeby. "You haven't looked on the other side yet." Dr. Reeby is the careful one in our little party. I will bust his nose in some day.

However, we turned it over rather gingerly, and there, on the other side, was embroidered some sort of inscription. (See Fig. 15.)

"Pleistocene that somewhere before," said the sound man, who is always getting off comical cracks, and the laughter at this one was so general that the inscription was forgotten for the time being. In fact, it is only now that I have come to the writing of my report and daybook, that I remember that we really got nowhere in figuring it out. It is in a bag under the table on which I am writing, but I had much rather not pick it out to examine it. One never can tell where such things have been.

But we do know this: The thing is very, very old, or else, naturally, very unattractive. Most of the things found in the Gobi Desert are of the Pliocene Age (the difference between Pliocene and Pleistocene is that Pliocene has not so many letters in it and sounds like a mistake when you say it), and I see no reason for not allocating this discovery in this period. I don't know who is going to contradict us, as we don't intend showing it to anybody except a few personal friends at home.

THE question now is: Shall we call it a day? We have really been here only about half a day, but we have been away from New York for eight years, and that is a pretty long time. The time in Paris shouldn't really count, for we had lots of fun there, but, after all, an expedition is an expedition, and there are movies to be made. The movie company is going to be awfully cross if we come back with a lot of shots of the Arc de Triomphe and Zelli's and only one or two of the Gobi Desert.

So what we think we had better do is stick around here for a couple of weeks, maybe working up a little story which will make a good picture. I wish now that we had brought Dr. Reeby's little boy along, because shots of children always go big and we could show him, in close-up, crying because a camel is drinking his milk or perhaps singing "Anchors Aweigh!" (By the way, I hope that these *are* camels that we have here. I haven't looked closely.)

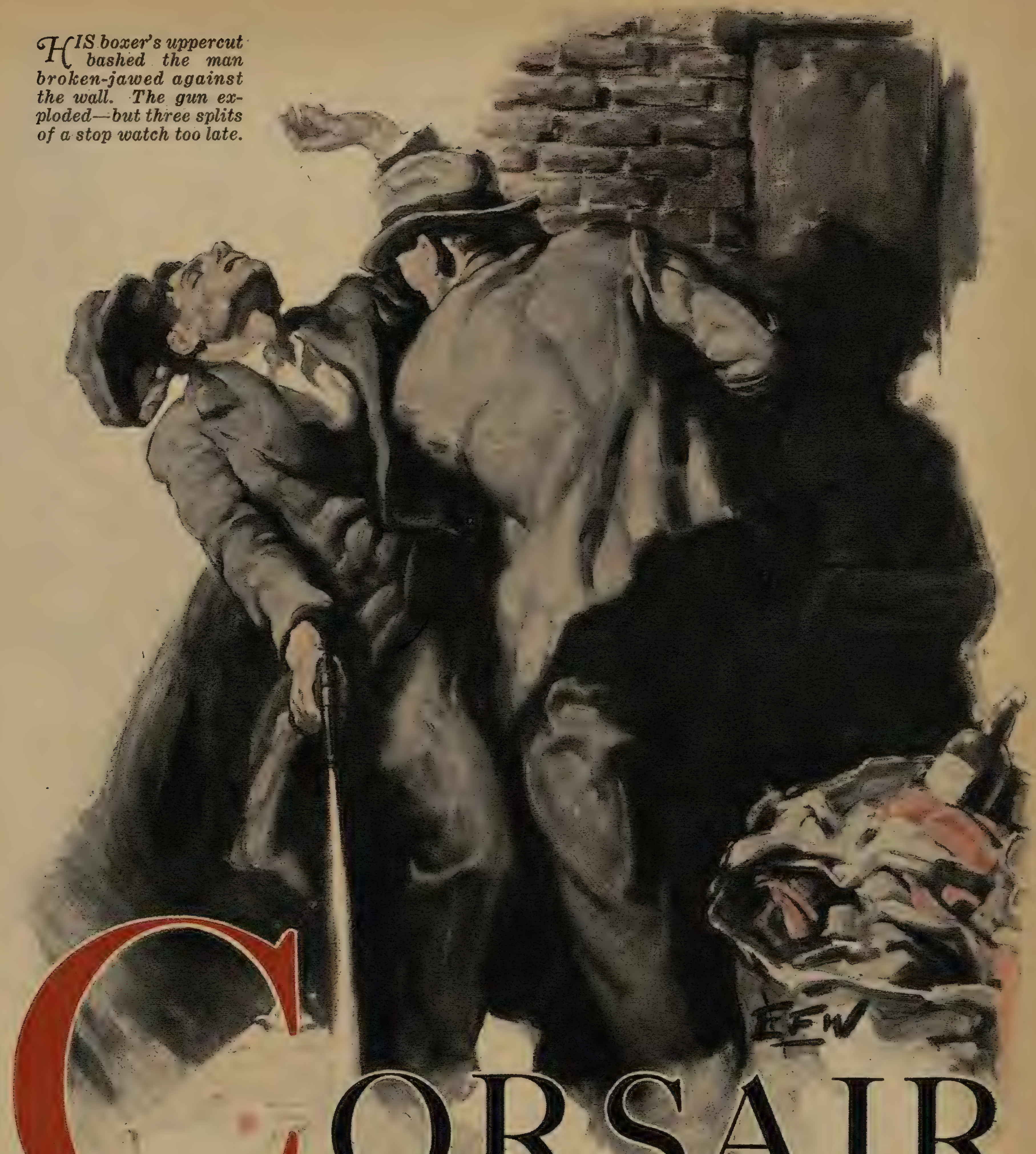
The plan now is that we should not go back by way of Paris. We have seen enough of Paris for one expedition, and a lot of us have never been to Hong Kong. If we go back by way of Hong Kong, that ought to land us in New York in perhaps three years (there are no horse-chestnut trees in Hong Kong, I hear), which will make it an even eleven years away from home. Gosh, it will seem good to get back!

In my next radio, I will tell just what we have found out about our discovery. If it should turn out to be merely what it looks like, then I suppose we shall have to stick around until we find something else. But I see no reason why we can't make it sound good enough to make it worth while having sent us out. The picture rights alone ought to be worth plenty.

Dr. Reeby has just come in and says that our hieroglyphic expert says that the inscription reads: "Deliver no more milk until further notice." Just think! Five hundred thousand years B. C. people were going away on vacations and leaving notes to milkmen! It hardly seems possible, does it?

Well, I guess that means that we don't have to dig any more. So it's off to Home and Hurrah for Science!

More—or less—scientific reports by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.



HIS boxer's uppercut bashed the man broken-jawed against the wall. The gun exploded—but three splits of a stop watch too late.

CORSAIR

The Love Story of a Modern Buccaneer

By

WALTON GREEN

Pictures by E. F. WARD

(Reading time: 22 minutes.)

THIS is the story of John Hawks, football star, who turned hijacker and held up the trucks of Big John O'Toole, bootlegger. He has just been mysteriously held up in a dark alley. You can begin here and understand what follows.

PART SEVEN—BIG MONEY

BUT now there arrived one of those rare and red moments in the career of John Hawks.

As his hands started aloft in response to the guerrilla's command, his muscles contracted automatically. His body twisted sideways as instinctively as he sideslipped a charging forward at football. His boxer's uppercut, short-armed and vicious with fear and fury, caught full on the chin target, and bashed the man broken-jawed against the wall. The gun exploded, of course—but three splits of a stop watch too late—and clattered to the cobbles of the alley.

John was all over his man in a flash, jumping stiff-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

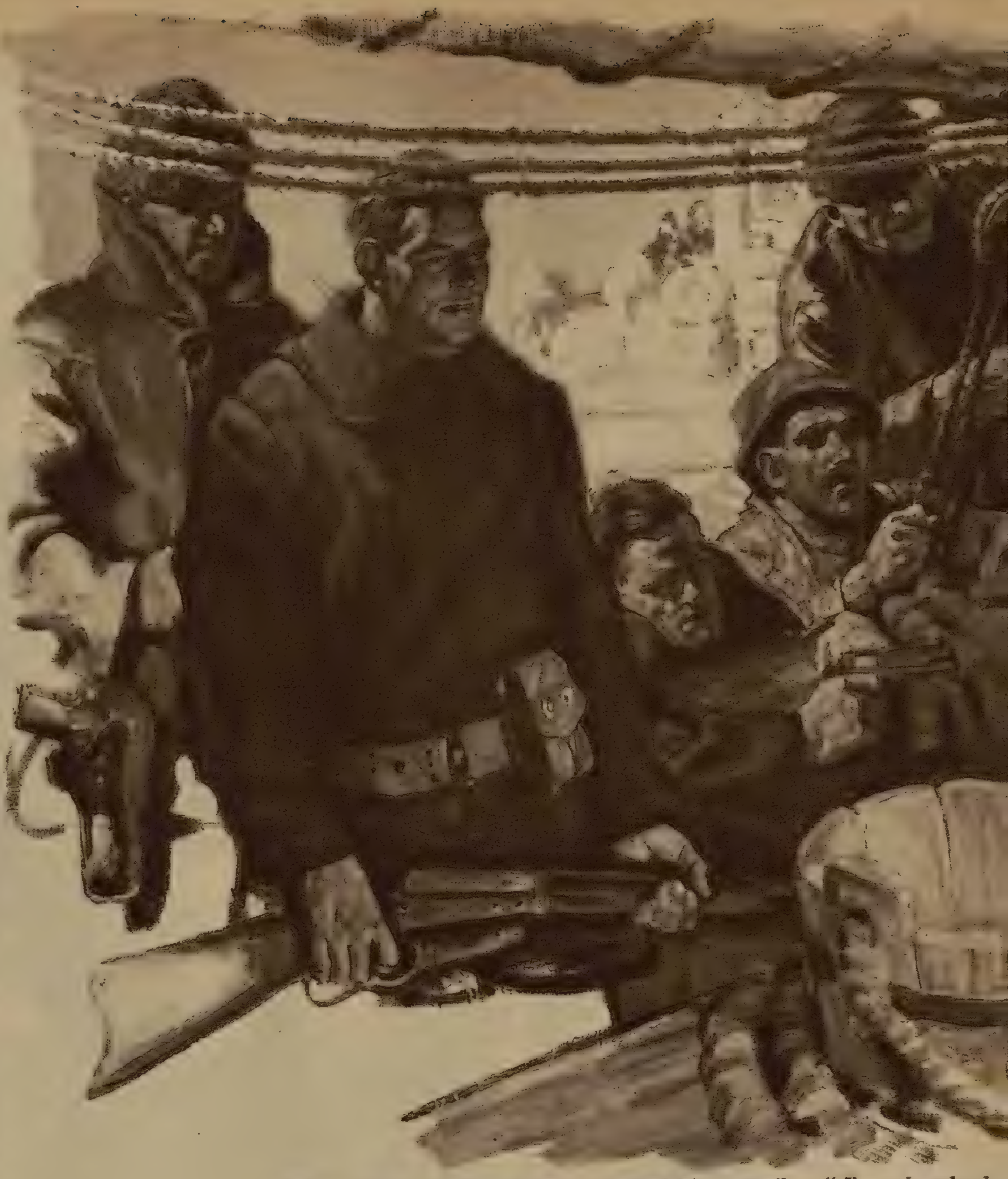
CORSAIR
Continued from page sixty-five

kneed and brutally to the unprotected diaphragm. His free hand found the pistol butt, and he whipped the heavy barrel three times to the upturned face as though he were breaking stone with a mason's hammer.

John scrambled to his feet, picked up his suitcase, and strode ragingly to the street. He went noisily and without the slightest thought of concealment.

He walked to the corner and hailed the first taxi that came along. Halfway uptown he suddenly felt very tired and a little sick. His mind began to function again. Up to now, it was his body that had responded to a berserk fury of supercoördinated nerves and muscles. The man who had stolen football games in a red rage of desperation had turned antisocial. Treat him rough and he had the makings of an uncommonly mean and joyful killer.

He drove to the Pennsylvania Station, bought a ticket to Philadelphia, passed through the gates in the press of the theater-commuting crowd, and entered the day smoker behind the express car. But he did not sit down. He walked through the coach to the front vestibule, sprung open the balance-hinged section of the car platform, and dropped to the track on the far side.



The skipper of the schooner greeted him angrily. "I'm a hundred

THROUGHOUT these movements he had been careful not to look behind him. He walked to the rear of the train he had been on, crossed two more pairs of tracks, and regained a section of station platform where an incoming train was discharging passengers. He mingled with the crowd and left the station on the Long Island side. If the second man or anyone else had followed him, he had shaken him off by now.

Twenty minutes later John was in the Packard with Hopping.

"Up Madison and across the river to the Grand Concourse, then east to Bronx River Parkway," he ordered.

"What's the matter with the Boston Post Road?" suggested Hopping.

"I'm going the back way: Danbury, Waterbury, Hartford, airline to Worcester. Longer but safer—too many of everybody on the shore road."

"Oh," said Hopping tonelessly. "Thought you weren't afraid of O'Toole or anybody else."

John made no answer. They drove for a time in silence. When they reached the Parkway, John took the wheel.

"I'll spell you a while, Chub. Let me have a cigarette, will you?"

Hopping gave him the cigarette.

"What took you so long to get uptown?" Chub asked carelessly. "Someone gat you up for your roll?"

"Exactly. And I killed him—I'm afraid. One of O'Toole's men, I suppose it was." He gave the details. Chub listened to the end without comment.

"Well," he said finally, "I guess we've crossed the Rubicon, all right. Those big shots don't forgive a bump-off. They can't afford to—couldn't keep their mobs together if they didn't stand back of 'em."

"Chub—d'you know—I suppose I ought to feel it, but I don't. I had nothing against that man—he had nothing against me, except his orders, I expect."

"Orders, nothing," objected Chub. "O'Toole has the rep of playing straight. When he gave you till tomorrow night, he meant it. The bird that stuck you up was working on his own—probably been tailing you all day from the bank and knew you still had the money on you."

"If I could believe that, I wouldn't feel so rotten. Not that I really feel rotten, anyway—it was his life against mine—sort of impersonal—like soldiers."

"His life against your money, you mean. Don't kid yourself. Anyhow, you did a good job. On second thoughts, O'Toole may not tumble, or if he does, he may let it pass because the guy was hoisting you without orders."

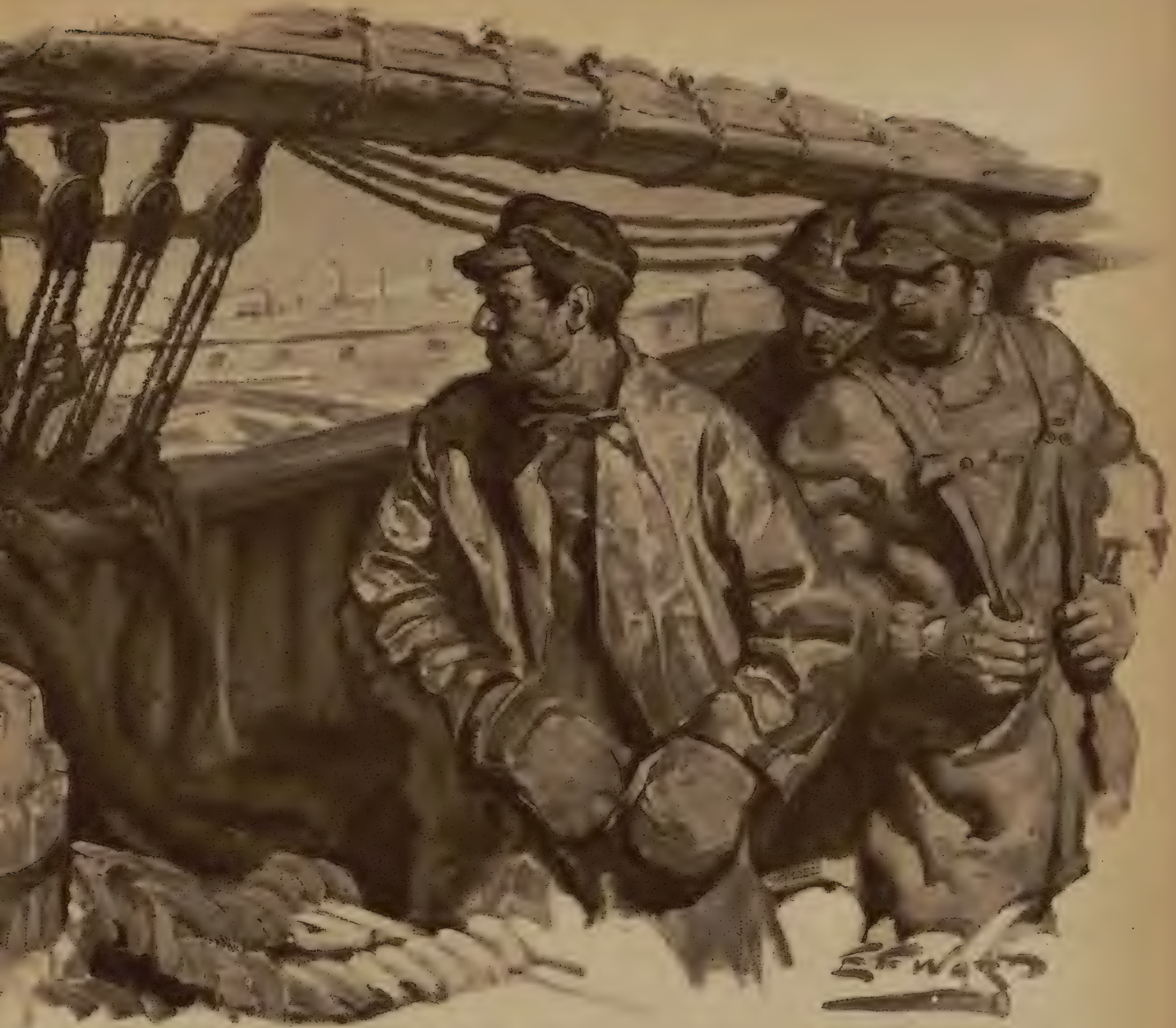
John pondered this.

"It's all queer in my mind still. I—I—guess I just went dotty. It was the funniest feeling of power. You know, Chub, I've never killed anyone—"

"You astonish me," murmured the irrepressible little man.

"Oh, hell, Chub! Can't you ever be serious?"

"Not about killing a killer," said Chub serenely.



miles out offshore, cap'n," he growled. "What the hell you firing on my ship for, huh?"

They had breakfast in Worcester. Chub, who was again driving, avoided the Bancroft and parked unobtrusively in the busiest section of the main street.

"We'll eat off the arm in a Baltimore lunch," he announced. "Murderers on the lam have to avoid well known hotels."

John winced.

"Now, let's see," continued Chub. "The next thing they always do is buy their home-town papers to read the account of their crime."

John winced again.

"AND many's the man that's been traced that way. Do you know the out-of-town papers kiosk in Times Square? No? Well, every time a bank cashier in some jerk-water town absconds with the assets and makes for the Big City, he heads right for the Mazda Belt and buys him a copy of his Hicksville Bugle to see what his brother elders in the brick church are saying about him. And these amateur crooks never seem to wise to the fact that for a couple of months after a job anyone asking for a Hicksville Bugle is spotted and tailed."

"But that's different," objected John. "Small-town paper in a big city is suspicious; but surely not the other way around. Nothing suspicious in buying the Times anywhere."

"N-o," admitted the little man reluctantly. "Not unless you're caught reading the editorial page. Then they'll likely commit you for feeble-mindedness. Anyhow, we'll play safe. I'll get the Worcester Telegram and the Boston Post too. That'll average us down. Lucky we've got Massachusetts tags on the car."

"You certainly think of everything, Chub. I'm damn' grateful."

"I have the criminal mind," said Hopping calmly. "I love it. Now you go in here and order oatmeal, and special cream, and ham and eggs, and coffee, and hot cakes, and then something substantial for breakfast. I'll get the papers."

Presently he returned and seated himself beside John.

"I left 'em in the car," he whispered. "No story yet—your party was too late to make the bulldog edition that they send out to the sticks. The evening's will carry it."

A few hours later they had passed through Boston and were headed for Ipswich. And an hour after that they were comfortably ensconced in the decidedly magnificent and fairly ancestral home of the heir to the Hopping Seamless Hosiery millions.

They sat in the broad, observation-windowed living room that formed a part of young Mr. Hopping's bachelor

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORSAIR
Continued from page sixty-seven

suite. The window gave on to the lawn, and the lawn ran to meadow, and the meadow ran half a mile to salt water. To the right lay the Ipswich River, unnavigable, drearily unkempt.

John Hawks lay on a couch and sucked contentedly at his pipe. He was at ease now—gorgeously relaxed. It was midafternoon. The early evening papers were scattered on the floor. They carried a condensed A. P. story of John's affair. The man was not dead. He was in hospital with severe lacerations of the face and scalp, a fractured frontal bone, and possible internal injuries. Probably would live. Another gangster beating-up dismissed in two sticks of type.

“The way I figure it, Chub, is this. We've got our market—all the smart crowd I've sold bonds to. It's a good deal safer, and it's far better cover, to live with that market and dip into underlife when we have to, than it is to live with the underworld and reach up out of it to our prospects.”

“Right oh,” assented Chub, “and lots more comfortable. I had visions of thieves' flops and delicatessen food and speakeasy liquor for years ahead. I'm all for the gentleman-cracksman idea.”

“No gentleman stuff about it,” said John seriously, “except on the surface. You'll get all the action you want, don't fret. What I mean is I'm outlawed by the underworld from now on. I'm out to fight them and rob them. But I'm going to play straight with the people I sell to—except once, maybe.”

“You talk just like my father,” observed Hopping admiringly. “He always plays absolutely straight—except when he doesn't. That's the way he keeps us in steam yachts and the other bare necessities. That's the way—”

“SHUT up! Now I've planned this all out, Chub, and we're going to do it my way—the big things, anyway. You're strong on detail, and you'll get a bellyful before you're through.”

“Thanks,” said Hopping. “What's first on the program?”

“First thing is to go to bed and sleep. Two nights up is enough. Then tomorrow morning we'll go back to Boston. I want a fast, able power boat with accommodations for about a dozen men. Do you know anything about power boats?”

“Huh,” replied Chub in an injured tone. “I've raced and cruised these waters from Fire Island light to the Bay of Fundy all my life.”

“That's not so long,” said John. “What I mean is do you know ships—I mean vessels or whatever you call 'em? I'm weak on that end.”

“Sure,” said Chub easily. “I know all the shipyards—Marblehead, Bristol, Bath—anything you like, all the brokers, and enough of the coast guard—”

“That'll come later,” John interrupted. “First we want the boat. You'll take ten thousand and go out and buy one.”

“Can't be done—not on that—not what we want. Wait a minute, though—yes, it can—they're selling these big cabin cruisers on time payments now.”

John frowned.

“Rather pay cash, then we know where we're at. And those boats are too fancy, anyhow. Can't you hire?”

“Sure, you can charter, but it's hard in the wintertime, John. All the boats that aren't in southern waters are out of commission—hauled out and housed over. But I'll see what I can do. How soon have you got to have it?”

“Oh, no hurry,” said John absently; “any time before tomorrow night.”

“You're crazy—” Then he saw the smile on John's face. “All right. I'll hustle, if that's what you mean. Gee—this is the life! Guess I'll go to bed. What are you doing in the morning, boss?”

“Getting the crew, seeing some coast-guard boatswains that Slim knows, and a couple of other things.”

“Don't sign on any men until I tell you what the boat calls for,” Chub admonished.

Then they went to bed.

II

IT was some two weeks after this conversation in Ipswich, Massachusetts, that the two-master schooner Lorraine, out of St. Pierre, off the coast of Newfoundland, was rounding Cape Sable light, which lies at the southernmost tip of Nova Scotia.

The wind was west by south, and the Lorraine, anxious to make a landfall by night, lay close-hauled to the wholesail breeze. Her position was due south of Cape Sable, and seventy-odd miles off the nearest point of the American coast.

An able schooner was the Lorraine—bowspritless, pole-masted, and with the sweet lines and lovely sheer of the later Gloucestermen. But she had been in the hands of the Franco-Canuck bottle fishermen these many hard months. And now her canvas was filthy, her ratlines sagging, her rigging and running gear worn and frazzled; a one-time queen of the fishing fleet now outward bound to a hovering position off the coast of Massachusetts, her hold bursting with three thousand cases of assorted liquor, her decks piled high to boom clearance with whisky sewed up in sacks.

Out of the north, from the direction of the Bay of Fundy, an awkward-looking steam vessel hove in sight. She was making toward the schooner on a converging course. The steamer was low-sided fore and aft, with a high and landlubberish bridge and deckhouse amidships—one of the made-by-the-mile-in-a-minute subchasers purchased by our government near the end of the war, and sold by the government after the war for a few thousand apiece, which was only a few thousand too much.

The subchaser bore down on the schooner and signaled her to heave to. The master of the schooner, wholly within his rights—and wholly without the twelve-mile limit—was scandalized. The coast guard was using some of these vessels for patrol boats, but this chaser showed no C. G. ensign. The schooner held its course. The one-pounder abaft the deckhouse on the chaser fired a blank. Still the sailing vessel held its course.

The one-pounder spoke again, and the foresail gaff on the schooner buckled and drooped like a broken-winged bird. The master put his wheel hard down and brought his ship into the wind. Then he dropped the spokes and ran to his cabin for a rifle. His motley crew of three men looked sullen. They hadn't signed on to fight.

The skipper emerged from his cabin, saw the rifles sticking up in the waist of the work boat which was putting out from the subchaser, meditated upon the one-pounder and the two seamen standing by to serve it, thought better of resistance, and carefully stowed his Winchester. Hell, it wasn't his cargo. If his owners couldn't keep the C. G. in order, that was their business.

The work boat from the chaser came alongside, and the blond head of a young man in a blue reefer appeared above the rail. The skipper of the schooner greeted him angrily.

“I'm a hundred miles out offshore, cap'n,” he growled. “What the hell you firing on my ship for, huh?”

The young man smiled a crooked and pleasant smile and seated himself on a bitthead, with his rifle across his knee. Four well armed men followed.

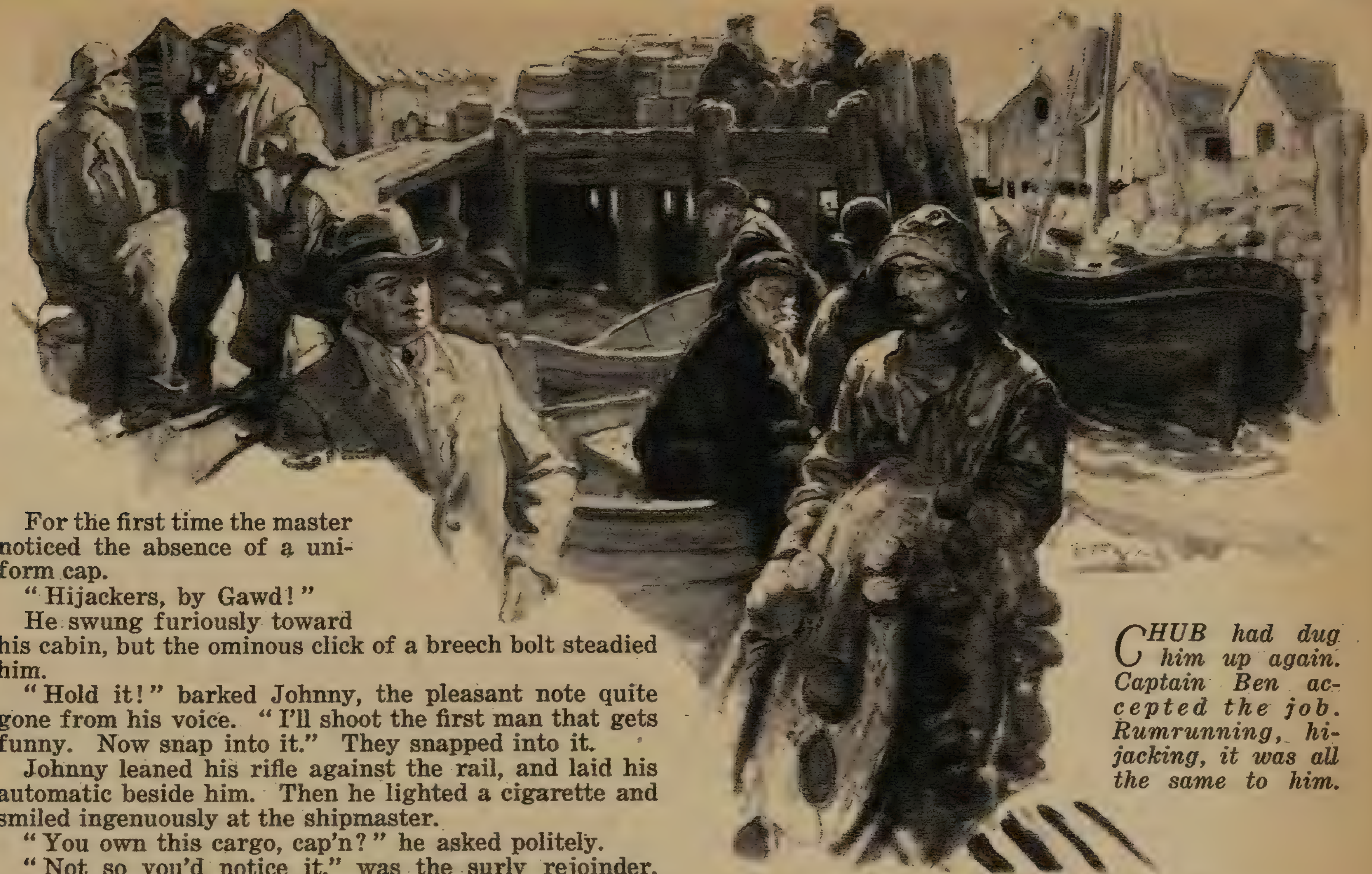
“WHERE'S your supercargo?” asked the young man pleasantly. “I want to see your liquor list, Cap'n Andrus.”

“How d'yer know my name? And I haven't got no supercargo. Here's the list, and you can see my papers, too. Cleared all regular for Havana, I am. And when I get home there's a protest goin' to Washington that'll cost you your job, young man.”

“Sure, cap'n,” answered the young man soothingly, while he checked the list against a memorandum which he had drawn from the pocket of his reefer. “Never mind your papers. I'm sure they're all fine and dandy.”

He handed the skipper back his list.

“We'll take the exact number of cases and brands I've marked on your list. And can we use your work boat too, cap'n? And your men will have to help us.”



CHUB had dug him up again. Captain Ben accepted the job. Rumrunning, hijacking, it was all the same to him.

For the first time the master noticed the absence of a uniform cap.

"Hijackers, by Gawd!"

He swung furiously toward his cabin, but the ominous click of a breech bolt steadied him.

"Hold it!" barked Johnny, the pleasant note quite gone from his voice. "I'll shoot the first man that gets funny. Now snap into it." They snapped into it.

Johnny leaned his rifle against the rail, and laid his automatic beside him. Then he lighted a cigarette and smiled ingenuously at the shipmaster.

"You own this cargo, cap'n?" he asked politely.

"Not so you'd notice it," was the surly rejoinder. "What aggravates me is lettin' you aboard fer coast guards."

"Yeah," agreed John easily; "but I'd 've sunk you if you hadn't."

He moved over to the other rail where he could watch the chaser which wallowed clumsily fifty yards to leeward. He could make out Chub and their own skipper on the topheavy bridge. All serene; no recall signal, which meant that no suspicious craft had yet been sighted.

THE work boats plied back and forth between the vessels. Dusk came on. John checked the last case and the last sack over the side. He turned to the skipper and held out his hand.

"No hard feelings, Captain Andrus." He smiled winningly. "Business is business. Glad it doesn't cost you anything yourself." The skipper grunted and turned sourly away without seeing the proffered hand. John slipped his pistol into the holster, passed his rifle to one of his men, and swung a leg over the rail.

"If you happen to feel one of your mad spells coming on, cap'n," he grinned over the top of the rail, "just take a look at that young siege gun on our boat."

He dropped easily down the rope ladder and into the stern sheets of the rowboat. Funny how naturally it all came to him.

Chub was at the gangway when they came alongside.

"Too bad we can't pipe you over the side in real style, boss," he remarked with sardonic admiration. "Where do we go from here?"

"Oh," said Johnny vaguely, "tell the captain to start ahead anywhere he likes—general direction of Boston. Then, if you'll bring him into the cabin, I've got a map that'll show him where to go."

They gathered in the cabin and examined the chart. It was a small-scale ocean chart embracing the waters from Cape Anne south to Chatham light on Cape Cod. Twenty miles east of Cape Anne a position was marked with a penciled cross.

"Where that cross is," said John, "I got a date with a friend tomorrow."

"What time tomorrow?" demanded Captain Runker shortly. The captain was from Mount Desert. He made it a point of honor to sass his owners consistently and to serve them faithfully.

Until a year ago he had worked for the Hoppings. Chub had dug him up again, and offered him the ticket, with a substantial split. Captain Ben had refused the split and accepted the job on a flat wages basis. Rumrunning, hijacking, it was all the same to him. He had an outside ticket in steam and he knew the coast from Halifax to Havana.

"What time tomorrow?" demanded Captain Ben.

"Lunchtime," answered Hawks.

Captain Runker frowned in consideration.

"Where we are now ain't on this chart, but I figure roughly it's two hundred and twenty-five miles west sou'-west to Cape Anne. This here pickle boat'll make twelve to thirteen knots. That'll fetch us there plenty of time and to spare."

"Fine," said Johnny.

"I'll get my parallel rules and lay off the course on my own charts. If it don't shut in thick in the morning we'll git there before noon. Wind's hauling and it smells damp, though. Nothing more tonight, is they?"

The captain went for'ard.

Chub was lying on a locker.

"YOU look sunk, Chub. What's the matter?" demanded John.

"Sick," said Chub with startling brevity. "Sailed all my life—always sick first few days—'cept when I get excited. I'd be sick on a swanboat in Central Park."

"Too bad," murmured John.

"Some of the finest naval officers in the world are always sick first few days out," said Chub.

"Don't doubt it—don't doubt it," agreed John hastily. "Gee, I'm hungry! You don't want some supper, I suppose?"

"Ugh! Leave me alone and call me in the morning."

In the morning Mr. Hopping was still indisposed. John left him alone and joined the skipper on the inclosed bridge. It was a warmish winter's day, and the wind, hauling to eastward during the night, had brought the fog in with it, as the captain had feared it would.

"Thicker'n pea soup," he growled to John in lieu of a good morning. "Been running by dead reckoning since midnight; can't tell where we are within ten mile."

John was seriously disturbed. If they missed the appointed meeting place, his plans would be dished. He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORSAIR
Continued from page sixty-nine

would be on the high seas with an enormous deckload of contraband liquor—and no place to go.

"Isn't the fog likely to lift?" he queried.

"Can't tell, this kind o' weather. Unseasonable winter weather's the meanest for fog; you can't figure on it. It orter burn off when the sun gets high. Then mebbe I can get a shot at the sun."

Around five bells the fog began to burn thin. Presently a copper-yellow disk showed itself sharp-edged through the translucent fog. The captain shot the sun, and corrected his position on the chart.

"How's she heading now?" he asked.

"West sou'west quarter-west, sir," droned the quartermaster at the wheel.

"Give her half-west," commanded the skipper.

The helmsman pushed a spoke six inches to starboard, brought it back and steadied her.

"West sou'west half-west," he intoned.

At eleven thirty the sun came out in full force. So did Mr. Charles Hopping. Mr. Hopping was himself again.

"Had a fine breakfast," he announced, "of which I am still in command. Morning, Cap'n Ben—"

"Ugh," grunted the captain.

"Ben and I are always cheerful in the morning, eh, what, cap'n? Morning, Bigger John. What's the good word? Heading into Marblehead to sell this stuff on the main street in broad daylight, are we?"

John smiled and came down from the bridge. He drew Hopping out of earshot of the crew.

"Listen, Chub. We did our first and last rumrunning on the Montauk trip. We made our first and last shore delivery when we put the vanload in Corning's cellar. Henceforth we're off the shore stuff. I don't propose to run liquor ashore or to sell it on the sand, or even to sell it to bootlegger contact boats and speed launches."

"But—but what are we out here for?"

"We're out here to hijack—to rob the runners. We're on the high seas, and whenever we have so much as a bottle of liquor aboard, we'll stay on the high seas. We may be pirates—"

"And then some," voiced Hopping faintly.

"—we *are* pirates, if you like, but we're not breaking any customs or prohibition laws. Only thing the government can get us for is conspiracy or piracy."

"Mere trifles, I'm sure."

"EXACTLY. And why? Because we're not adding to the sum total of booze that's being run in. We're just intervening for a few hours between producer and consumer."

"Just like a big financier," murmured Chub.

"Exac— Oh, shut up! You know what I mean, Chub. And we're not going to do any small-time delivery stuff, either. No middlemen; no distributing organization on shore. What we steal we steal on order and we make our customers come out to sea to get it. That's why we're meeting a steam yacht seventy miles out here. We sell cheap because it costs us nothing, and they get good stuff they're absolutely sure of."

"Cheap-good," repeated Chub. "That's queer, John, but that's what the buccaneers of the Spanish Main used to call the goods they smuggled to the American colonies."

"Yes," said John slowly. "I've got an old ship's log in my locker you might care to look over some time."

"D'you mean to tell me you've got this boatload of ours all sold in advance?" asked Hopping with a touch of awe in his voice.

"Absolutely. And with any luck we'll be rid of it two hours from now—and have our money in our jeans."

"Who's buying this load?"

"Some rich old yachtsman geezer from your part of the country. I've forgotten his name. You'll see his steamer in about an hour."

"Well," exclaimed Chub with obvious relief, "I've certainly got to hand it to you! I've been worrying myself sick how we were going to land the stuff and get rid of it. Why the deuce couldn't you tell me all this before, I'd like to know?"

"You talk too much," grinned Johnny.

Hopping looked hurt.

"I'm going below to find something to eat. Haven't had a thing for over an hour," he announced gloomily.

John mounted to the bridge again.

"We're on your position now," announced the captain curtly, sticking his protractor in the chart rack behind him. "It wants a quarter hour to noon."

"Good!" exclaimed John. "Then just hang around and anchor or something."

The skipper gave him a withering glance.

"Something over a hundred fathoms of water here," he stated tonelessly.

"Oh," said John. "You mean we haven't got rope enough?"

The quartermaster's leathery hand went up to hide his leathery mouth.

"Somethin' like that," admitted the captain. "We can cruise around—or heave to, if you want. Looks kind of queer to be hove to out here, though. There's a steamer to the west'ard heading this way. Do you figure that's your friend?"

For twenty minutes they watched the approaching vessel. She was a large Diesel-engined ocean-going steamer, cruiser-bowed and able, but looking more like a small passenger steamer than the clipper-bowed and beautiful yachts of an earlier day.

"THAT'S the boat!" exclaimed John, lowering his glasses. "She's got the white flag with a dancing black horse on it they told me to watch for. Captain, will you pull up three water buckets on your mast so's they can see it? That's the signal we agreed on."

Captain Runker chewed violently at his mustache. Then he turned to obey. He was an excellent seaman.

Mr. Charles Hopping appeared at the head of the companionway, munching contentedly on a large doughnut.

He cast a careless eye to windward, as all good sailors do when coming on deck. His jaw dropped. The doughnut dropped. His eyes protruded slightly. "Good God!" he gasped faintly. "Tha—that's my father's boat!"

"Sure it is," said John calmly. "But your old man's not aboard. Keep downstairs, Chub, and none of his crew will see you. The skipper and I will take care of transferring the booze."

Mr. Hopping retreated to the companion and ducked out of sight. "How—when did you—I mean—how did you get the governor to fall for it?" he asked faintly.

"Cinch," said Johnny. "All done through a third party. Your father doesn't connect either of us with it. Keep down out of the way, now, Chub, and we'll begin unloading. There are no other ships in sight anywhere. Skipper says O. K. to go ahead."

An hour later John Hawks came into the stateroom and tossed a fat wad of bills on the bunk where his partner was lying. "Count 'em, Chub," he chuckled.

Chub counted them. "Thirty-two thousand," he murmured mechanically. "And for carrying a few hundred cases a few hundred miles."

He heaved himself off the bunk and looked out of the porthole. The big white yacht was under way and heading back toward the Massachusetts coast. Their own vessel was under way too, heading out to sea.

"And to think that he keeps me on an allowance, and then sends me out thirty-two grand," he breathed with something akin to awe. He turned to Johnny.

"'They do well to call thee chief,'" he misquoted, but with much earnestness. "'Lead on, McHawk, and damned be he who first cries halt—enough!'"

Johnny grinned. "Sit down, you fat boob," he said cheerily, "and listen to me. Here's what we do next."

Chub sat down and listened. A couple of years back it would have been John who was doing the listening and Hopping the lecturing.

Johnny finds his biggest thrills in hijacking—and in Alison Corning. She steps into the scene next week, and is the center of a startling adventure.

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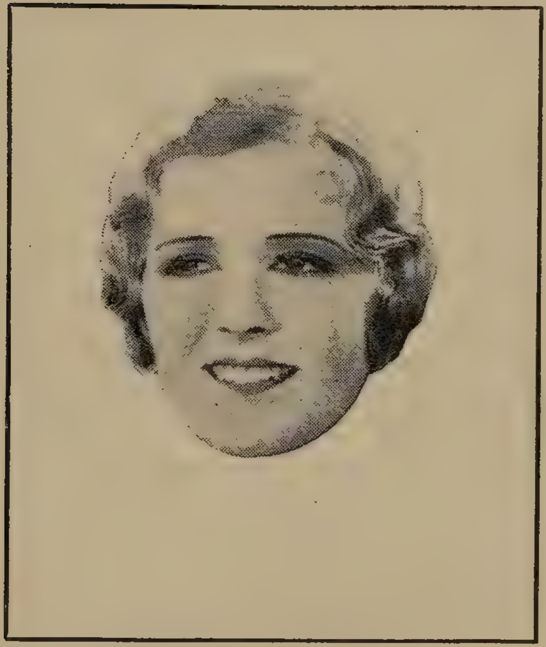
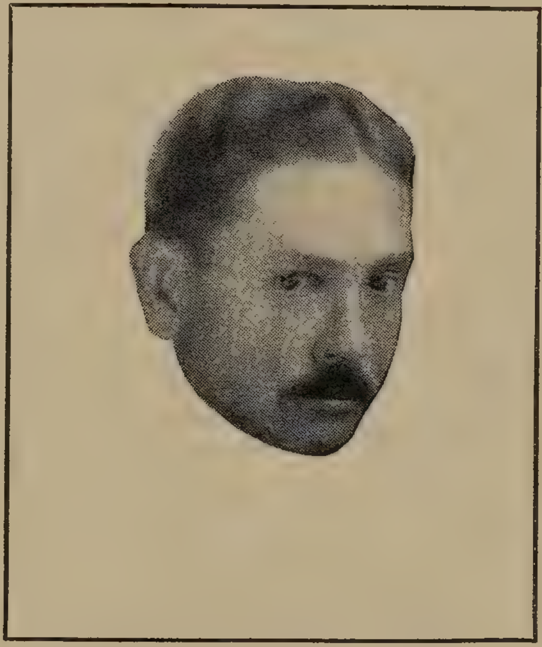
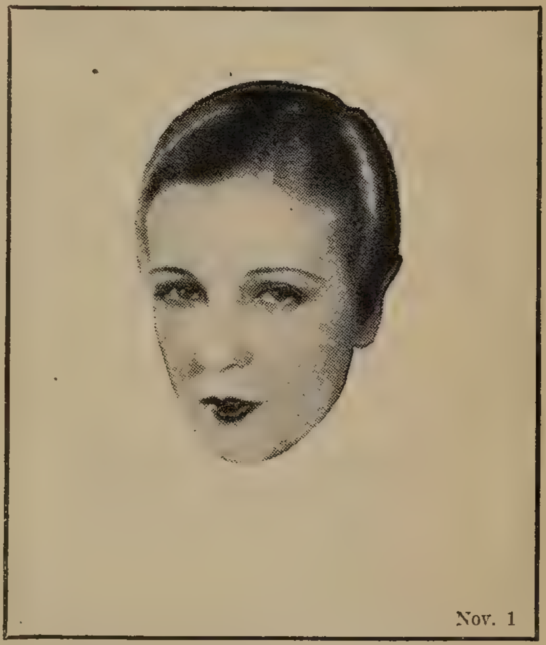


MARILYN MILLER
stage star



SIDNEY SUTHERLAND
writer

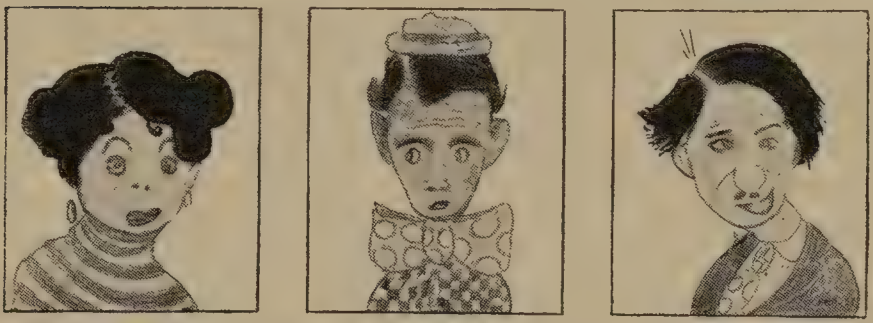


NATALIE MOORHEAD
of the movies

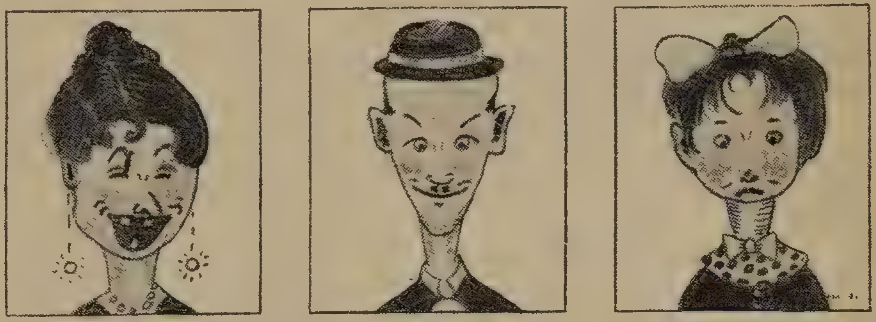
See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, November 8. That's all there is to it!

HERE ARE THIS WEEK'S PRIZE AWARDS

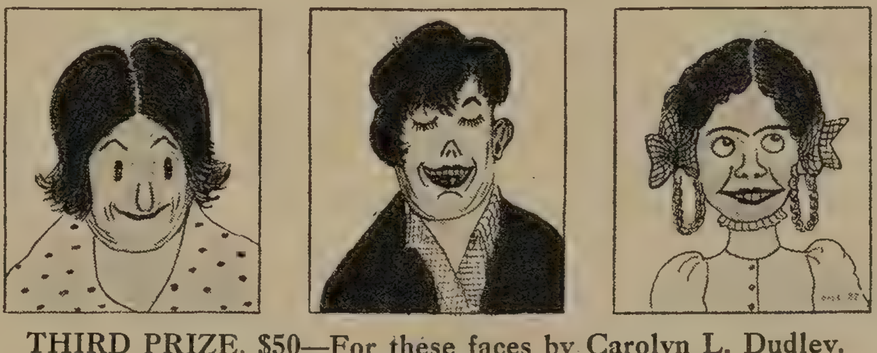
for the funniest faces made from the pictures of Billie Dove, Jack Sharkey, and Norma Shearer, in our September 27 issue



FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by M. E. Stone,
610 West Maple Street, Winslow, Arizona



SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by J. W. Breihahn, Jr.,
53 George Street, Charleston, South Carolina



THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by Carolyn L. Dudley,
1921 East Fourth Avenue, Denver, Colorado

THE RULES

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced five weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these FUNNY FACES.

$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to Mary F. Bashaw, Centerville, Ia.; Fred. A. Berkey, Drexel Hill, Pa.; Mrs. D. E. Byham, Olean, N. Y.; George A. Chase, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. P. S. Clowes, Salt Lake City, Ut.; Bessie K. Davies, Albany, N. Y.; Irene M. Dube, East Bristol, Conn.; Arne Evanger, Chicago, Ill.; Robert J. Greenstein, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. B. E. Hindman, Chattaroy, W. Va.; Florence Karschnick, Chicago, Ill.; Ida I. Kerr, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. William F. Lang, Wausau, Wis.; Arnold Larsen, Chicago, Ill.; Robert A. Long, Middletown, O.; John McGlynn, New Bedford, Mass.; Alice Millen, Dunsmuir, Calif.; L. Paulsen, Weehawken, N. J.; Virginia Polak, Atlanta, Ga.; Walter J. Quest, Nashville, Tenn.; William C. Rhodes, Baltimore, Md.; Kuhn Roberts, East Radford, Va.; Helen Seas, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Paul Shideler, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Charles S. Smith, Pittsburg, Kan.; Gladys B. Stanfield, Bristow, Okla.; Mrs. S. T. Stark, St. Louis, Mo.; Frances Webb, West Vancouver, B. C.; Margaret D. West, Indianapolis, Ind.; Jack G. Williams, Fort Worth, Tex.

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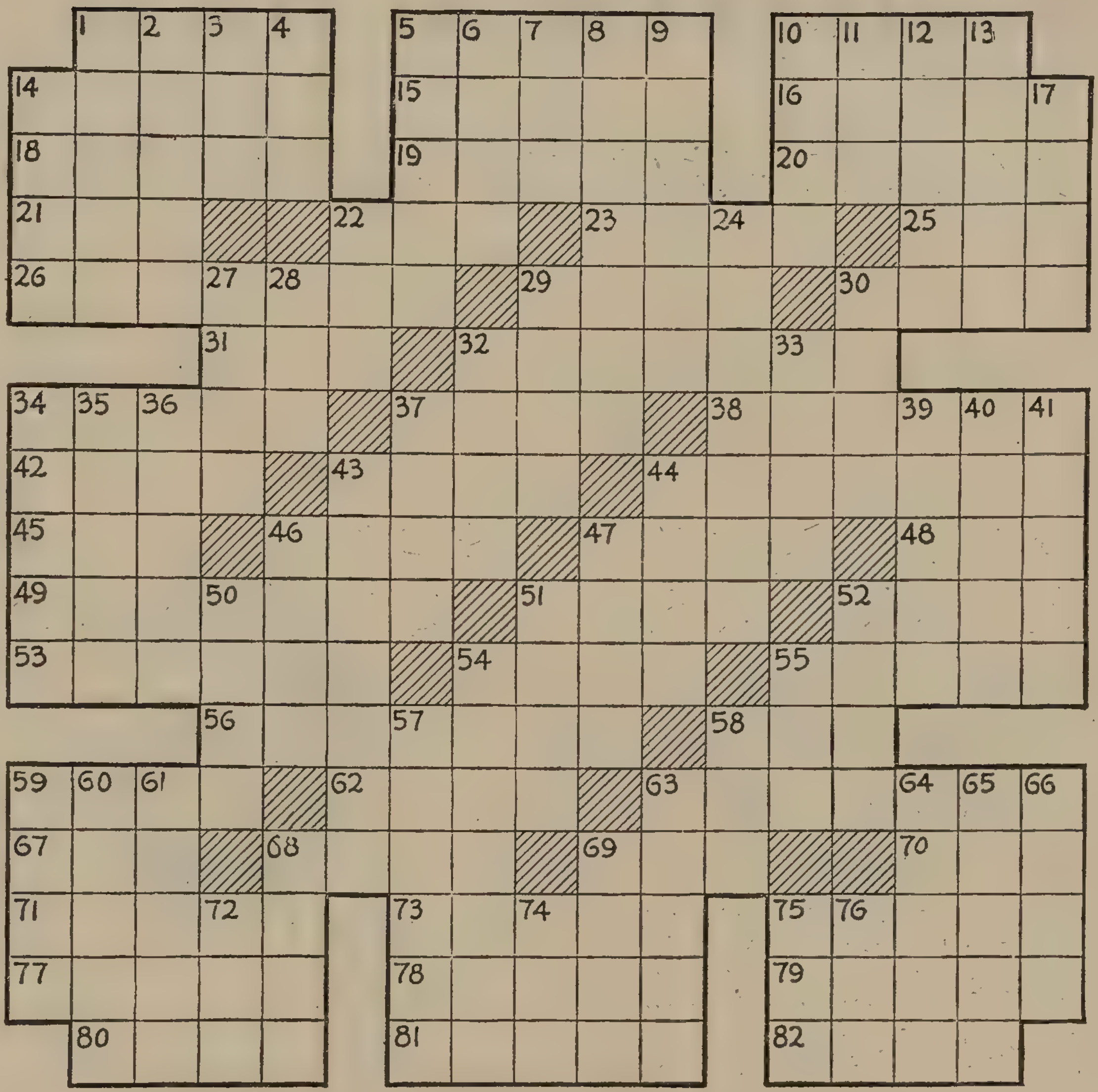
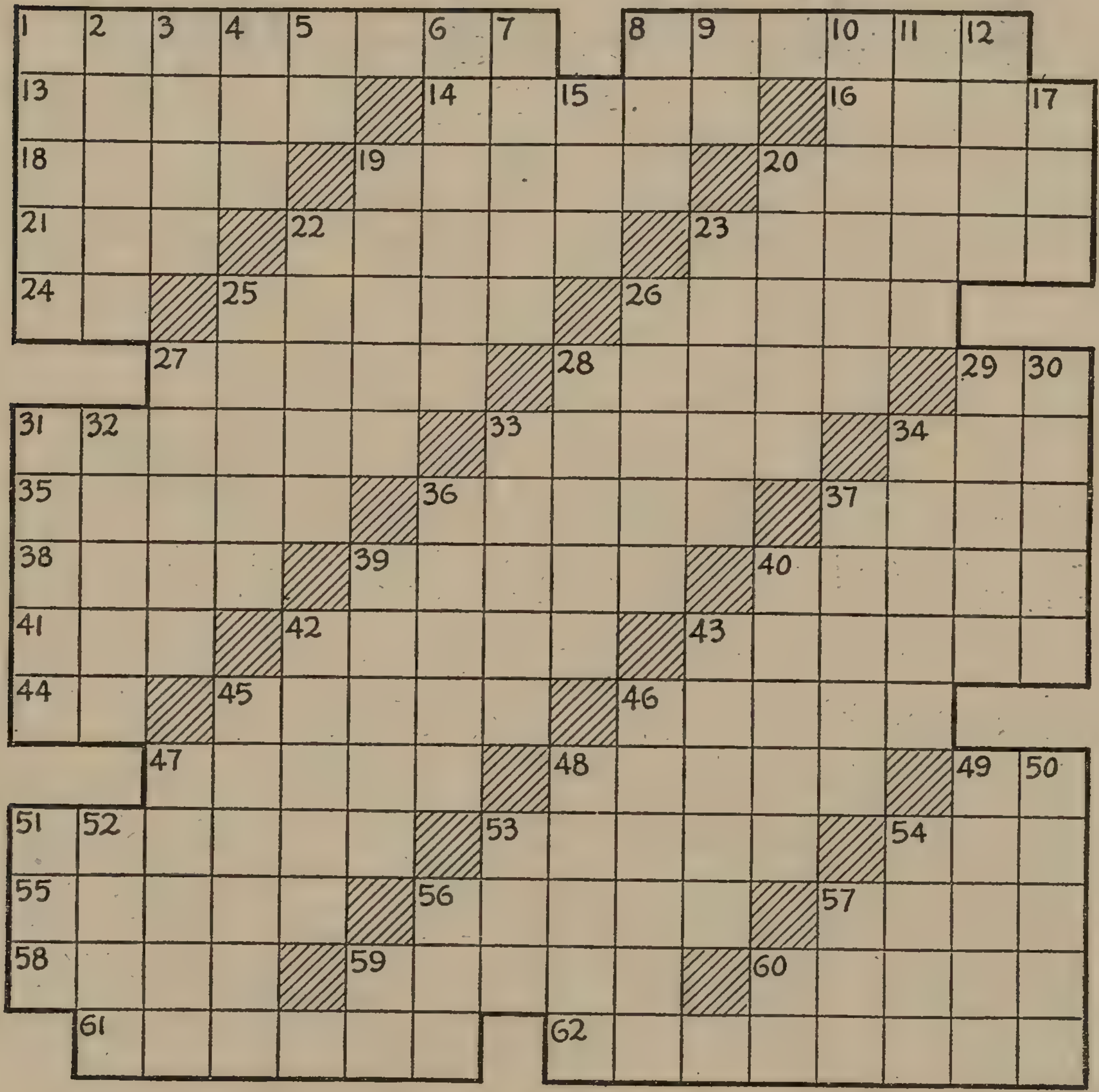


HORIZONTAL
1 Gay and lively celebration
5 Patron saint of France
10 Sea mammal
14 Sodium tetraborate
15 Eject; oust
16 Wind instrument
18 Wear away
19 Metric measure of length
20 Out of the way
21 Beast of burden
22 Melody
23 Den
25 Permit
26 Choose again
29 A son of Adam
30 A cardinal number (plural)
31 Corrode
32 Middle point or place (plural)
34 Pertaining to the cheek
37 To disembark
38 Peruser
42 Exclamation expressive of sorrow
43 Rave
44 Barren; unfruitful
45 Any flatfish
46 Tidings
47 Labor; drudgery
48 Large vehicle
49 Word or syllable with no accent (plural)
51 Letter of the Greek alphabet
52 Abhor
53 Species of sheep
54 Stitches
55 A tendon
56 Members of the family or tribe of Levi
58 Comrade
59 A fish
62 Town in England
63 Moves uncertainly
67 Commotion
68 Apothecary's measure
69 Succeed
70 Illuminated
71 The trunk of the human body
73 Tardier
75 Ascend
77 Fine driving icy particles
78 Images
79 Military student
80 Satiate
81 Box for the safe keeping of valuables
82 Sheep

VERTICAL
1 Furze
2 Ascended
3 Youth
4 Chopping tool
5 Resign voluntarily
6 Always
7 Egg of an insect
8 An island in the North Atlantic Ocean
9 A body of water
10 Float aloft
11 The bitter vetch
12 Nimble; active
13 Loaded
14 An animal
17 Mesh fabric (plural)
22 Deed
24 Sluggishness
27 Meadows
28 Attention
29 A coin
30 Autocratic ruler
32 Containers
33 Dance of the Scottish Highlanders
34 Form of address to a lady
35 Winged
36 Exertion; industry
37 Statutes
39 Large, low sofa or couch
40 Puff up
41 Restore to freshness
43 Regain
44 Drunkards
46 Baseball team
47 Cries of a cat
50 River in Africa
51 Part of to be
52 Sword handle
54 Portion of the alimentary canal
55 Salt
57 A style of type
58 Greek god of flocks and pastures
59 Strikes lightly
60 Images
61 A territory of the Japanese Empire
63 Primarily
64 Strike out
65 Ascends
66 Let it stand!
68 To be weak-minded or silly
69 Cysts
72 Collection of things belonging together
74 Digit
75 Playing card
76 Unrefined

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page 76

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL
1 Makes putrid
8 Band, as of straw for binding sheaves of grain
13 Prince of Afghanistan or of Sind
14 Aquatic fish-eating mammal
16 A metal
18 Incite
19 Gastropod mollusk
20 Avoid by dexterity
21 Bottom of any body of water
22 Wooden plug
23 Made upright
24 An area ten meters square
25 Grudge; rancor
26 Undergone; tolerated
27 Interval between two objects
28 Solitary
29 Parent
31 Consisting of, or containing, salt
33 Gross; coarse
34 A gypsy
35 Torso
36 Lift by means of tackle
37 Channel in a mold
38 Poem in a dignified style (plural)
39 French landscape painter
40 Harbor
41 A footlike part (anatomy)
42 A Turkish council of state
43 Heavenly bodies
44 Printer's measure
45 Species of palm
46 An ancient language
47 More pallid
48 Divided by force
49 To partake of reality
51 Intervened betwixt, as combatants
53 Pertaining to civic life and affairs
54 Cry of a sheep
55 Notice or record of a person's death and its date
56 Small, mean house
57 Lubricates
58 Small fish
59 A metric measure of length
60 Excessively fat
61 Transmitter
62 Wife of an autocratic ruler (plural)

VERTICAL
1 Chief object of pilgrimage of the Islamic world
2 A game at cards
3 Bamboolike grass
4 Immerse
5 City of ancient Chaldea
6 An explosive
7 Trite; commonplace
8 Deity in Babylonian mythology
9 An assimilated form of in-
10 Proceeding from God
11 Obliterate
12 Went as passenger
15 Equality in any contest
17 Man's nickname
19 A pungent or fragrant odor
20 Acquires by service
22 A blow, as with the palm
23 Perch
25 Whirls
26 A violent gust of wind
27 Turns about a fixed point
28 A Greek poet of Lesbos
29 Vocal composition on a sacred text
30 Word of solemn ratification (plural)
31 Mine excavation
32 Forest in England
33 Shade of red
34 A bird
36 Hang about
37 Street urchin
39 Quoted
40 Hostelry
42 Strikes out
43 To raise frivolous objections
45 Thrive; grow fat
46 Large gland (plural)
47 Cost; expense
48 Fastening device
49 Life raft
50 Relieves of strain
51 Seed envelope
52 Sleeveless Arab garment (plural)
53 Bed
54 Good (French)
56 Pronoun
57 Kind of West Indian sorcery
59 Pronoun
60 A conjunction

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page 76

At Last! COLOR can be imparted to··

GRAY HAIR

GRAY haired people need no longer worry about embarrassment and handicaps gray hair causes. Now a liquid has been discovered—a liquid as colorless as water itself—that actually imparts color to Gray Hair whether it is snow white or merely streaked. It is called Kolor-Bak and you simply comb it into the hair and watch the gray disappear, never changing the beautiful sheen. Another thing about Kolor-Bak that is almost as amazing as its wonderful results, is the peculiar fact that the very same bottle of this clean, colorless liquid does for either Blonde, Black, Brown or Auburn. It *must* be unusual, for hundreds of thousands of people have already used it. Don't let Gray Hair handicap you any longer! Get a bottle from any druggist or department store today—and if Kolor-Bak doesn't make you look 10 years younger, your money will be refunded at any time.

KOLOR-BAK
Imparts Color to Gray Hair!

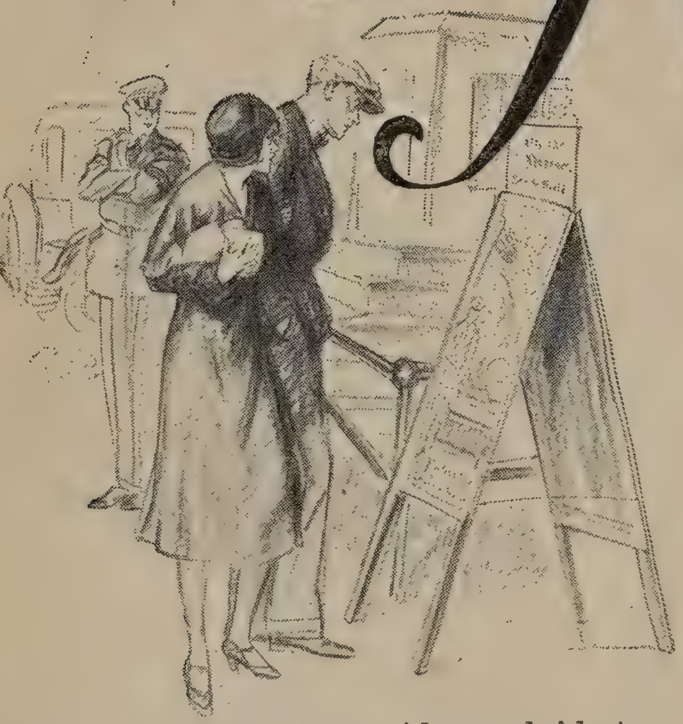
MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Ingrown Nail
Turns Outward
—NO PAIN

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stops the pain instantly and so toughens the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles.
Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

The JUDGE *and the*



" *Every time we'd pass he'd stop and look at them.*"

A Story of Human Kindness

By

Edward L. McKenna

who varies the work of a professor at the Wharton School of Finance, University of Pennsylvania, by writing fiction, both short stories and novels. Recently, for added discipline, he tried newspaper reporting in Philadelphia.

Pictures by Arthur D. Fuller

(Reading time: 9 minutes 10 seconds.)

THERE is little about this court room that suggests melodrama. It is not crowded, and those who are here seem to be parties at interest, their attorneys, their witnesses, and their friends. They pay small attention to any cases except their own, and leave with a rustling when judgment has been delivered. Testimony is given quietly, conversationally almost, and counselors are not given to oratory. It's whispered that Judge Stoneham doesn't care for it, and he's the senior on this bench.

That's the judge up there, bearded and white, with the fine face of an old man who is learned and virtuous. He has the casual manner of aristocracy and a simple, homely way of speaking, of making it all seem informal and usual. Many a cheap young lawyer has learned manners here, and never realized it, and many a witness has told the judge more truth than he intended.

This court has a beautiful name—the Court of Common Pleas.

The cases heard here are restful, and mildly amusing. Usually they are neither startling nor theatrical—actions of assumpsit, the appointment of a guardian, prayers for the reformation of contracts—quiet, simple, unimportant cases that are never headlined in the papers. The spectators in search of vaudeville go to Judge Daniel Ahearn's show; he clears the room every so often. In here, even the tipstaff is good-natured.

And old Judge Stoneham, whose salary, so they say, would scarcely pay his servants' wages, comes here every day and listens to Mr. Rabinowitz, who claims that his tenant owes him six months' rent, and to Mr. Moran, who wants an executor's bond reduced, and to Mr. Mancuso, who waves an agreement made with Mr. Schmidt, according to the terms of which Schmidt agreed not to engage in the cigar business within five city blocks of 312 Main Street and that loafer—would you believe me?—has opened up a store on Acorn Street, only just around the corner.

The judge blinks, and nods, and asks Mr. Mancuso a few easy, friendly questions, and presently Mancuso's excitement is much abated, and the case is tuned down to the low, drowsy key that makes casual spectators nod in their chairs.

Meantime, they're trying a man for murder right next door, and lawyers are thundering at each other, and, outside, traffic is pouring by, typewriters are rattling, ticker tape is piling up in wastebaskets, ironworkers are straddling I beams and shaking under the vibrations of riveting guns.

"—File a bond for twenty-five hundred dollars," says the judge.

"Twenty-five hundred—let's see—nine hundred—and forty-five hundred—and the merchandise, four hundred—though that's disputed— Yes. Very well. Twenty-five hundred. No, that's not too much. You want a responsible person, don't you? Is that all on the docket, Williams? The court is adjourned."

He rises and bows to the tableful of attorneys before him and saunters off to his chambers to doff his robes and retire to his club for an hour before dinner. But someone is waiting for him.

He's tired, but it's a woman, and he bows to her. "Yes, madam?" he says.

"Judge, I—could you spare a minute?"

"Certainly. What is it? Sit down."

"I—it's my husband, judge—I—"

"Are you sure it's me you're looking for? Domestic Relations is—"

"Oh, yes, judge. Yes, it's you. Or any judge."

"Ah. Well, what is it, now?"

"My husband, judge—he's in the marines. I want to get him out."

He looked at her. Tawdry prettiness, cheap, flimsy shoes, beige stockings, bright, sleazy coat.

"He went off and joined the marines without your consent. Is that it?"

"Oh, no, judge. I—I let him go."

"What's the trouble? You have children?"

"No, no; we ain't got any children. I work at Seagal's."

"I see. You—uh—you—"

She flushed. "Oh, no. It's not that."

"Then what is it?"

"Why—judge—he's a stationary fireman. He's—he's just an ordinary fireman; he don't know a thing except how a shovel scrapes along a floor. Well. Well, we been married five years, judge."

"Yes."

"WELL, about a year and a half ago, he began to get dippy over joinin' the marines. I saw him lookin' at the posters, over on Bridge Street. You know them posters they got. Every time we'd pass he'd stop and look at them. Well, he's a fine big fellow, judge; he's been a fireman all his life. He ain't—he ain't a smart fellow, judge, but he's—he's an awful simple-minded fellow, if you know what I mean. Well, I guess I was the only girl he ever went out with; he says so, anyway. And—and I'm two years older than him, judge."

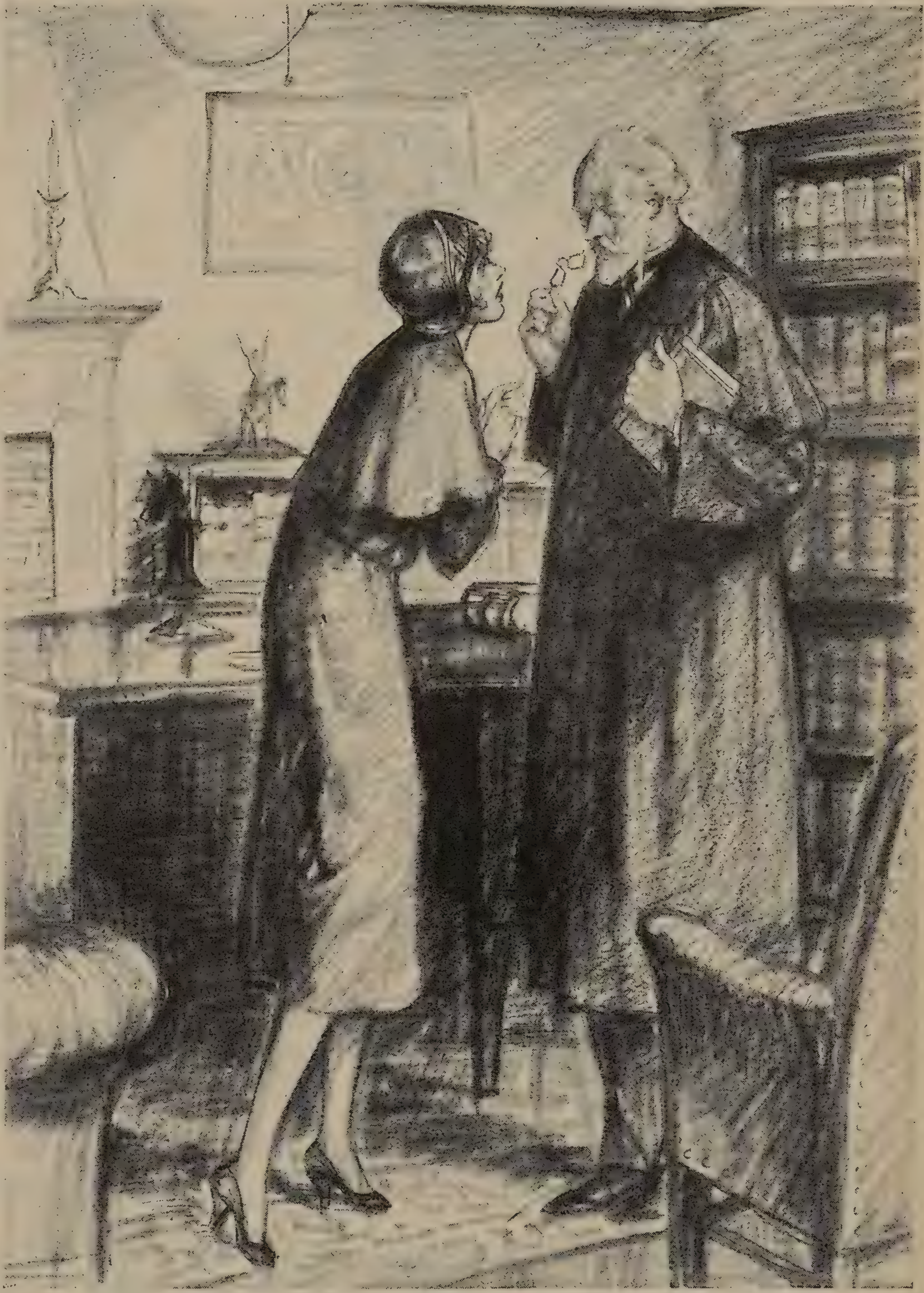
"How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Yes. Yes. All right."

"Well. I work, too. I got my old job back. I gave it up after I was married, but I got tired sittin' around

Marine's WIFE



"Yes, madam?" he says. "Judge, I—could you spare a minute?"

doin' nothin', so I went back. Four years—And I can take care of myself, so I said if he wants to go join the marines, all right. Let him go."

"He's a steady fellow, is he?"

"Steady? He was working in the sugar refinery six years. Every night he comes home and we go to the movies. Steady!"

"Likes the movies, does he?"

"Oh, sure. He's nuts about them. Particularly foreign places."

"You like the movies, too?"

"Oh, sure. Sure, I like them."

"You—uh—excuse me. You haven't any—new interest?"

"How do you mean?"

"You haven't—a new admirer, madam?"

SHE bristled. "Who? Me? Whaddya think I am?"

"I see. I had to ask you."

"No. It's just like this. I figured it all out. If we had kids—But I ain't gonna have him eatin' his heart out. Gettin' to hate the sight of me. I couldn't stand that. I said to myself, leave him go join the marines. They say there's chances for education, and all. And then, maybe, he'll get sick of it, and come back. Maybe he won't; that's your hard luck. Give him a chanst, anyhow. So I signed the papers."

"Yes. And now he doesn't like it?"

"Like it? Say. You know what they got him doin'? He's a fireman at the Clark Island Navy Yard for eight months. A fireman. He gets liberty every ten days. And he's goin' nuts. Nuts! See the world, hah! He's seein' an open furnace, just like always."

"So you want to get him out."

"Yes. Maybe he's cured, now. I don't know. Anyhow, this ain't right. This ain't doin' him any good. These simple guys, judge, they're awful funny. I seen him pretty near kill a guy once for hittin' a dog. He's crazy about dogs—and kids."

Again she flushed.

"It—it ain't—I feel kind of funny, talkin' about this to a gentleman—it ain't my fault we ain't got no kids. I can't have none."

"Yes. I understand. Well, now. Isn't there a chance that he may be sent overseas, to China, or somewhere?"

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

LOW SHOES—AND SPATS

For men, Fashion says "low shoes." But wintry winds have no regard for Fashion. So common sense adds—"Spats." Fortunately Spats are both practical and fashionable. To make sure that your Spats will fit properly, keep their shape and preserve their hard smooth finish ask for "Standard" Spats—and look for that name.

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What's for Dinner?

Game's over! . . . Victor and vanquished head for home in the nippy autumn dusk. . . . Home—and hungry!

And speaking of food—here's a mouth-watering dish to set before ravenous, after-the-game appetites—

CREAMED CHICKEN

Cut the meat in one-half inch cubes, using only the white meat if a delicate product is desired. Add the meat to the hot sauce and mix well. Serve hot, garnished with parsley and pimiento. Variations may be made by ½ to 1 cup green peas or cooked, diced celery; one cup mushrooms chopped and sauted for 5 minutes in one tablespoon butter, ¼ cup of shredded pimiento, or ½ cup chopped hard cooked eggs. These may be used in any desired combinations.

(1½ cups cubed, cooked meat; 1½ cups of thin, white sauce or 1½ cups cream, seasoned.)

This is one of the delicious and practical recipes in the Liberty Cookbook, 100 STANDARD RECIPES . . . a gold mine of tempting menu suggestions. Send for it today! Fill out the coupon and inclose 10¢.

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"I don't know. He's awful leary of them, now. He's scared of them. I tell you, he's like a child. Suppose he deserts, then what? Then they'll send him to Portsmouth jail, or Paris Island. Get him out, judge. Please, please, you tell me, how can I get him out?"

"You realize that he's giving up—his—his dream? What's he going to do if he comes out?"

"Go back to being a fireman, I guess."

"Yes."

"Other people got dreams, too, got to give them up. All I know is this. You leave him there, it's—it's gonna be bad. There's a looie he hates something terrible. What chance would one of them looies have with Joe? You can get shot for that, can't you?"

"What made you come to me?"

"I don't know, judge. I says to myself, I'll go to the City Hall. I'll go sick at the store. I'll find somebody will help me."

"Nobody sent you to me?"

"No. I was wandering around, and I looked in, and seen you up there. So I came in, and waited. I said I had an appointment."

The judge nodded. "All right. Now, you come back here—let's see. No. You telephone me tomorrow night, about eight. Here, I'll write the number for you. All right. I'll see what can be done. I don't know."

"I—you—you don't think I ought to leave him stay there, judge? I'm so worried. I want to do whatever is—whatever is—"

"That's what all of us want," said the judge. "You call me tomorrow night. That's all right. Not at all. I'll see what can be done."

When she had gone, the judge sat down again, a little heavily, as a tired old man does. Common pleas, he said to himself. Common pleas.

Then he called his young man. "Thomas! Thomas!"

"Yes, sir."

"You try to get me Major Le Notre, at the Navy Yard, will you? If you can't get him, try Admiral Potts. He might be over at the League about now. You don't happen to know anything about getting sailors or marines released from the service, do you? No, I suppose not. You're like all lawyers, you'll look it up." . . .

"Major Le Notre, sir," said Thomas.

. . . . .

"ALL right, major. You'll send me the papers, then. . . . The cost of his outfit? Well, I'll pay that. All right, then. Thank you very much, major."

Judge Stoneham hung up. "Now I know how it's done, Thomas. All right. You might put the briefs in that Kaisel ejectment in my bag, if you will. Thank you. What time is it? A little too late, I guess. All right. Good night."

One of the judge's ancestors, so they say, was crippled by rheumatism contracted at Valley Forge. They're not melodramatic, any of them. There goes the judge, with his old-fashioned green bag.

One of these days he'll die, and there'll be another senior on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas. There will never be a statue of the judge outside the City Hall, and it's just as well, for he wouldn't want one.

THE END

	G	A	L	A		D	E	N	I	S		S	E	A	L	
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Answer to the puzzle on page 72

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Answer to the puzzle on page 73

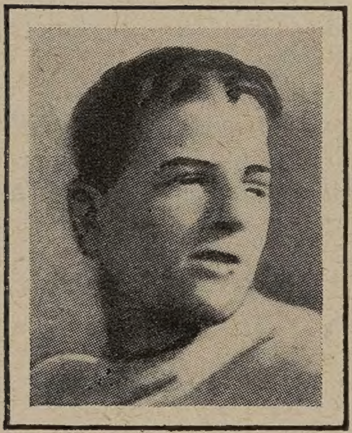
A Second to THINK

Stanford 7, Pittsburgh 6—How a Fumbler Turned the Tables in 1928

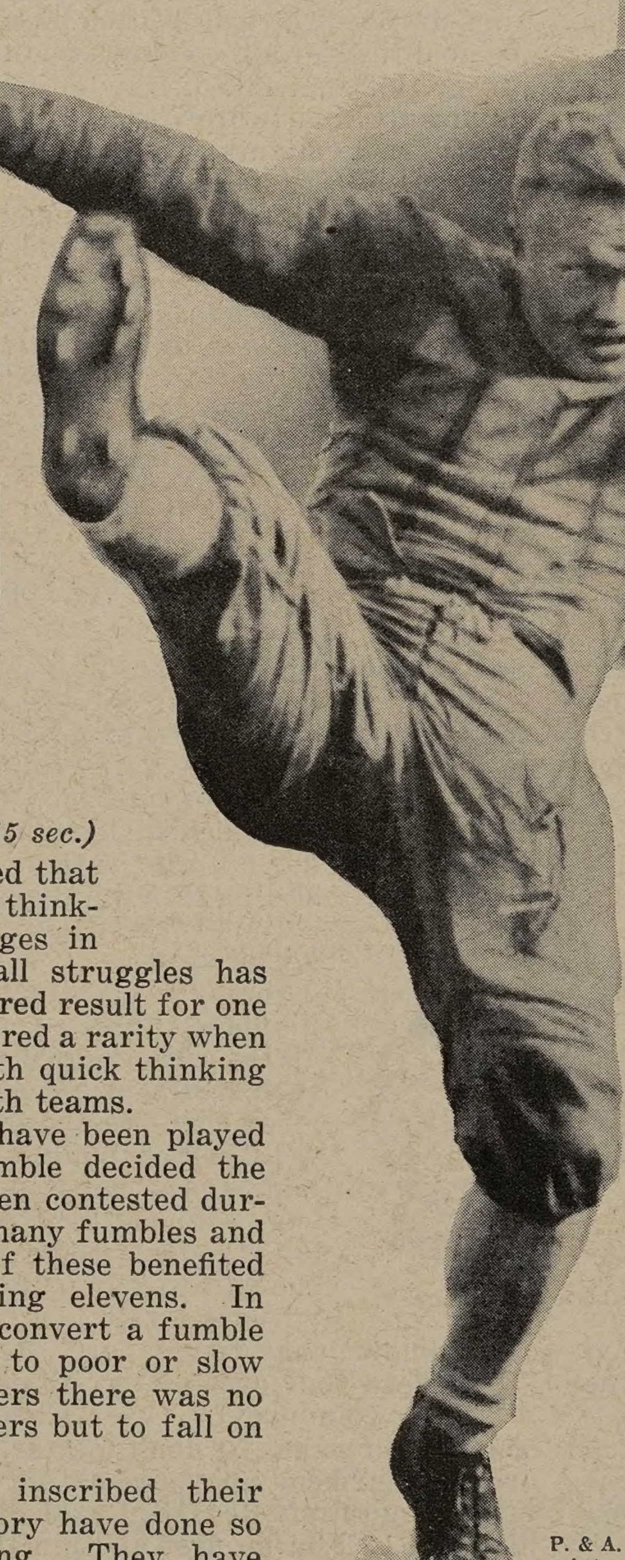
A Football Reminiscence

By WALTER ECKERSALL

Frank Wilton, Stanford back, who atoned nobly for his early fumble.



Biff Hoffman, Stanford full back, whose charges put his team in scoring distance in 1928.



P. & A. photo

Jimmy Hagan, Pittsburgh half back, whose quick work was in vain.

P. & A. photo

Captain Gibby Welch of Pittsburgh, a pupil of Jock Sutherland.

(Reading time: 5 min. 15 sec.)

IT often has happened that quick and correct thinking at critical stages in bitterly fought football struggles has brought about the desired result for one eleven, but it is considered a rarity when alertness combined with quick thinking has been helpful to both teams.

In the past, games have been played during which one fumble decided the issue. Others have been contested during which there were many fumbles and errors, but only one of these benefited either of the contesting elevens. In some cases, failure to convert a fumble into a score was due to poor or slow thinking, while in others there was no course left to the players but to fall on the ball.

Players who have inscribed their names in football history have done so through quick thinking. They have been alert. They have tried to anticipate the attacks of opponents. They have planned what they would do if the ball should shoot out of a tangled mass of humanity. They have been prepared for any emergency. Instinct and coaching led them to the danger points of the field. The smart player stands out today just as he did back in the primeval days of football in 1876.

On January 2, 1928, Pittsburgh, one of the strongest elevens in the east that season, and Stanford, a representative of Pacific Coast Conference football, met in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena, California.

The struggle was the athletic feature of the annual Tournament of Roses festival held every year in southern California. For years this game has been looked forward to by leading elevens in the various sections of the country, as the sectional champions were always given consideration when an opponent for a coast eleven was considered.

Stanford, known as the Cardinal, was coached by Glenn (Pop) Warner, who learned his football at Cornell and later established himself as a coach by grooming the great Carlisle Indian teams. Pittsburgh's Panthers were prepared for this struggle by Jock Sutherland, who learned his football under Warner when Pop tutored the Pitts-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

burgh elevens. Each team had its star. Captain Gibby Welch was the respected player on the eastern eleven and Biff Hoffman was the big gun in the Warner battery. These splendid warriors were supported by other players who did their bit not only in the intersectional struggle but in the preceding games, results of which ultimately led to the two teams being chosen to meet in one of the gridiron classics of the year.

It was rather warm for football when the teams took the field. The players discarded as much armor as possible and it was apparent that substitutions would be made frequently. Formations had been polished for days in advance of the contest and both coaches sent their strongest elevens on the field for the start of the game, which was played on a gridiron situated in a ravine and partially surrounded by snow-capped mountains.

P. & A. photo

Coach Sutherland of Pittsburgh.

For two quarters of that struggle, neither eleven was able to score. Stanford threatened, but when scores appeared certain, Pitt rose to the occasion and stopped the Cardinal in the shadows of its goal posts. Coach Sutherland showed expert judgment in substitutions. The Panther coach relieved his weary players, and when Stanford's backs hurled themselves against the Panther line the fresh men repulsed the attacks.

IN the third quarter Pittsburgh started a magnificent drive and carried the ball deep into Stanford territory. When it looked as if the Panthers would score, a fumble gave the ball to the Cardinal on its nineteen-yard line. It was a hard blow for Pitt, which had spent a lot of energy in working the ball so far into Stanford territory. The Cardinal elected to run the ball. On the second play, Wilton, the Stanford back, fumbled.

Hagan, the Pitt half back, had been alert throughout the game. He had been anticipating the Cardinal attacks and he guessed this one. In that fraction of a second in which he had to think he gathered in the oval and ran the remaining distance to the goal line for a touchdown. Booth, the Pittsburgh full back, failed to kick the goal, so the eastern eleven led by a score of 6 to 0.

Stanford received the following kick-off. On the second play after receiving the ball, Hoffman, the Stanford full back, hurled a perfectly executed forward pass for forty yards to Worden, the Cardinal end. Worden was finally stopped on the Pitt thirty-three-yard line. Hoffman then showed himself to be almost as great a line crasher as Ernie Nevers, who preceded him in the full back position.

THE big Cardinal back, practically single-handed, carried the ball on single, double, and fake reverse plays to the Pitt three-yard line. The Panther line set itself for another attack by the Cardinal full back. The reverse play was called. The ball finally passed to Hoffman, who shot a short forward pass to Sims, the Stanford half back. Sims caught the ball, had it in control and possession after running a few steps, and then dropped it. Wilton, who had been responsible for the fumble that gave Pitt its touchdown, acted as a trailer. He had been alert and accustomed to think quickly. When Sims dropped the ball, Wilton picked it up and dived over the goal line for a touchdown and the points that tied the score. Hoffman added the winning point by kicking goal, making the final score 7 to 6.

Pitt tried valiantly to score in the final quarter but its energy had been spent.

The game will always be remembered for the alertness and quick thinking of Hagan and Wilton.

Disastrous consequences of a player's touching the ball in the Ohio-Michigan game of 1926 are described in another of these football reminiscences in next week's Liberty.

HALLOWEEN

A New

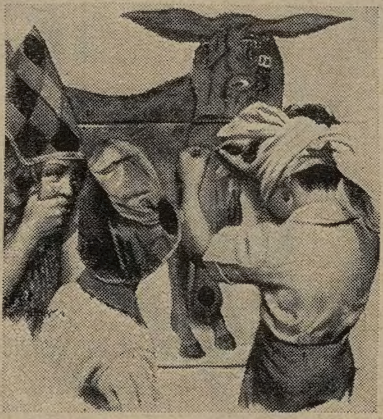
FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

LIL felt like Mrs. Hoover at Eastertime. She thought that her sitting-room rug, strewn with peanut shells, resembled the White House lawn dotted with smashed eggshells. Of course, she didn't need the entire police force to protect her property, but she did think of sending for the traffic cop on the corner.

" When this party is over," she whispered to Sandy, " we must take out tornado and flood insurance before Ulysses wants another one. This house is a wreck. Look at my sofa! Shoe prints. Look at my piano! Banana peels. Look at my ceiling! Butter."

Sandy looked at the sofa, the piano, and the ceiling. But before he could see the shoe prints, the banana peels, or the butter, eight children grabbed him by the left leg.

" What's next? What's next? We want prizes! " they shouted.


This week's cover picture.

" They want prizes," Gwendolyn Smithers yelled as she bit into her fifth apple, " but I'll win 'em. Didn't I find more peanuts than anybody? I asked Nannie where she'd put 'em, but I won the prize just the same."

" She cheated! " little U. said. " She stole—"

" Stole? " she laughed. " That's a pretty word to use at your own party. I won at apple ducking, too. If you tell me I stole those ten apples, I'll fightcha."

" Here, here! " said Lil. " For goodness' sake! "

" I'm sorry," Gwen said, although she didn't look at all sad. " But I hate to be called a thief." Her checkered paper cap stuck up with a martial style and all she needed was a shield and spear to look like Brünnehilde.

" Potato races next! " Sandy told the children. " Divide in two lines—girls in one, boys in the other."

Lil had bent over and straightened up so much that her spine felt like a damp knotted rope, but she bent over once more and set out a row of potatoes which would have been the envy of an Idaho farmer. The children all squealed like pigs and danced up and down until the coals in the furnace started sliding through the grate.

" We won! " Gwen yelled. " Do we all get prizes? "

Sandy reached in his pocket and held out his hand. There was a wild scramble and all the girls giggled with excitement. They each had a prize: a tin bug which clicked when they pressed it.

Lil felt as though a seven-year locust pest had struck her sitting room. The prize bugs sounded like the riveting on the new Courthouse. Sandy took advantage of the din to hang up the big green donkey without a tail.

" I know what that's for," Red Hancock told him. " You close your eyes an' try to pin—"

" Close your eyes? " Gwen shrieked. " You keep 'em open if you want. It don't matter, 'cause a rag gets tied around your head an' you can't see anyway."

" You go first, Red," Lil said, draping a napkin over his eyes. " You go first and pin the tail where it's supposed to be." She turned him around three times and the floor felt like the deck of a boat.

" Look where he thinks—" Gwen giggled behind her hand. " Oh, that poor old green donkey with a tail growin' on his nose! What a Halloween he's having! "

(Next week's cover adventure: Election Day)

EASE

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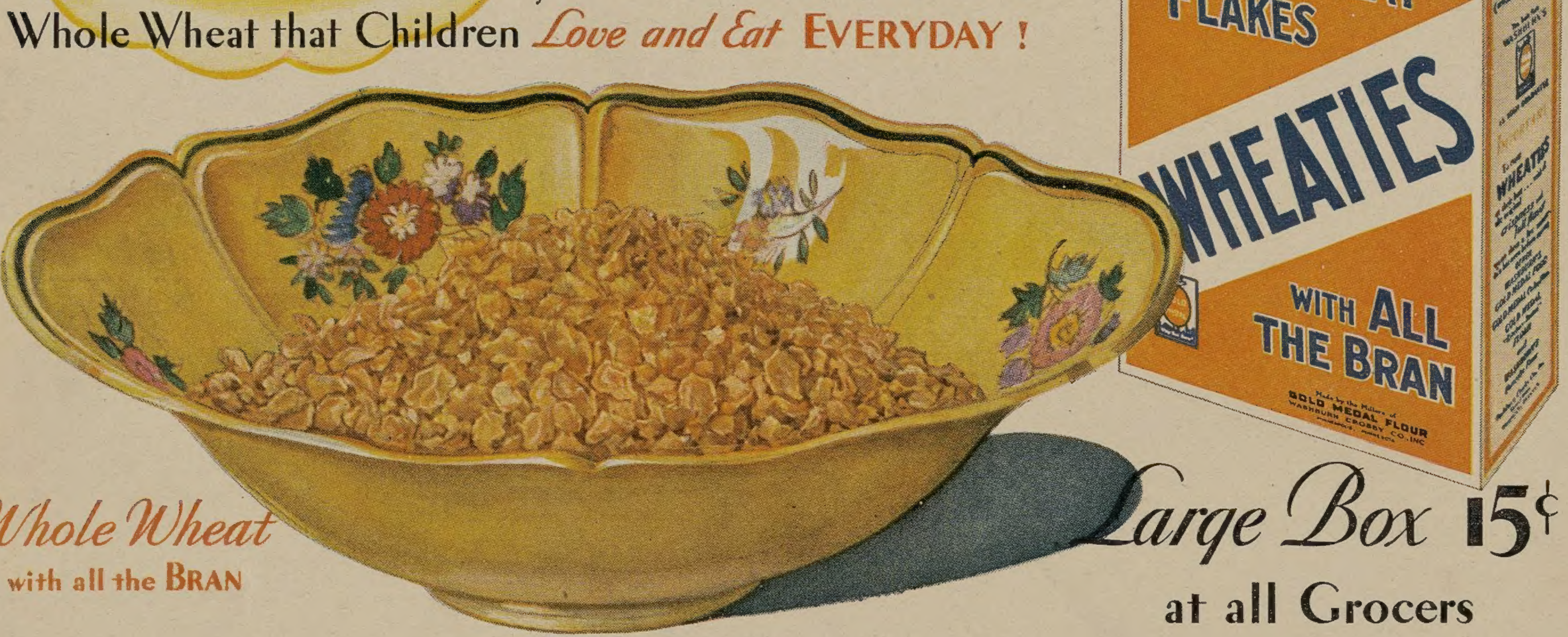

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Large Box **15¢**
at all Grocers

It's worth most anything a mother could pay but it costs but 5¢ extra a week to give a child Whole Wheat, in place of less needed cereals

This New Way !

WHOLE wheat now in an alluring form. Whole wheat in flakes that crinkle and crunkle—that taste like whole wheat has never tasted before! And that children will *ask for*, every day of their lives.

The leading experts of the world in wheat products—the millers of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour, the leading wheat flour of the world—have magically transformed whole wheat from a merely "necessary" food, to a food that's delightful and marvelous and tempting . . . the crisp whole wheat flakes called Wheaties.

LISTEN IN—GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT

Every Wednesday Night at 9:00 P. M. Eastern Standard, 8:00 P. M. Central Standard, 7:00 P. M. Mountain and 6:00 P. M. Pacific Time, The Gold Medal Radio Organ—The Wheaties Quartet—Coast-to-Coast over the Columbia System.

They've taken *nothing* out. The bran is there, the minerals are there, the carbohydrates, proteins, vitamins, all the elements that form the world-admitted *Staff of Life.*

They've expertly made carefully selected sun-ripened whole wheat into a gloriously enticing dish . . . flaked it and crisped it 'till it's light as a snowflake, as gay as a French confection.

You Pay But 5c More To Have It

It costs but 5c more than ordinary flake cereals. Wheat, as you know, is the most costly grain. It contains more real nourishment than other cheaper grains. Doctors recognize wheat as the most valued grain food in the human diet.

So for that extra 5c you pay, you get the best grain food of the world. A whole week's supply. Which makes the difference, *nothing!*

Get today at your grocer's. "W-H-E-A-T-I-E-S"—Wheaties is the name. Try them—when you serve them, you serve WHOLE WHEAT in a new and appetizing form instead of an ordinary cereal.

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GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS

Try These Wheat Products Made by the Millers of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour